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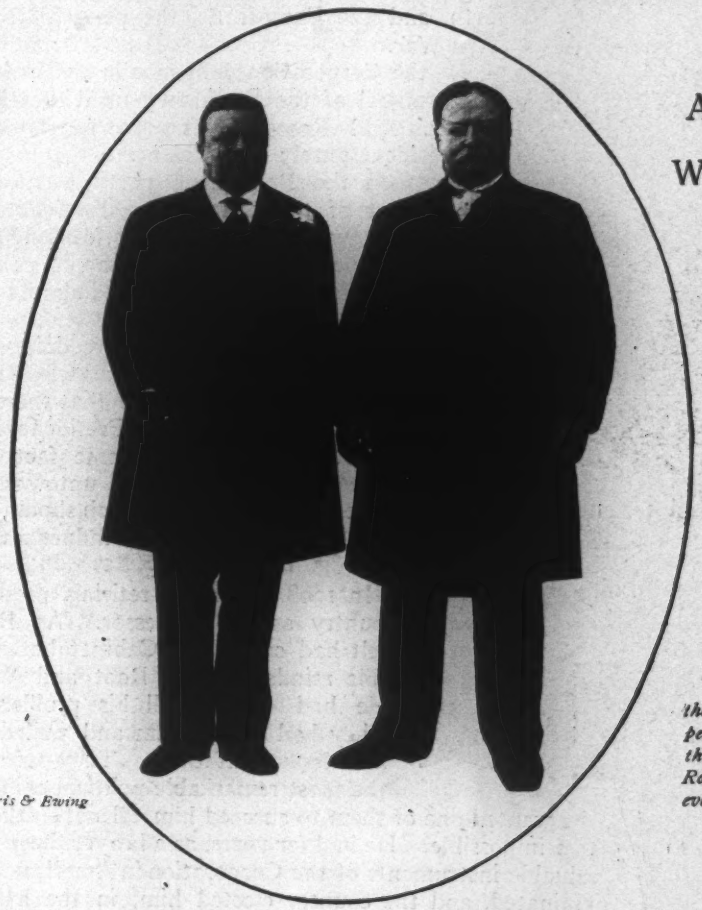
THE FORCES BEHIND TAFT

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER AND ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN



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Ten minutes before the inauguration. The people still thought that Taft was really Roosevelt, but Roosevelt even then knew better

From all present indications, an actual voting majority of President Taft's own party does not want him renominated.

Taft will almost certainly be renominated. He may be reëlected.

The following article aims to explain this apparent impossibility, and to show the master manipulators who are framing Taft's campaign, and his appeal to the support of the gigantic forces of conservatism which have in the past created our Presidents.

IN 1908 Taft was Roosevelt in the popular imagination; he was elected solely for that reason. And Roosevelt, to the American public, represented the great popular cause — the Individual against the Corporation, the Progressive against the Conservative.

In 1912 Taft will undoubtedly be renominated; he may be reëlected. If he is, it will be because he represents exactly the opposite forces in the community to those he was thought to represent in 1908. Four years ago the general public was behind him. To-day the Corporation is behind him and the general public against him.

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THE FORMER "GENERAL MANAGER OF THE UNITED STATES"

The United States is now the one great country in the civilized world where the sentiment of the majority is unable to express itself directly on the main issue of modern politics. There is only one, as everybody knows; newspapers, legislation, private conversation, all fasten upon it to the exclusion of everything else. It is the fight of the Individual against the Corporation. Everywhere in Europe men can vote directly on this issue by party division. In the United States, party division is based upon the Slavery issue and the Civil War — both issues obsolete for fifty years. The split on the main issue is inside the two parties — the Republican, the party of the North, and the Democratic, the party of the South in the Civil War.

Now, the Corporation influence in the United States never lost control of the Presidency until the election of Roosevelt. And Roosevelt, as most people know, was made President purely by accident.

In 1900 the Republican party was controlled, in the interest of the Corporation, by Senator Mark Hanna. In that year state politicians, desiring to get Roosevelt out of their way, forced Hanna to nominate Roosevelt as Vice-President. Hanna was almost frantic with apprehension.

"Do you know what you're doing?" he said in his conferences before the Philadelphia Republican Convention. "Do you realize that there is only one life between that man and the Presidency?"

Hanna's worst fear became fact. McKinley was killed, and finally, by the untoward catastrophe of murder, through a risk which should never have been taken, the Corporation influences lost the Presidency.

In 1908 Roosevelt, retiring, presented Taft to the country as his successor. As President, Roosevelt had sat in his Cabinet between two remarkable minds — Elihu Root and William H. Taft. He had dragged all his problems before them. They had taken them and pulled them to pieces and looked at them. They seemed to Roosevelt the most remarkable political minds he knew, and he wanted one of them to succeed him. Root — the acuter mind — was impossible. He had for years, as a lawyer, been one of the most valuable instruments of the Corporation in America. Taft was finally nominated, and the country elected him, in the belief that he was Roosevelt. They had no other way, under our present party division, of estimating him on the main matter of political importance. They knew nothing about him, really. Neither did Roosevelt. All he had observed was the action of a big sedentary mind, working along day by day on the intellectual problems brought to it — an operation as dispassionate and accurate as the ticking of an excellent clock.

Staging a National Illusion

In the meanwhile no pains had been spared to develop this public estimate of Taft. The idea had, to begin with, the great publicity which followed everything connected with the Roosevelt administration. Taft was brilliantly staged by his work in the Philippines, by his trip around the world. And

in addition, as the time for the choice of President approached, all kinds of special machinery for publicity were put in operation. Photographers followed the candidate everywhere; all kinds of descriptive literature upon his characteristics and work were put forth; and a corps of highly trained press agents made it their business to paint upon the popular imagination a portrait of Taft as it was desired the public should see him.

The illusion was thoroughly presented. All parties accepted it, and the leading politicians, who worked within the Republican party in the interest of the Corporation, violently opposed Mr. Taft in 1908. There had been no accident which had lost Congress to this control. Hanna was now dead. In his place Senator Aldrich — a former Rhode Island merchant who had become a multimillionaire, while in Congress, by the purchase and sale of corporations and their securities — was the operating head of the Senate and the party in Congress. Among his chief assistants were Senator Crane, a multimillionaire paper manufacturer of Massachusetts, and Senator Penrose, the representative of the great corporations of Pennsylvania. These men pushed Philander C. Knox, a Pittsburgh attorney for steel corporations, as a candidate.

The House was controlled in the interests of the Corporation by "Joe" Cannon, an Illinois lawyer. He was also pushed as a possible candidate for President by the Corporation interests. His manager was William B. McKinley, a multimillionaire operator of electric railroads in Illinois.

All this and much more was done by both of the real parties in the conflict of 1908, under the impression that Mr. Taft was Roosevelt. Every one blundered — both the managers for the Corporation and the advocates of the rights of the Individual. For, as a matter of fact, Mr. Taft was something extremely different.

"The Little Brother of the Rich"

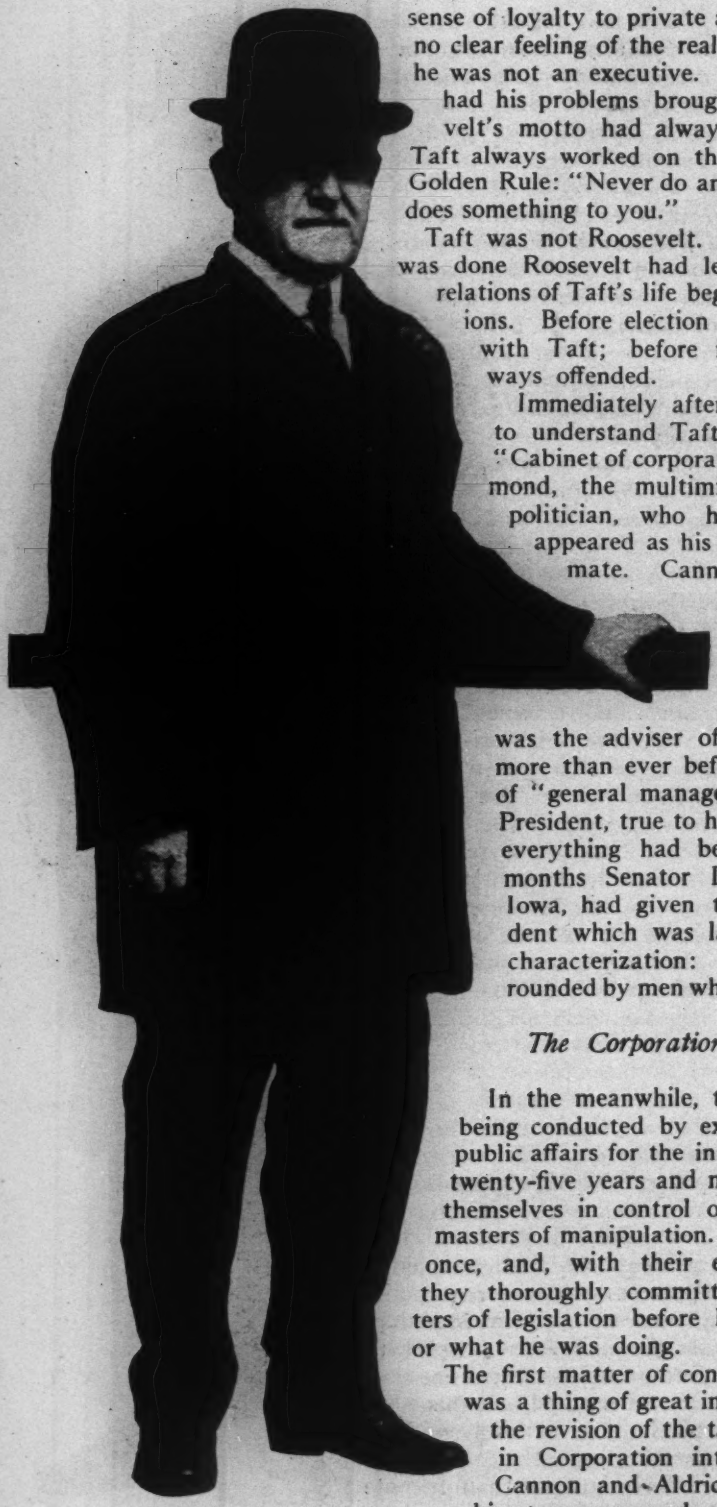
Mr. Taft was born and bred in the borderland between the North and the South, where the Anti-Slavery and Civil War party issue was bitterest. He has spent most of his life as a government official under the old Republican party.

Not unnaturally, he is one of the rapidly disappearing class of men who really believe in their heart that the party alignments of the Civil War represent actual current political issues. It is doubtful if, up to 1908, he himself had an exact knowledge of his position on the main question which is dividing the political opinion of Europe and America.

An inventory of Mr. Taft on this point would have shown his closest social and family connections to be naturally with the party of the Corporation. One brother was a highly successful corporation lawyer in New York; another had become a multimillionaire, with tremendous corporate investments, by marriage. In the savageness of current political speech the relationship has been crystallized in Washington by the characterization of Mr. Taft as "the little brother of the rich."

The new President, by association and theory, had a keen

THE NEW "GENERAL MANAGER OF THE UNITED STATES"



"AN AMIABLE, EXPURGATED EDITION OF CANNON"

sense of loyalty to private and corporate property. He had no clear feeling of the real division in modern politics, and he was not an executive. All his life he had sat still and had his problems brought to him to examine. Roosevelt's motto had always been, "Strike the first blow." Taft always worked on the principle of a kind of reversed Golden Rule: "Never do anything to anybody until he first does something to you."

Taft was not Roosevelt. Before the campaigning for him was done Roosevelt had learned this. The traditions and relations of Taft's life began to show in his acts and opinions. Before election Roosevelt was far from pleased with Taft; before inauguration, he was in many ways offended.

Immediately after the election the public began to understand Taft. He appeared at once with a "Cabinet of corporation lawyers." John Hays Hammond, the multimillionaire mining operator and politician, who had backed his campaign, now appeared as his most intimate friend and playmate. Cannon, as organization head, was his one point of contact with the House. Aldrich, the silent head of the Senate, daily went in and out of the White House. More and more, he was the adviser of the policies of the President; more than ever before, he fulfilled his popular title of "general manager of the United States." The President, true to his habit of life, had waited, and everything had been done for him. Within six months Senator Dolliver, the "insurgent" from Iowa, had given the definition of the new President which was later adapted to the whimsical characterization: "A large body, entirely surrounded by men who know exactly what they want."

The Corporation's Master Manipulators

In the meanwhile, the affairs of the country were being conducted by experts in the administration of public affairs for the interests of the Corporation. For twenty-five years and more they had been intrenching themselves in control of Congress — silent, able men, masters of manipulation. They sensed the situation at once, and, with their experience and quicker minds, they thoroughly committed the new President in matters of legislation before he realized what was going on or what he was doing.

The first matter of consequence in the administration was a thing of great importance to the Corporation — the revision of the tariff. It was revised thoroughly in Corporation interests, under the direction of Cannon and Aldrich. The new President placed his strong approval upon it, and he especially praised Aldrich as its author.

His defense of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, one of the men who stoutly represented the viewpoint of the Corporation in his Cabinet, was equally

ringing and still more determined. This was sharply attacked. But there was nothing strained or unnatural about it. Taft was merely following loyally the traditions of his political life. He was true to himself and his history.

"Is It a Total Loss?"

Then came 1910. The anti-Corporation majority of the country turned away from the machinery of the Republican party and exploded into a victory for the Democrats. It was directed against Cannonism and Aldrichism — the incarnations of the policies of the Corporation. For the first time in twenty years, there was an apparent majority against the Corporation, and in favor of the Individual, in both Houses of Congress.

The wreck of the Taft administration was one of the quickest in the history of the United States. Every member of it was asking, in a dazed and somewhat hysterical way:

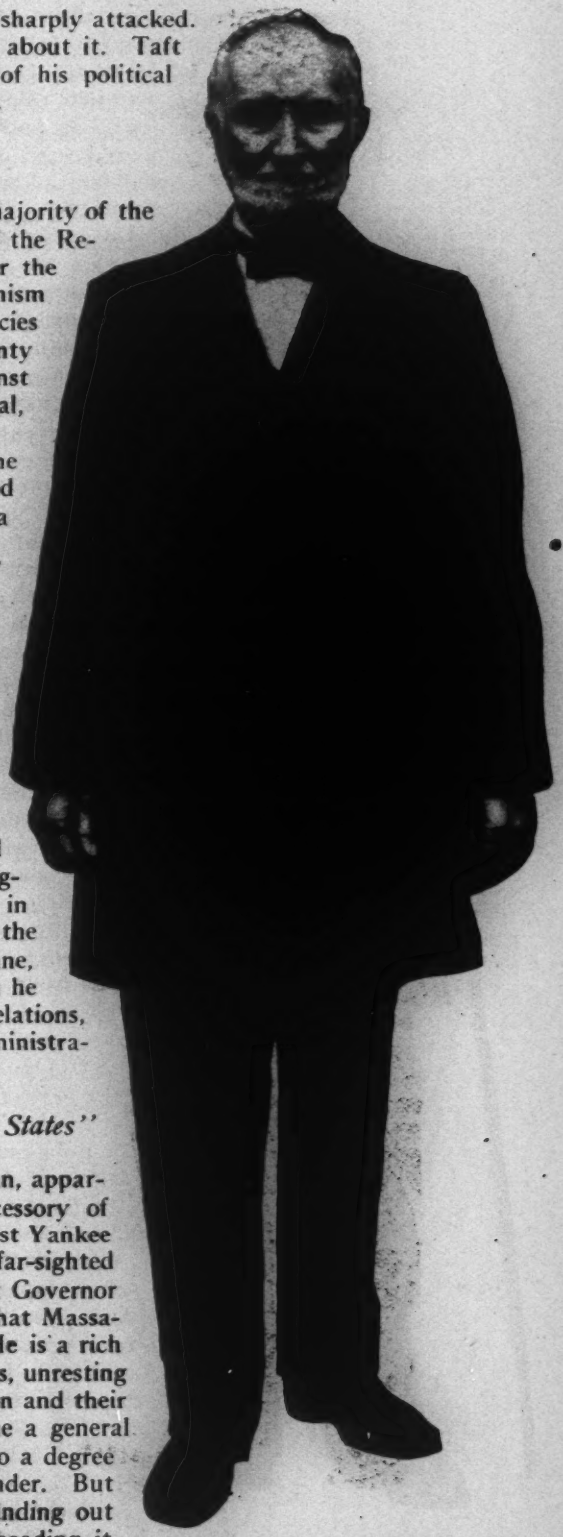
"Is it a total loss? Isn't there any salvage?"

There would probably have been very little if it had not been for Senator Crane of Massachusetts.

Much unnecessary mystery is made of the associations of public men in general, and of Mr. Taft in particular. The fact is that, immediately after his disaster, entirely natural associations of Mr. Taft's life picked him up and directed his affairs. It was very simple. Senator Crane, after he had entered Congress, married Miss Boardman of Washington. The Boardman family, as every one in Washington knows, are the closest friends of the Taft family in Washington. So Senator Crane, not only by the leading party position which he had now assumed, but by intimate family relations, was brought into close touch with the administration of President Taft.

A New "General Manager of the United States"

Senator Crane is a quiet, diffident-acting man, apparently shaped by nature as a permanent accessory of the background. In reality he is the shrewdest Yankee west of the Atlantic, and the most canny and far-sighted plan-maker in Washington. He was the best Governor — just before his arrival in the Senate — that Massachusetts had had in a quarter of a century. He is a rich man, with a kindly disposition and a ceaseless, unresting purpose to get in quiet personal touch with men and their affairs; and in Massachusetts he has become a general financial godfather to the State and its people to a degree which would be almost incredible to an outlander. But his specialty as an executive was in always finding out beforehand what was about to happen and heading it off. And he is first of all, by life training, not a legislator, but an executive. He went from business reluctantly into politics, and, when he arrived, he



HE, TOO, WAS TAKEN IN BY THE GREAT NATIONAL ILLUSION

"THE SECRET AGENT OF THE TAFT FAMILY"

retained the viewpoint of a successful man of affairs whose concern is to make events move.

In those days when bankruptcy fell upon the Taft administration, Aldrich disappeared from the Senate, Cannon fell swearing and disheveled to the floor of the House, and desolation and heroic anger filled the hearts of the men who had ruled the Congress of the United States in the interests of the Corporation. But Senator Crane quietly and patiently went in and out of the darkened White House, in touch every day of his life with its master — suggesting, urging, pleading for action, which was slow to come. In the whole history of the White House, there has been no more interesting or unusual combination than this: the huge, robust, placid figure of the President, by training and temperament always waiting for the event before acting; and the frail, lean, shrewd-eyed Yankee adviser, planning day and night to forestall events.

Naturally, day by day the influence of the constant gentle pressure increased. More and more, both consciously and unconsciously, the Chief Executive — who is really at heart a judge, and no executive at all — has come under the direction of Crane — the legislator who is not a legislator at all, but a wonderful executive. The man of foresight has planned policies or curbed the general activities of the White House. Aldrich, "general manager of the United States," was gone. His mantle fell on Senator Crane, his lineal successor. And Crane, from his dual position in the Senate and the White House, had become the actual ruler of the country to a far greater extent than Aldrich ever was.

But Senator Crane, of course, is the Corporation incarnate, exactly as Cannon and Aldrich were. He himself is an immensely wealthy man, with the inevitable viewpoint of the great corporate property-holder. First of all, he is a manufacturer of paper. But he is, as well, one of the greatest investors of that chief territory of investors, New England, and the representative and largest individual stockholder of New England's greatest single investment — the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. And, in this capacity and in others, he is in perfectly natural touch with the center of the direction of Corporation interests in America — with Wall Street, and with J. P. Morgan & Company, the bankers of the telephone company. And when Cannonism and Aldrichism were defeated, in 1910, the control of the Senate in the interest of the Corporation fell, by virtue of service and ability, with simple directness from Aldrich to Crane.

The Days of Taft's Resentment

Now, it was logical and almost essential, even after the defeat of 1910, that the Corporation interests should take up Mr. Taft as the next candidate for the Presidency. Neither the corporations nor the public realized it at that time, however. And, indeed, the building up of the Presi-

dent and his administration from its low point of 1910 was no easy matter. Mr. Taft, an honest man, full of bitter loyalty to the old Republican party, for which he had worked all his life, and confident of the best intentions in the world, was angry and astonished at his treatment by this puzzling new outbreak of sentiment in the country. His whole life had been filled with unbroken advancement and approbation until that time. Here was something he had never experienced. In the easy irreverence of Washington toward its political powers, the explanation went around:

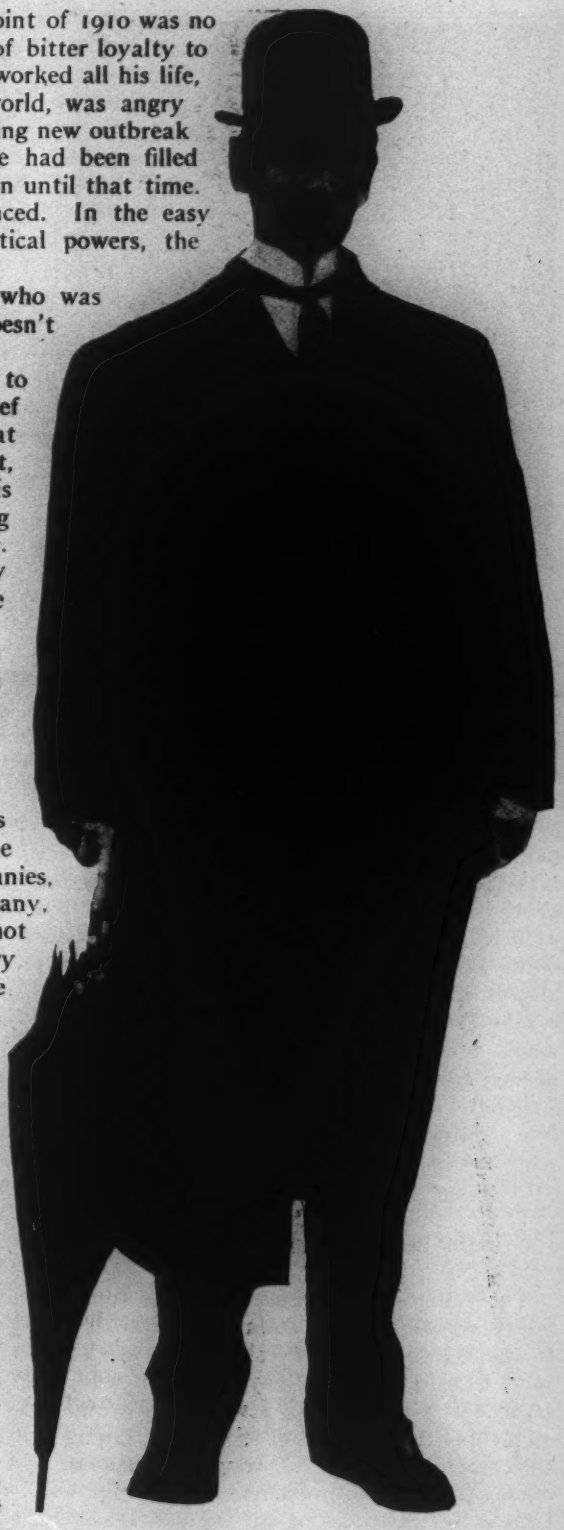
"Taft is the prize baby of Cincinnati, who was never spanked until he was fifty-two. He doesn't know what to make of it."

At first, in his resentment, he was difficult to control. Quite openly he expressed the belief that he need not expect a second term, and that he intended to do what he thought was right, regardless of politics. For several months this greatly complicated the matter of controlling the Republican party and the country for Mr. Crane and his associates. Every day it greatly increased the actual majority of voters in the Republican party against Mr. Taft.

The Republican Senators and Congressmen from the Middle West had attacked Mr. Taft's approval of Mr. Aldrich's tariff bill; he strained every nerve to pass the Canadian reciprocity bill giving the farmers of that great section a reduction in the prices of their products. His Department of Justice, having finished the suits of the Roosevelt administration to dissolve the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies, started after the United States Steel Company, which the previous administration had not brought before the court. The whole country was angry and resentful and fearful of what the Taft adminstration would do next. Then gradually, as Mr. Taft's resentment died, he was headed for another nomination.

II

The first asset in the hands of a President looking for renomination is, of course, the power of patronage in his office. There is nothing sly about Mr. Taft; when he wants anything in politics, he reaches for it with the simple directness of a young boy. In his life as a government official under the Republican party, he absorbed more than its policies. Just as naturally, he absorbed its old traditional methods of politics. Roosevelt had initiated the new style of political campaign — direct appeal to public sentiment. Taft reverted instinctively to the old methods of the '80's and '90's, and, when he was started for renomination, he directed his campaign along the old lines of the manipulation of patronage. He naturally considered the public as



WITH THE VOTES OF FIVE STATES TO DELIVER

JOHN G. JOHNSON OF PHILADELPHIA

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AND HIS TWO ATTORNEYS

JOHN G. MILBURN OF NEW YORK

split up into special votes and special interests.

First of all, in the old method of campaign for renomination by a Republican President, as everybody knows, comes the gathering up of the delegates to its national convention from the Democratic territory of the South. This section never votes for the Republican party, but its delegates appear in its national conventions on the same basis as if it did, and they are nearly always office-holders, who have been appointed by the President or his administration. So the whole South, as far as the Republican nominating convention is concerned, is one great "pocket" borough controlled from Washington. Altogether it gives about half the delegates needed for the majority, which nominates a President.

Taft's Secret Agent and the South

The campaign to secure delegates from the South was conducted from the White House. It was in charge of the President's private secretary, Charles D. Hilles, a young man who was given the position as a reward for being the secret political agent of the Taft family in the campaign of 1908. Throughout that fall he made intermittent excursions through the United States, checking up the politicians and reporting whether they were acting in good faith. He had, undoubtedly, talents as a politician. And in this way he obtained valuable experience.

The office-holders of the South were frankly directed, through Mr. Hilles or agents subordinate to him, to cast their votes as delegates for Mr. Taft. Where there was any doubt about it, offices were withheld, and even withdrawn after being sent in to the Senate, and retained as prizes for those delivering the delegates in the convention. The work was a little rough, but not essentially different from former practices. In this way the usual solid block of Southern delegates was assured for the renomination of the President.

The patronage machinery, used so naïvely in the South, extends, of course, over the entire country. As the campaign developed it was used frankly everywhere, and everywhere the connection of Mr. Taft and his management was made with the "Old Guard," the men who run old-fashioned Republican politics in the old-fashioned way for the Corporation. Barnes and Woodruff, the heads of the reactionary New York machine, beaten by Roosevelt in 1900, were entertained personally by Mr. Taft at the White House, as he consulted with them from time to time.

The Mormon Alliance

Another important and certain influence secured absolutely and at once for Mr. Taft was the Mormon Church. This institution is half a religion and half a corporation. For a number of years it has been gradually associated with the management of the Republican party in the

W. W. FULLER OF NEW YORK

JAMES B. DUKE OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY AND HIS TWO ATTORNEYS

DE LANCEY NICOLL OF NEW YORK

interests of the Corporation. The alliance was so close that Reed Smoot, the representative of the Church in the Senate, had become a chief lieutenant of Senator Aldrich, and was second in command to him in passing the tariff bill which led to the defeat of the party in 1910.

Mr. Taft has been personally gracious and friendly with the Mormon Church. He preached a sermon in its Tabernacle in 1909, and spoke there again in 1911, braving the general protests of strictly Christian churches in doing so. Mr. Smoot, as Aldrich's lieutenant in the Senate, had come into close touch with the White House. In these and other ways the relations of Mr. Taft and the Mormon Church have grown close and mutually helpful; and this institution can be confidently counted for him in the convention and election. It moves politically in a solid body. One State is absolutely controlled by it, and in four or five others it has influence which will assure a great share of their delegates to Mr. Taft.

Until the first of this year there was still doubt among the Corporation forces about the manner in which they should act in the coming election. Wall Street is nothing if not practical. It had about made up its mind that it must nominate and elect its next President through the machinery of the Democratic party. Taft's pushing of the Roosevelt administration suits to dissolve Trusts was resented; there was still doubt and fear as to what the President would do next; and the administration had been so generally unpopular that there seemed no chance for Taft's reëlection, in any case. Even Senator Aldrich was saying privately that he thought a Democratic victory likely.

The temper of the public and the party was felt out for various Corporation candidates among the Democrats. The response was so hostile that there was great doubt whether this could be done, and all at once signs appeared that the Corporation was again with Taft and would once more utilize the machinery of the Republican party.

Morgan, Aldrich, Crane, and Vail—a Meeting

One of the very earliest signs was a meeting of Senator Crane, ex-Senator Aldrich, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in Vermont late in November. The meeting and its purpose were naturally kept secret. Its discussion might have been assumed to be entirely the business of the telephone company, with which Messrs. Crane, Morgan, and Vail are identified, if it had not been for the presence of Mr. Aldrich. It was announced in the press, as was no doubt the case, that the matter of the Presidency was considered.

Another important indication, not long after, was a private expression of opinion by Mr. James J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern Railway, who has for many years directed, through his railway systems, banks, and news-

papers, the Corporation influences of the Northwest, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast.

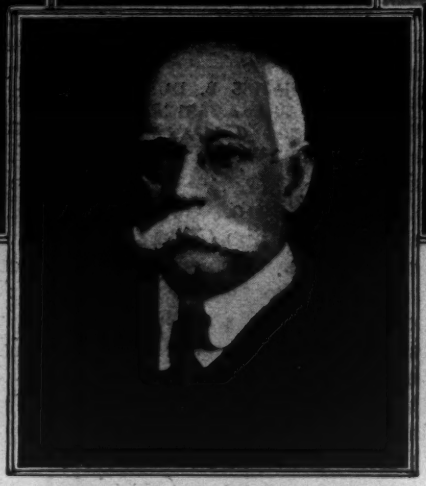
His first preference was for Harmon, a leading Corporation candidate for the Democratic nomination.

"Harmon could not be nominated and elected in a thousand years," said a friend.

"Very well," said Mr. Hill; "Taft is good enough for me." A few weeks after that Mr. Hill was in Washington, and made a long call upon Mr. Taft.

HENRY GALBRAITH WARD

EMILE HENRY LACOMBE



ALFRED CONKLING COXE
WALTER CHADWICK NOYES
THE FOUR JUDGES OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT WHO APPROVED THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY RE-ORGANIZATION PLAN

The Standard Oil Interests' Good Fortune

There had come to be, in fact, a very different attitude on the part of the Wall Street group, in which Mr. Hill makes so important a figure, during a very few weeks. It has been brought about for a very tangible reason — the net result of the Taft prosecution of the Trusts.

Roosevelt had started most of these. Taft, through his Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham, had carried them along. The most spectacular of the decisions had been the dissolution of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies. With the issuance of the decrees of dissolution, Taft's friends began actively to make political capital for him — to bid for popular approval on the ground that he had brought two of the greatest of all Trusts to their knees, dissolved them and stripped them of their power. Once more a national illusion was staged — the President in the rôle of the successful champion of the Individual. Wall Street was worried. But there was still another chapter in the anti-Trust cases.

Directly or indirectly under the supervision of the courts and of Attorney-General Wickersham, these great interests set out devising new schemes of organization under which they could operate. For weeks conferences over the Tobacco Company dragged on.

At length the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies began doing business under forms of organization which put them beyond attack under the present law.

The great cry of business has been for stability — for established rules under which the game could be played without dread of interference. Mr. Taft's administration had helped to establish a code of rules for at least two great financial powers. In a few months the properties of the Standard Oil had gained $200,000,000 in value, reaching the highest point in its history. Tobacco stocks gained half as much. Wall Street was relieved. The interest of a powerful portion of the financial community obviously lay in keeping matters in *statu quo*. There was an entirely natural revulsion of feeling on the part of the Corporations toward Mr. Taft and his administration. The *Wall Street*

Journal of March 18 conveyed it incidentally in the following little paragraph:

> The head of a large brokerage house that has made a killing in Standard Oil stocks, wires the following to the firm's Western office:
>
> "Wall Street has had its Keenes, Goulds, and Lawsons, but if a life-size portrait of Wickersham doesn't appear in the home of every Standard Oil stockholder it certainly will show a great lack of appreciation."

The Reappearance of Cannon

The most striking public indication of the change was the reappearance of Mr. Cannon, who had been one of the issues that had caused defeat in 1910. In January the campaign for Mr. Taft was all at once placed in the hands of William B. McKinley, who managed Mr. Cannon's campaign for the Republican nomination against Mr. Taft four years ago. Mr. McKinley is, of course, Mr. Cannon.

Personally, Mr. McKinley is an agreeable multimillionaire, who controls a network of interurban trolley lines that cover almost the entire State of Illinois. He has a benevolent mania for entertaining, and in the press gallery he is known as the kindest man to newspaper correspondents who has yet reached Washington. Politically he is merely an amiable, expurgated edition of Cannon. Since his election he has been continuously Cannon's protégé. Cannon, as Speaker, advanced him to prominence in the House; and it was Cannon who pushed him into the treasurership and then the chairmanship of the Republican Congressional campaign committee.

As head of both this committee and the Taft campaign committee, Mr. McKinley brings an extraordinary power into the service of Mr. Taft. Being the dispenser of aid to Republican Congressmen in all doubtful districts, he can insist on the awakening of a friendly and active interest in the Taft candidacy in the many congressional districts throughout the United States, which might otherwise be in doubt.

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CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE OF THE SUPREME COURT, WHO WROTE BOTH THE STANDARD OIL AND THE AMERICAN TOBACCO DECISIONS

Aldrich and the Great Banks

So Mr. Cannon is quite publicly an influence for Mr. Taft's renomination. Mr. Aldrich's advocacy is not so public. He is giving his time most largely to the work of his commission for a new banking bill which he took up on retiring from the Senate. Personally, he expresses himself as strongly in favor of Mr. Taft's reëlection, and undoubtedly does so to the great banking interests of the country, with whom he is constantly in touch in connection with his banking bill. There is now little doubt that the great banking interests of Wall Street are strongly in favor of Mr. Taft for President. In Chicago, David R. Forgan, one of the acknowledged leaders of the great banking interests of the city, is one of the active heads of the Taft committee in that most important section of the Middle West. And the chief banking interests of this country have a concern in national politics at the present time larger than in many years. The banks of the whole country are organized in favor of the Aldrich currency and banking bill; a great fund has been accumulated to promote its cause; and their bureaus are sending literature broadcast to newspapers and influential men. With this machinery Aldrich is continuously and watchfully in touch.

In addition to this, Mr. Aldrich is quite frequently in conference with Mr. Taft, and has been writing to him when out of Washington, using longhand instead of the now usual type-written letter. Ostensibly, no doubt, their communication concerns the banking legislation. But there are those, closely familiar with Washington move-

ments, who are very confident that Aldrich is quietly giving Mr. Taft the benefit of his long experience and political acumen.

About Mr. Aldrich's chief lieutenants, of course, there is no doubt whatever: Smoot, as the representative of the Mormon Church; Penrose, the representative of the powerful Corporation control of Pennsylvania; and Crane, the sagacious and restless representative of the Corporation interests of New England, are all actually, openly at work for Mr. Taft. The personal control of Senator Crane at the White House strengthens daily with the increasing complexities of the political campaign.

The usual business of the government in Washington, in the meanwhile, waits entirely upon the progress of the campaign. It is Presidential year, of course, when the nation must stand still; but the functions of the national government have never been so thoroughly frozen up as at this time. There is various talk of huge schemes of investigation of the influences of the Corporation on the life of the country. There are small chances of net results. But the tariff, the currency question, the inauguration of some methods of operation in the senile and archaic government departments — all these things and many others seem to move nowhere this year. It would lose too many votes if anything were done — so the managers of Mr. Taft believe.

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REV. DR. JOHN WESLEY HILL, WHO GAVE UP THE PASTORATE OF THE METROPOLITAN TEMPLE IN NEW YORK TO CAMPAIGN FOR TAFT

But, from end to end of the country, the forces of the party of the Corporation are active, lining up for Mr. Taft. For years this has been the actual party that has been in charge of the affairs of the nation. And only once in twenty years has it been defeated in its firm intention to nominate the Presidential candidate for the Republican party. Allied now with the power of the whole patronage in the hands of the President, it can scarcely fail this year to renominate Mr. Taft. There has been little doubt of this in the minds of practical politicians for some months.

How Can Taft be Elected?

But nomination is not election. If the majority of the Republican party is against Mr. Taft, certainly the majority against him in the nation would make his election inconceivable. What is it, then, that makes the politicians of the Corporation backing Mr. Taft believe it possible to elect him?

There has been, as a matter of fact, more or less unrest among the professional politicians of the country because of this apprehension that he can not be elected. The last thing that a party politician desires is to nominate a President who will be defeated. And from time to time the State politicians in the South, in Pennsylvania, and in New York have shown by their conduct their doubt over Taft's candidacy; and newspaper stories have indicated the possibility of their revolt. But still the political managers of the Corporation have held them, and have kept their confidence in Taft's election. They have founded this confidence upon two special grounds, which are well recognized by men who have "inside knowledge" of national politics.

The first of these is their belief that they can bring into the campaign as a great factor the appeal of Mr. Taft to the religious bodies of the country.

In the beginning, it will be remembered, there was more or less opposition to Mr. Taft from some of the very strictly orthodox quarters because of his Unitarianism and the possible ultra-liberalism it might involve. But, as Mr. Taft's administration developed, his appeal to religious sentiment has proved to be one of his best holds upon the country. His backers realize this, and are counting greatly on it.

The activity of the President in the cause of arbitration treaties very naturally and properly appealed to the religious sentiment of the country. The political backers of the President are hoping and endeavoring to use this to its full

extent in the campaign for him, especially with Protestant churches. But the active work which has added to Mr. Taft's popularity with religious bodies goes much further than this.

Mr. Taft's "Religious Campaigning"

One of Mr. Taft's most familiar activities during his Presidency has been what is included cynically at Washington under the term "religious campaigning." He has adopted with much success the lay sermon in denominational pulpits, a recent and very effective practice in national political campaigns. He has been very attentive to the Young Men's Christian Association; he has appealed strongly to the great Jewish body, which now constitutes nearly a quarter of the electorate of New York City; and more than all he has solicited the friendship of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is an open secret that Mr. Taft, as the agent of the United States to the Vatican to negotiate for the purchase of the Friar lands in the Philippines, effected a service which was much appreciated by all Roman Catholics. He not only secured a fair and liberal settlement for the lands, but he became the first representative at the Vatican from a country whose history contained much that was hostile to it. And the friendship which this created among American Catholics was seen by political observers in Mr. Taft's vote for the Presidency in 1908.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS, WHOM PRESIDENT TAFT NUMBERS AMONG HIS PERSONAL FRIENDS

After his election Mr. Taft became a pioneer in other relations with the Catholic Church. He was the first President of the United States to celebrate the Puritan feast-day of Thanksgiving in a Catholic church. In his first year as President he established this innovation, which he has followed ever since; and the Pan-American Thanksgiving service in St. Patrick's Church has become one of the features of the Presidential year during his administration. Another similar innovation, introduced by him as President, was the military mass held in Washington the Sunday before last Memorial Day on the grounds of the Washington Monument behind the White House. This was the first occasion of the kind to be held in the government grounds, and to be attended by the commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

There are many other ways in which President Taft has sought to appeal to Catholic sentiment. The Church has always been deeply concerned in its Indian mission schools. In February, President Taft revoked an order of Indian Commissioner Valentine forbidding the wearing of religious garb by Catholic teachers in the government Indian schools, and reopened the question which the Commissioner had decided.

In his appointments Mr. Taft has shown much liberality toward Catholics. His choice as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of a man of Catholic faith was especially appreciated, the more so because of the general feeling among Catholics that, although they constitute nearly a fifth of the population of the United States, there have been in most administrations almost no appointments of men of Catholic faith to offices under the national government.

Mr. Taft, beginning at the time when he was Governor-General of the Philippines, has established personal friendships with a large number of the high prelates of the Catholic Church in America. Mr. Taft's relations with these prelates has during his administration become very close. Cardinal Gibbons, the head of the Catholic Church in this country, is very frequently his guest at the White House, and other leaders of the Catholic clergy are equally friendly with him. And, in observing the golden jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore last year, the Catholic Church in America could well feel that no such demonstration of high friendship had ever been shown at a religious occasion in this country. On one side of the venerable prince of the Church was seated the President; on the other side the Vice-President of the United

States; and the only living ex-President was seated close by.

Now, it is the belief of the politicians of the Corporation behind Mr. Taft that the various religious friendships which Mr. Taft has cultivated in the United States can all be brought into this campaign and made a tremendous force which will go far to reëlect him President. The Catholic Church is the largest single religious body in the country. There are some three million voters who are Catholics; and they are situated very largely in the great doubtful States which make and unmake Presidents. Quite naturally, the attention of the politicians is turned to this great body.

It is inconceivable that the Catholic voters of the country will allow themselves to be used in this way. In the first place, whatever the personal friendship of their prelates may be for Mr. Taft, the rules of the Church sharply forbid the influencing of voters.

In the second place, the Catholic population least of all desire the revival of the spirit of religious intolerance which was directed against them in the '90's. After all, they constitute a minority of the total population; and it would be far from their interest again to create a division on religious lines in the United States.

The Hunt in the Democratic Party

But that this vote is counted upon by the managers of Mr. Taft as one great force toward his reëlection is a well-established fact to all close political observers. The second force upon which they place their reliance is the present active work of Wall Street in the Democratic party. They believe that Wall Street will certainly hunt down and destroy any anti-Corporation candidate in the Democratic party before he can be nominated.

This hunt has been public knowledge for several months. The party of the Corporation is focussing all its powers now upon the destruction of Woodrow Wilson. One after another, the items of publicity intended to destroy him have been sent out, across the country, on a schedule calculated like a railroad time-table. The story of his application for a Carnegie pension, his old letter criticizing Bryan, his falling out with his former supporter, Colonel George Harvey, and the quotations carefully raked out of his voluminous writings to excite race prejudice, have all been exploited as only the most skilfully managed political press bureau could exploit such material. And in the meantime, one after another, the Corporation candidates for States and sections have been brought out to split the delegates to the Democratic convention and make his nomination impossible. There has been no movement so apparent in recent politics as the Corporation's hunt for Wilson.

The managers back of Taft believe that Wall Street will make Wilson's nomination impossible. And in removing this one man they feel that they would remove the one possible man in the Democratic party upon whom the majority of the American people, the great underlying party of Individual rights, can concentrate their vote. If they have no such candidate, Taft, in the opinion of his management, will most certainly be reëlected.

This, in brief and simple outline, is the story of the men and forces that are counted upon to nominate and reëlect Taft.

Will they be able to do it? Can the people of the United States be manipulated to such an extent? The answer to this question will make the next few months the most interesting in recent political history.

THE GREY STREETS OF LONDON

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE grey streets of London are greyer than the stone —
The grey streets of London, where I must walk my lone;
The stony city pavements are hard to tread, alas!
My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.

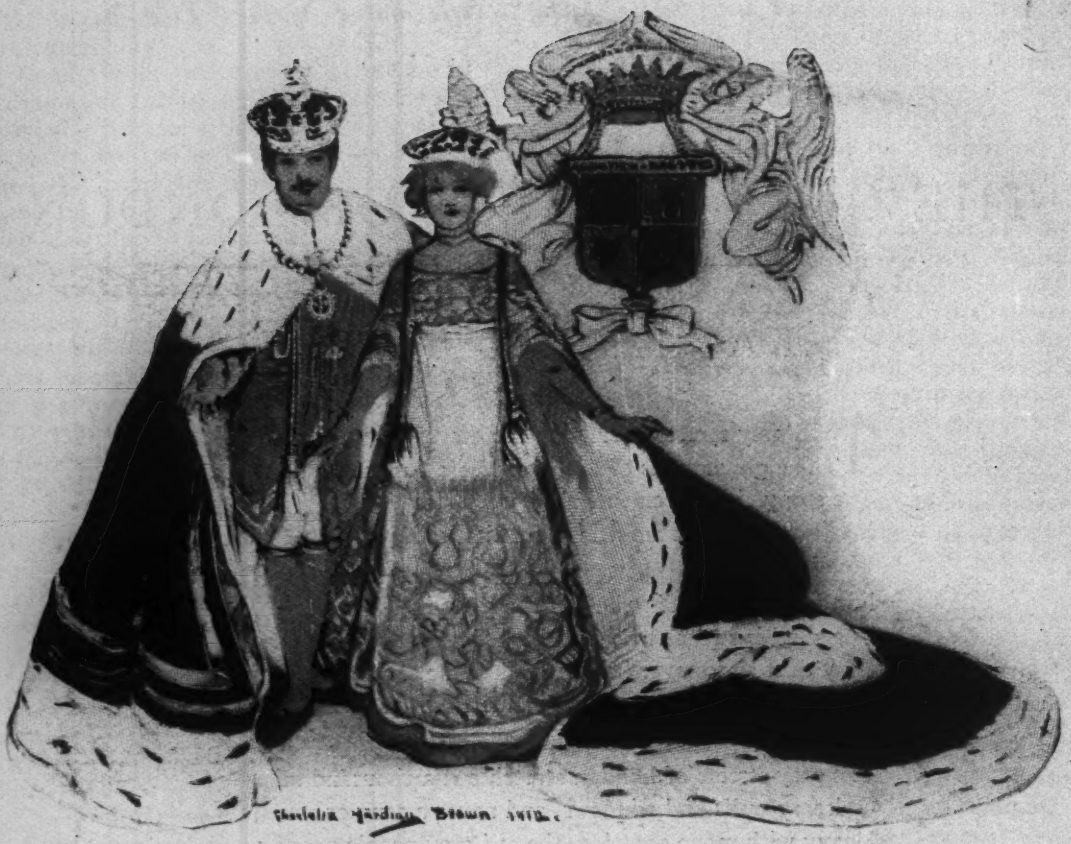
For down the winding boreen the grass is like silk,
The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges white as milk.
Grey dust and greyer houses are here, and skies like brass.
The lark is singing, soaring o'er the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London stretch out a thousand mile —
O dreary walls and windows, and never a song or smile!
Heavy with money-getting, the sad grey people pass.
There's gold in drifts and shallows in the Irish grass.

God built the pleasant mountains and blessed the fertile plain;
But in this sad grey London, God knows, I go in pain.
O brown as any amber, and clear as any glass,
The streams my heart hears calling from the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London, they say, are paved with gold;
I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold.
I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass
For the dew that's grey as silver on the Irish grass.

I think that I'll be going before I die of grief;
The wind from over the mountains will give my heart relief.
The cuckoo's calling sweetly — calling in dreams, alas!
"Come home, come home, acushla, to the Irish grass."



PRINCES AND PLUMBERS

By

PHILIP CURTISS

Illustrations by Charlotte Harding Brown

IT was as far back as the autumn of 1904 that I first made the acquaintance of the Crown Prince of Sachstein-Kresse; but I was little less than astounded when, six years later, I met him on Twenty-third Street.

I had had, however, good reason to remember the Prince, for it was in his winter castle at Augenplatz that I put in as good a job of hot-water heating as I have ever done in my life. Sachstein-Kresse, as every one knows, is a little Slav kingdom below the borders of Hungary, and when I received orders at our Buda-Pest agency for a complete hot-water plant, I was not at all anxious to tackle the job. You know what those old medieval shacks are like — nothing but cold stone walls like a cellar, little bits of windows, and pictures that haven't been repainted for two hundred years.

I want it entered to my credit, however, that I went at the thing without a grumble, and by Thanksgiving the castle looked like another place. For, not content with putting in the

heaters, we closed up the moat and laid good modern sewers; tore out a lot of dirty old fountains that were spurting in the courtyard and put in up-to-date hydrants; and, finally, when we found that every room had a fireplace big enough for a man to stand in, we bricked them up and arranged the heaters in front of them so that you would never have known that the fireplaces were there. There was some inspiration to a job of that kind, and I am frank to say that I was proud of it. The Prince must have been so too, for after I got back to America he sent me a beautiful decoration of the Order of St. Christopher and St. George. I have it in my house now, together with a loving-cup that was presented to me by the Master Plumbers' Association of Northern New York and a jeweled watch-fob that was given me by the Spanish War Veterans when I took my degrees in the Knights of Pythias.

But, as the years went on, other honors befell me which made the Order of St. Christopher sink into oblivion, chief among them being my election to the secretaryship of the Plumbers', Plasterers', and Pipe-Threaders' Alliance No. 4, which I held from 1906 to 1910, and in which, I may say with due modesty, I gained some little credit, having increased the number of subsidiary lodges from 463 to 726, and having twice held the office of Past Grand Potentate of the Outer Guard.

It was, in fact, on the occasion of the annual convention of the P. P. P. A. that I found myself in New York, and more especially in Twenty-third Street, when a quiet little man caught me by the arm and drew me behind one of those four-sided glass show-cases which seem to grow in the doorways of Twenty-third Street more thickly than anywhere else in the world. And there, 'mid the neckties, the collars, and the gents' furnishings of the haberdasher's windows, I found myself face to face with the Crown Prince of Sachstein-Kresse.

"For heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "your Highness!"

"Sh-h, not so loud," he cautioned, putting his hand on my arm. "I think we are followed."

"But why," I exclaimed, "and how ——"

"All in good time," he replied, with a quiet smile. "First let us get to some place where we can sit down."

So, peering up and down the street and seeing nobody, he slipped his arm through mine and led the way to a little Hungarian restaurant of the better class.

Once seated and orders given, he smiled again and remarked:

"You are, no doubt, somewhat astonished at seeing me in America."

"Astonished, your Highness!" I began. But again he put a warning hand on my sleeve.

"Please do not call me 'your Highness,'" he urged. "You can not tell who may hear us. I am now to be known as plain Mr. Grumpenfield."

"That's certainly plain enough," I replied, with a grin. "But tell me all about it."

The Prince leaned back in lazy abstraction, as if he had not heard my request, and pursued his own train of thought.

"Even now I am followed," he mused in quiet, even tones. "When occasion offers for doing it without notice, just glance carelessly at the second table from the far end of the room, and you will see two men watching us. The short man with the smooth face is an ex-agent of the Hungarian secret police, and the tall man with the black mustache is Lieutenant Von Arlitz of the Ninth Sachstein Hussars."

In a moment I glanced at the table, and saw the two men as the Prince had described them.

"I am not sure," continued the Prince, in the same dreamy tones, "how far their

instructions carry them — whether they are placed here merely for observation, or whether they have plans on my life. I think it would be amusing to see. Come."

And at once, without having touched the glasses placed before us, he paid his check and walked into the street. We had but to look behind us to see that the two men had followed our example and also us.

"Now," said the Prince, as he swung his cane in listless fashion, "we can put the matter to the test. If I am to be killed, we may as well know it at once."

And, without another word, he led the way up a quiet side street and then into one still quieter. There, under pretense of lighting a cigar, he waited; and, sure enough, the two men, increasing their pace, caught up with us, and the tall man grumbled, in Kresse:

"We wish to do no violence to your friend. Will your Highness ask him to leave you? Otherwise it will be necessary to take you both."

The Prince turned to me with the same languid nonchalance and repeated what had been said.

"It is best for you to go, my friend," he added. "You can not be of any assistance. It has been endless, this pursuit, and I have led them on to put a finish to it. I am tired — tired; and I only want to end it. Here they have me."

But I was not so sure of that, and asked hurriedly:

"Do they understand English?"

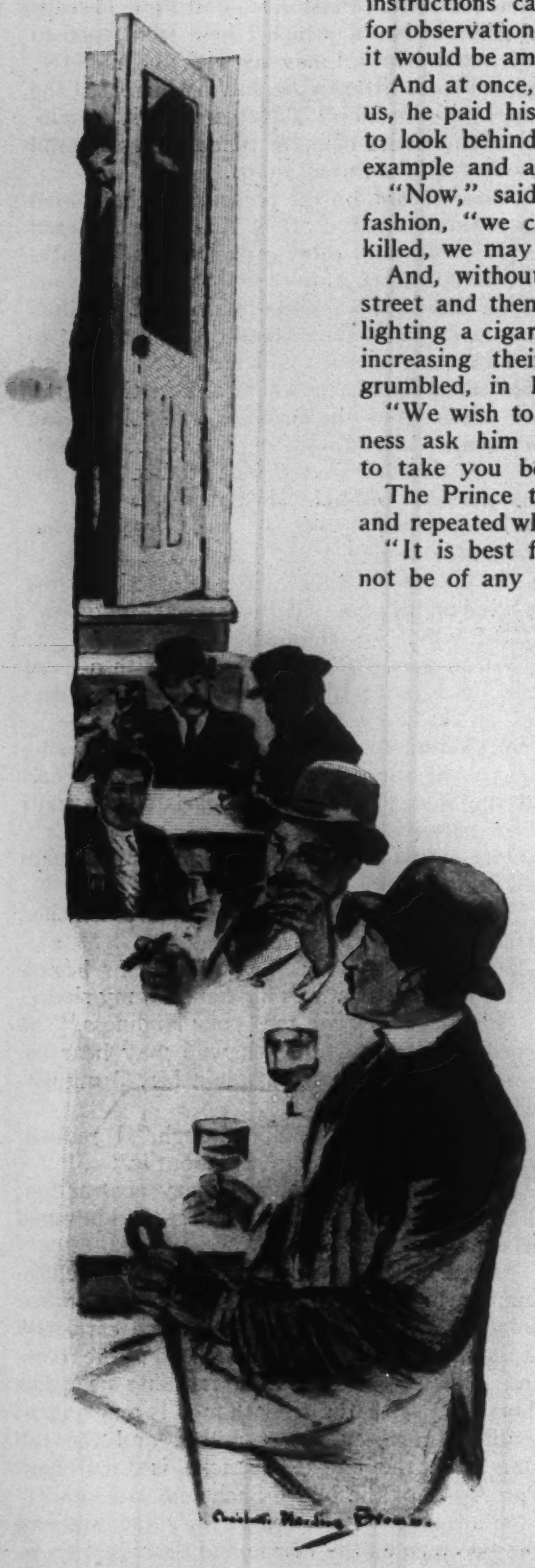
"Not a word," he replied. "They landed three days ago. I had news of it from my secret agents. But I can not escape them."

"Now tell me frankly," I said hastily, "what crime have you committed?"

"None," he replied, in some agitation. "It is merely the curse of the house of Sachstein. They have followed me to the ends of the earth and now they have caught me. There is nothing you can do. It is the royal road of which you Americans do not understand."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but there is yet a single hope. Seest yon cop?" At which, I took the Prince by the arm and started on our way. As we did so, both men sprang at us, and the officer, crossing the street on the run, nabbed them both and rang his box for the wagon.

The next evening, at dinner, the Prince in admiration, and I in amusement, read the head-lines:



"'PLEASE DO NOT CALL ME "YOUR HIGHNESS." EVEN NOW I AM FOLLOWED'"

ANOTHER BLACK HAND FIZZLE

"ARMY OFFICER" NOW LANGUISHES IN THE TOMBS

Two Polacks, who gave their names as Antonio Marco and Henry Kremowicz, were

arraigned before Judge Muldoon in the Jefferson Market police-court this morning, charged with an attempt to blackmail a wealthy countryman named Sergius Grumpenfield. Grumpenfield, who is stopping at the Hotel St. Romulus, was taking a walk last evening with an acquaintance, Patrick F. Daly, the well-known sanitary engineer of Springfield, Mass., when the two men sprang out of a blind alley and attacked them. Luckily, Patrolman Michael Quinn of the Ninety-first Precinct happened to be in the vicinity, and ran them in before their threats were accomplished.

In the police-court this morning, after Mr. Daly and the officer had given their testimony, Kremowicz gave the usual song and dance about being an officer in the Sachstein cavalry. "Very well," remarked Judge Muldoon; "you can now get a commission in the Sing Sing light artillery. Bound over for special sessions."

"What a wonderful country!" remarked the Prince, as we finished.

"But now," I remarked, as we laid down the paper, "I wish that your Highness would tell me the rest of this story."

For I had been at the convention all day since court, and this was my first opportunity to ask the question.

The Prince leaned back and lit a cigarette.

"To begin with," he said, looking cautiously around him, "do you know what the Salic law is?"

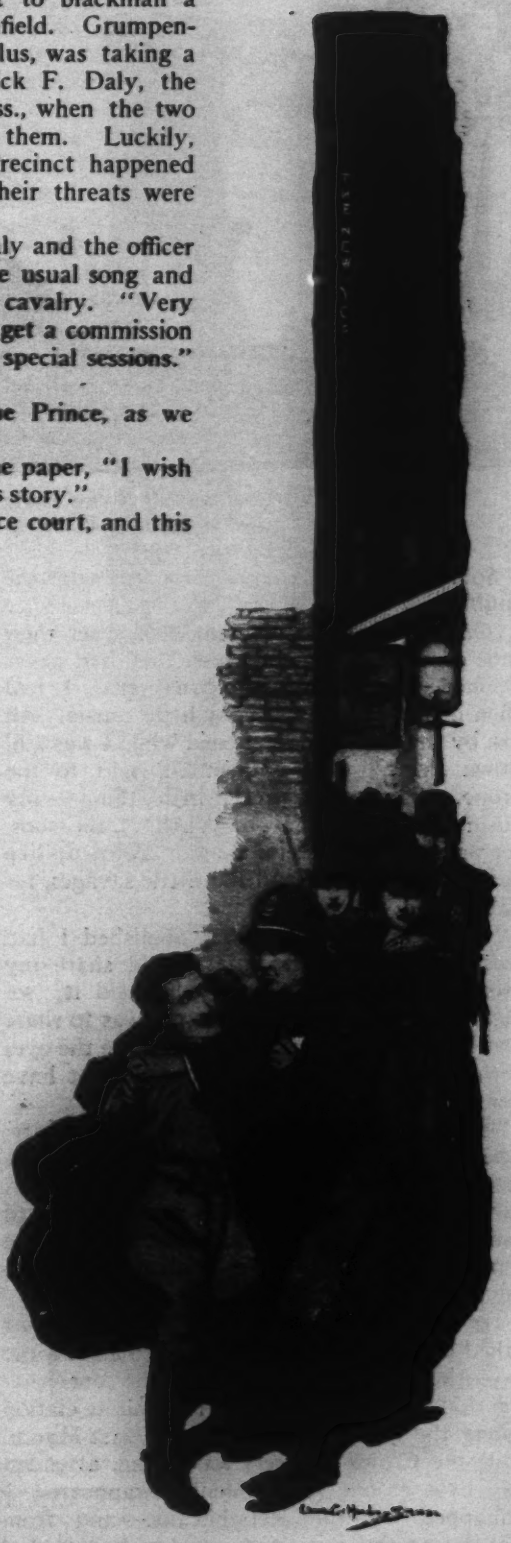
"Do I?" I replied. "Didn't I put a vacuum cleaning plant in the palace of Don Carlos of Bourbon in the spring of 1901, and did I hear one single word except the Salic law?"

The Prince smiled.

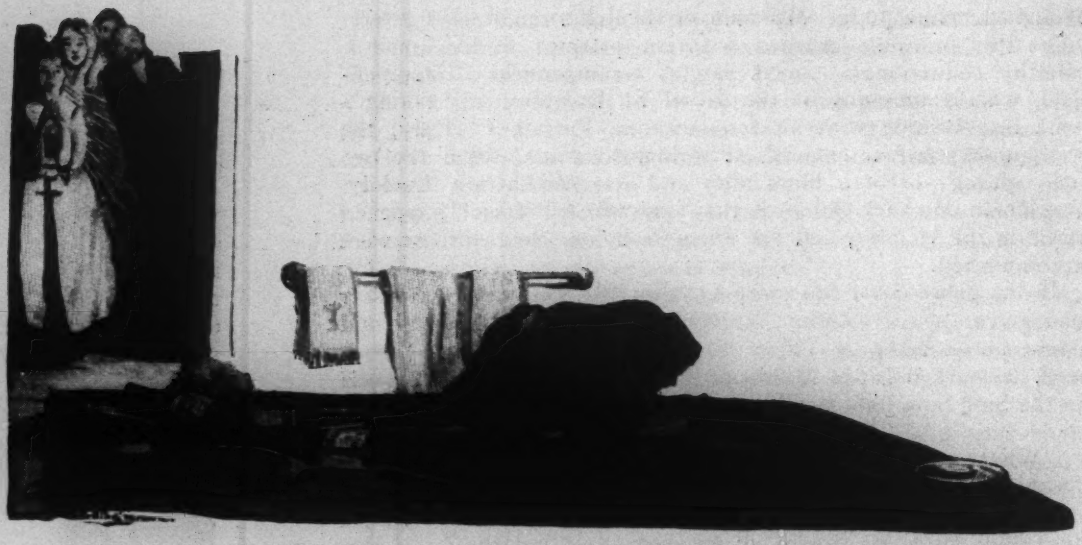
"There are many royal houses," he remarked, "which would be much better for a vacuum cleaner.

"Now, as you remember from your own visit to Sachstein," he continued, "the present King is my uncle, Sergius First, and at that time, as the Salic law had been in force in Sachstein for three centuries, and as my uncle had only a daughter, I, as the male heir, was successor to the throne. Two years ago, however, the Republican party, which had been making great headway in the country, induced the Duma to abolish the Salic law, allowing the succession to fall on my cousin Sonia, then a girl of only seventeen years.

"There were many reasons for doing this, one of them being that, with a woman on the throne, the Republicans had greater hopes for the success of a revolution. A still greater reason, however, lay in the fact that a good half of the peasantry, who are loyal to the monarchy on general principles, were distinct followers of my own. Thus, by denying my right to the succession, the Republicans argued, with a good deal of truth, that they could split the Royalist party completely in two, and that my followers, rather than allow the crowning



"BOTH MEN SPRANG AT US, AND THE OFFICER, CROSSING THE STREET ON THE RUN, NABBED THEM"



"HURRIEDLY THROWING OPEN THE DOOR, I FOUND THE VERY WORST THAT I HAD EXPECTED. THE BATH-TUB HAD OVERFLOWED"

of Sonia, would throw in their lot with the republic.

"One fact, however, remained to upset their plans completely, one of which they had never dreamed — which was, in brief, that I had fallen madly in love with my little cousin. All this, by the way, had happened while I was still Crown Prince, with undisputed right to the throne. She was a pretty little thing — my cousin Sonia — and in our youth, at the summer palace in Blitzstein, we had grown up like brother and sister — and like little savages, for that matter.

"Before the Salic law was abolished I had already decided that Sonia should share my throne — for it was then I who held it; so, when the change came, she simply was to share it with *me*. With this marriage before the eyes of the people, the revolution would not have been a ripple on the waters.

"But, as you can see," continued the Prince, "the secret must be kept until the death of the King, who was then in his seventy-third year. Our affiancement must not be announced until Sonia should be ready to succeed — or the Republicans would take violent steps to prevent it.

"In some way, the secret of our attachment leaked out and spread like wild-fire among the revolutionists. You can imagine the consternation that they felt, and the corresponding elation among the royalists, until, one day last March, while the Crown Princess was riding, attended only by a groom, she suddenly disappeared,— kidnapped by the Republicans,—and from that day to this not one word has been heard of her."

I opened my mouth to speak, but the Crown Prince waved me to silence.

"Now of course we know," he continued, "that she must still be alive, for, if she had been done away with, I would simply succeed to the throne, as I would have in the first place. It merely means that the Republicans are holding her in hiding, to produce on the day of the death of the King. Then, when her succession is announced, dissatisfaction will be spread both among the Republicans, who do not wish to see a woman on the throne, and among my followers, who will be more chagrined than ever at my second failure to regain the crown; so in ten days Sachstein will be a republic."

Again I tried to speak, but again the Prince waved me to silence.

"That explains," he said, "the reason of my presence here. For, from the very moment that I heard of the abduction, and the reasons for it, I was certain that the Princess had been taken to America. The Republicans would hope that in this country, as a sister republic, they would find ready aid for their plans."

I thought of Judge Muldoon and Officer Quinn, and smiled, while the Prince continued:

"In the unsettled state of the country and a growing dissatisfaction in the army, which is illustrated by the presence of Lieutenant Von Arlitz last evening, I could not lay my hands on a single man whom I could trust to make my search for me, so that finally, with the sanction of my uncle, I came myself, traveling as simple Mr. Grumpenfield. It was announced that I was to spend three months in Hungary; but, taking the Oriental express, I came to Paris and then to this country. Every step of the way I

have been followed by this ex-agent of police and by Von Arlitz, until your stroke of genius relieved me of their presence. For you see that they would have no compunctions at all about killing me."

During all the time that the Prince had been speaking there had grown in my mind an incident which had occurred some weeks before, and to which I will presently introduce the reader; but, before launching my bolt, I wished to make sure of my facts, and I quietly began to speak.

"Would your Highness be willing," I said, "to answer two questions?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," he replied.

"Well, then, at the time of the disappearance of the Crown Princess, did Lord Kritzenvitch, the chamberlain, also disappear?"

The Prince looked startled.

"He did," he answered. "But how in the world did you know it?"

It was now my turn to wave for silence.

"First let me ask the other question," I continued. "Is the Crown Princess Sonia a blonde young woman, about five feet six in height, with an inordinate fondness for French Vichy?"

The Prince gasped at my question, so taken back that he could merely nod, without audible reply.

"Then," I continued, "I can tell you exactly where to find her. If you will give me a card, I will write the address."

And now, as the reader will doubtless be as bewildered as the Crown Prince as to how I, Patrick F. Daly, quondam master plumber of Springfield, Mass., came to be aware of the solution of the problem which was troubling the secret police of four nations, and to be able to write the exact address of the missing Crown Princess Sonia, heir to the throne of Sachstein-Kresse, regent of the Order of St. Christopher and St. George, grandniece to the King of Bulgaria, first lady of the Convent of Angelekivus, and head of the Kressian faith, it will be necessary to relate at length the incident to which I have already referred.

Some five years after my sojourn in Sachstein-Kresse, and three years after I was made secretary of the Plumbers', Plasterers', and Pipe-Threaders' Alliance Local No. 4, I began to wonder whether life was offering me all that it might, and, having decided that it wasn't, I began settling the business into other hands and retired to a little place about five miles out of Springfield, one of the most up-to-date little towns I know.

Every man has his dreams, and I had been planning and dreaming about such a retreat all

"'THE PRINCE SERGIUS IS WAITING FOR YOU'"

my life; so, when I was finally able to realize my vision, it was a perfect beauty — hot and cold water throughout, open plumbing from top to bottom, a vacuum cleaner, and a garage with a cement floor that drained at both ends. In June of 1904 I settled there, and I had not been in the house two months when there occurred an incident that brought the Crown Prince and the kingdom of Sachstein-Kresse very vividly to my memory.

There was, it seems, just on the borders of my land, one of those great old gone-to-seed houses which can be found in almost any New England town and which generally go by the name of Somebody's Folly. You can easily recall the type, for most of them are exactly alike, and all are relics of that mid-Victorian period when it used to be the height of luxury to have urns and weeping willows and dinky little summer houses in the grounds, and usually a fountain, consisting of a small boy and girl holding an umbrella from the top of which the water spurted down over them. As a practical plumber, any kind of a fountain is an abomination to me,— they are so absolutely useless,— but this iron boy and girl kind especially.

This particular house had not been lived in for goodness knows how many years, and had rapidly fallen into the state of most of its kind — on the street a moss-covered stone wall, just high enough to keep out the view and not high enough to keep out anything else; within it, about thirty acres of unpruned apple orchard and overgrown lawn, with winding drives full of weeds, and, in the center, a great square house of brick covered with plaster and then painted a sort of sickly, mud-colored gray.

Even without going any nearer to the house than the wall, I could tell at a glance what it would be like — tin bath-tubs, basement kitchen, no elevator, bilious-colored stained glass at the top of the landings, and all the plumbing boarded in so tight you couldn't get at it with a set of burglar's tools. I would have staked any amount of money that there wouldn't be an electric bell in the house, and nothing but those old wire arrangements where you turned a little German-silver handle in the wall, and a bell rattled away down in the butler's pantry, like a whole fire department.

As I have said, nobody had lived in the house for years, except a care-taker, and there were "For sale" and "To rent" signs all over the place, so that it created little less than a fever in the village when, one day, the rent signs disappeared and a couple of men were sent in with scythes to mow the grass in a superficial sort of fashion. In a week or two more about ten moving-vans came out from Springfield, with the greatest lot of truck you ever saw in your life, and a week after that the family was in possession.

But, if the village thought it was going to have any satisfaction from the new occupants, it was mightily mistaken, for it wasn't two days before the latter gave signs that they were anything but neighborly. There must have been a dozen people in the party, mostly servants, and not one of them spoke a word of English except a dapper little agent with a French accent, who did all the outside business. Of the rest of the inhabitants we never caught a glimpse near enough to the wall to recognize them, although we somehow got the idea that the chief performers were a tall, gray-haired man and a lady of unknown age who came to town deeply veiled and at night, and who was never seen afterward, except in distant parts of the grounds, where she would walk around under the apple trees with a white shawl over her shoulders.

After a few weeks, when it was found that the new people were most intent on minding their own business and that they plainly did not intend to let us help them at it, we began to forget about them, although the house was more a place of mystery than ever.

One night, then, while I was sitting on my piazza, smoking in the moonlight, and planning a new arrangement for an artesian well, I was more than astonished when a maid-servant in black came rushing across the lawn, and, seeing me, called, in English so broken that it was absolutely beyond repair:

"Come, sir; come quick, we need help!" and turned to run back across the lawn toward the house of mystery.

Naturally, I jumped to my feet, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and followed her, catching up before she reached the wall. There was a sagging old gate between the two places, usually locked; but she had the key to it, so we yanked it almost off the hinges, and started through the long, weedy grass, still uncut in that part of the grounds, the woman breaking into a run. We had not gone ten steps, however, when a huge dog ran out at us and began to bark; but the woman spoke to him in some foreign tongue that I recognized as Hungarian or something very like it, and the big fellow sneaked away into our tracks. In a minute more we were crunching the gravel of the driveway, and, as we went up the great front steps, the door was opened wide and I came face to face with an old friend of mine — the chamberlain of Sachstein-Kresse.

Long as it was since I had seen him, I recognized him in an instant; but he evidently

failed to pay me the same compliment, for he merely gave me a glance, and spoke hurriedly to the maid who had brought me. But, now that I knew what language they were talking, I paid particular attention, and, from my three months' experience in Sachstein-Kresse, I was able to pick out occasional phrases, such as "Not yet," "She is still there," and frequent references to "her Highness"—with which I had had occasion to become especially familiar. But of what was the trouble I could not get the slightest inkling, while the chamberlain, haughty as ever, and dressed in stately evening clothes, did not think me of sufficient importance to explain, for he merely made an imperious gesture for me to follow him, and started quickly up the stairs. At the top another maid, in great excitement, awaited us, turning to lead the way hurriedly down the hall, where she pushed open the door of a huge bedroom which gave me the curious impression of being full of people.

In a minute, however, I saw that there were only three besides those who had entered with me — a man in livery, a lady with white hair, and, seated in a big chair at the end of the room, the most beautiful young woman I have ever seen in my life. She was very young and very fair, in contrast to the swarthy faces around her, and, at the moment of the excitement, had evidently been preparing to retire; for she was dressed in a sort of flowing robe, and her hair fell in masses over her shoulders. In the midst of the excitement, moreover, she was the only person who showed perfect calm, for she sat almost languidly, apparently bored at what was going on, while the other women were running around, wringing their hands and chattering in the greatest agitation.

As we entered she gave us a glance of only casual interest, and since, as I have already explained, I knew a little about regal temperament, it took me about ten seconds to make up my mind that she was "her Highness," whoever else she might be.

"Has it stopped?" were the first words which the chamberlain uttered,—words which I understood perfectly,—at which the lady with white hair shook her head almost hysterically. The chamberlain bit his lips as if in doubt how to explain the matter to me, and, in the silence, from an adjoining room I caught a sound very familiar to my ear — the sound of running water.

In an instant I divined the whole mystery, and, hurriedly throwing open the door, found the very worst that I had expected. The bath-tub, with taps running full head, had overflowed, and there was already six inches of water on the floor!

As one would expect in a house of that kind, the bath-room was reached by three descending steps,— for no reason under the sun except to make it harder to get at,— so that the room itself formed a perfect tank, which, although it did not allow the water to run into the bedroom, held a regular Mississippi basin to soak into the ceilings below. Even as I worked I expected to hear them fall.

Once I knew what the trouble was, I did my best to remedy it, and the complications which that plumbing showed furnish really the most interesting part of the story.

To begin with, the taps had been so loosely packed that, when I took off my cuffs and plunged my hand into the tub to shut them off, they simply turned round and round without stopping the flow. Luckily, the heating system was so bad that the jet from the hot-water faucet was only mildly tepid — luckily indeed, for I was standing in water up to my knees.

When I found this out, I turned and asked hurriedly for a monkey-wrench, at which the chamberlain and all the others looked blank, gazed at one another, began to jabber, and then ran in all directions. In the midst of it, the Princess arose languidly, and haughtily handed me a rusty old affair which had been lying in the middle of the bedroom floor all the while. With that it was quick work to rip off the boards at the side — for, as I had supposed, the outside was boarded up tighter than a drum — and stop the flow from the shut-off beneath. I then went into the tub up to my shoulders, and pulled out the plug, which apparently nobody had thought of before, at which the water in the tub ran off in a way that water in bath-tubs has. So, after all, the problem was comparatively simple, and, as there could be nothing further of interest, I nodded good night to the Princess and went home, leaving the servants to bail out the room.

On my way home, however, I chuckled to think of the time they must be having; for a greater mess than that bath-room I have never seen in my life — and, as a practical plumber of fifteen years' experience, I can tell you that I have seen some messes. As I have said, the water on the floor was fully six inches deep; chairs, dresser, and set basin were covered with damp and dirty towels which had been used to stop the flood, while soap, nail-brushes, sponges, tooth powder, and douches were floating around in the water, having the time of their lives. And, most important of all, there must have been two dozen bottles of French Vichy stacked up around the walls, while half a dozen empties were bobbing gaily on the flood. From this you can see how I was able to identify the

Crown Princess when Prince Sergius told me that she had changed her address.

It was not to be expected, however, that the Princess could be recaptured without a great deal of trouble, as the Prince explained to me on the train that night; for there is an express which draws out of the Grand Central at 11 P. M., carrying a sleeper which is dropped off at Springfield, and such was the Prince's impatience that we took it that very night. The only trouble with that train is that the porter makes up all the berths before the passengers come in, and we were obliged to lay our plans in the vestibule.

"Now why," I asked him, in the first place, "when you discovered that the chamberlain had disappeared at the same time as the Princess, didn't you simply have the mail-bags watched, and find out where his family was writing him?"

"Ah, you don't understand," replied the Prince. "Kritzenvitch is not by birth a Kressian, but a Rumanian. As you doubtless know, the present reigning family of Rumania is German, and had we done that it would have stirred up the whole Moroccan question between England, France, Germany, and Spain. Do you understand?"

I didn't understand, but I said no more, and the conductor came through for our tickets.

In the morning my motor was waiting for us at Springfield, and we had a quick drive to my country place, although with every mile the Prince grew more eager with excitement. By mutual consent, however, we agreed to do nothing until after we had had a good chance to look over the ground and lay our plans more fully. As to the latter, I was silently resolved on one thing — that I would offer no suggestions, but allow the Prince to work it out as he saw best, although, after our New York experience, he was more than willing to leave everything in my hands.

"No, your Highness," I replied, after he had urged me to this effect; "this adventure is all yours and the stake is yours. You will feel much happier if you plan and execute it yourself."

"THREE MINUTES LATER THE TWO BRANCHES OF THE ROYALIST

To this, in fact, he was rather eager to agree, and, after sitting figuring for half an hour, he announced that he was ready to explain his campaign.

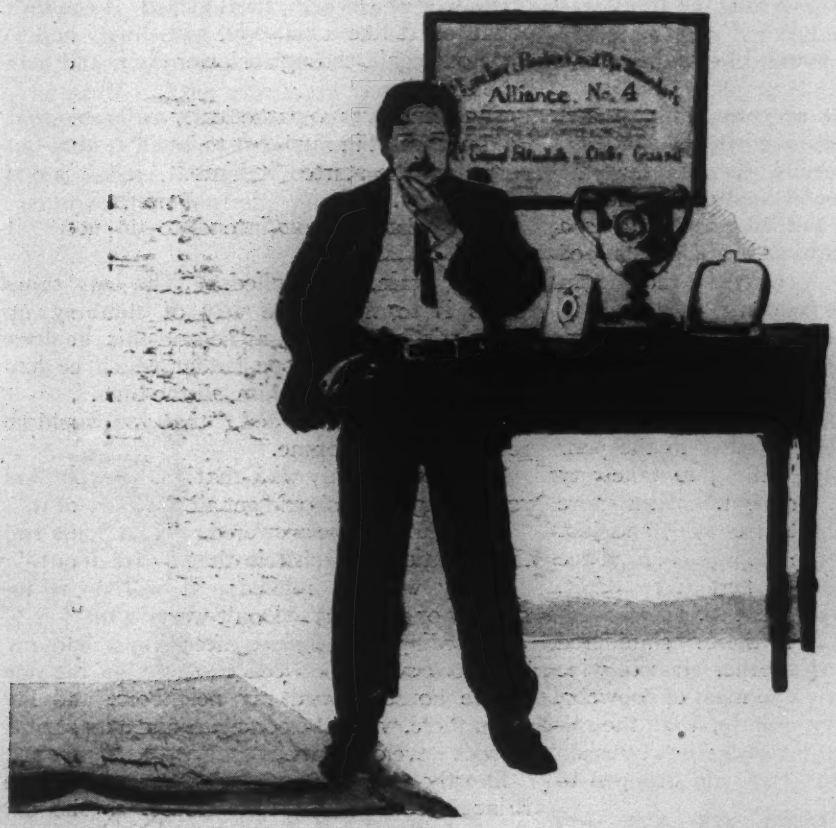
"From what I know of Kritzenvitch," he began slowly, "he is a very heavy sleeper, yet he never retires until one or half past in the morning. From your description of the other members of the household, I am satisfied that the white-haired lady is the Viscountess of Bergen, a former lady in waiting, and wife of an army officer who was exiled for complicity in the Morkowicz affair. The servants I know in a general way, and I think that among them

all one can be found who can be bribed to help me. My plan, then, is simply to steal into the grounds between two and three to-morrow morning, poison the dogs, gain entrance to the house, hold the servants at bay if necessary, and then make my escape by a rope ladder, which I will have for the occasion. In the meantime you must have your motor at the south gate, with engine muffled, ready to take us to the Canadian frontier.

"Here"— and he showed me the envelop on which he had been figuring — "I have a plan of the grounds, with a cross marked at the point where you will have the motor."

I thought the plan well worthy of the Prince, and readily agreed to do my part, which, as I understood, had no shooting.

"There is one thing," continued the Prince, "that I can not solve, and that is how to gain entrance to the house — for it is safe to say that every door and window is barred."



PARTY OF SACHSTEIN-KRESSE WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS"

"As to that," I replied, "I can offer a suggestion, if your Highness will accept it."

"Most gladly," he replied.

"Well, then, in every old house of that kind, about two feet from the ground, you will find, somewhere, an opening, covered by wire netting, about two feet broad and a foot and a half high. That is the entrance to what is known as the cold-air box, which is a long shaft or tunnel built for the purpose of feeding fresh air to those old-fashioned furnaces. You can easily pull the netting off with your hands, and then, after you have poisoned the dogs, crawl through it. I have done it hundreds of times. For, usually, when the furnace is not in use, about two feet of the inside end of the box is disconnected in order not to send a draught through the house. In fact, as those people have not been here in cold weather, I'd be willing to bet that it has never been connected up, so it will be perfectly simple to crawl through the box and then drop to the floor of the cellar."

The Prince thanked me profusely, and, the rest of the afternoon, was consumed in putting four ounces of strychnine into a pound of meat for the dogs, in overhauling revolvers, and in other preliminaries. After dinner we sat until one o'clock, smoking nervously and trying to make conversation, until at last, as the hands of the clock crawled around to the hour, the Prince stood up, put his gun in his pocket, shook hands, and slid out into the darkness.

As soon as he had gone, I cranked up the motor and slipped around to the south gate, which was perfectly easily found by asking the policeman on the beat. There I doused my

lamps and sat in silence, smoking cigar after cigar and hearing not one single sound from the house or the grounds.

The chimes in the village church struck quarter past one, half past, three quarters, and then the bell boomed two o'clock. Still not a sound from the Prince, while the clock struck for the fifth and sixth time. At last I heard cautious footsteps, and a minute later the Prince's voice. I jumped from the car; but he was alone, and only settled into the front seat with a dejected air.

"Drive back to the house," he said, "and I will tell you about it."

The electric light of my own dining-room, when we entered it for a bottle of Madeira, disclosed, for the first time, the fact that the Prince was in a most woeful condition — clothes torn, hands bleeding, and face as black as a stoker's. He slouched into an arm-chair, gulped down a glass of wine, lit a cigar, and then began his story in disconsolate fashion.

"Everything went splendidly," he said, "exactly as we had planned it. When I got over the wall, the dogs came up to me in a most friendly fashion and began to lick my hands, so that I hated to give the meat to the poor creatures. But I wasn't willing to take any chances, so I laid it out for them, and they tore it to pieces, gave a couple of chokes, and just died. At that I went on to the house, found the cold-air box exactly as you had described it, pulled off the netting, and went in.

"Ach, but it was dusty in there!" shuddered the Prince, as he gulped another glass of wine as if in remedy. "Simply one mass of cobwebs, so that I imagined, every minute, that the spiders were crawling down my neck; but I pushed on through, came to the end, and dropped to the floor.

"The minute I landed, I could hear steps on the floor above me, and knew that I would have to wait. At first I sat down in the spot where I had happened; but then I heard some one come to the cellar door, so I slid into the coal-bin and lay down on top of the coal. Just as I did so a man-servant came down with a candle, passing so near that I could hear him breathe; but he was holding his hand around the light to keep it from blowing, and, luckily, that cast me into the shadow. It almost stopped the beating of my heart until he had passed into the front cellar, returned, and gone up the stairs again.

"So there I lay in the coal until the steps had been still, above me, for fully an hour, when I crept out, found the stairs, and worked up, in my stocking feet, to the main floor of the house. There was not a sound, and the carpets were so soft that I need not have removed my shoes; but I expected every moment to hear a stair creak and some one come to look up the trouble.

"On the second floor, it was easy to find the door of the room where Sonia slept, by the description which you had given me, and I softly turned the handle — to find it locked."

The Prince turned to me with a funny grimace.

"And that, my friend, was all there was to it. If the door was locked, it was locked. I couldn't pound on it like a bell-boy, so I simply had to come out again through a lower door, and here behold me."

The Prince was so pathetically miserable that I did not feel it in my heart to laugh at him, but in the end he started it himself, and I joined him heartily.

"And what do you intend to do now?" I queried at last.

"Try again," he replied. "The only thing to do is to find some way of climbing up to the window." And, as he said this, he drew out of his coat the rope ladder which he had carried, wound around him, all the time.

"But I wish," he added, "that you would be persuaded to try for me."

"Do you honestly wish that?" I asked. "Are you willing that I should get all the glory of it?"

"Absolutely," he answered. "It is Sonia and the salvation of Sachstein that I care about."

"Very well," I replied; "I will do it tomorrow or next day. Don't worry a bit."

Accordingly, the next afternoon I had my hammock swung between two trees on the side of the house toward my neighbors, and lay down there, with a box of cigars and a magazine, to wait developments.

Shortly after three o'clock I saw the Crown Princess come out of the house, as she did almost every afternoon when it didn't rain, and walk slowly into the grounds. I watched her carefully from my hammock until she came to a point well away from the house and fairly near the wall, when I got up, straightened my tie, lit a fresh cigar, and, walking to the wall, vaulted over it in a broken place.

The Princess saw me coming, and watched my approach in amused fashion. It was evident that she remembered the night of the flood. Without hesitating, I took off my hat and approached her.

"Madame," I said in English, "would you do me the favor of walking over with me as far as the wall?"

"Why, certainly," she replied, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, and together we approached the broken place.

Here we stopped, and I turned to her again.

"Your Highness," I said, "the Prince Sergius of Sachstein-Kresse is waiting for you in that house"; and, as an evidence of good faith, I handed her his card, with mine.

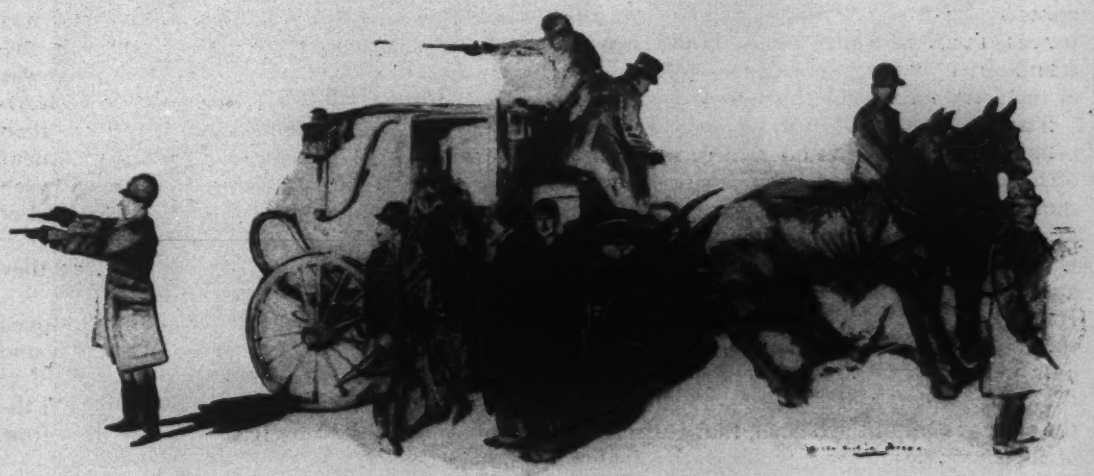
Not another word was necessary. She flew over that wall as lightly as a bird, with me after her, and three minutes later the two branches of the Royalist party of Sachstein-Kresse were in each other's arms.

We sat in the library over another bottle of Madeira, and again I asked the Prince what his next step would be.

"I leave it in your hands, my good friend," he said. "Your plans are conceived with an ingenuity that entirely surpasses my own."

"Well," I replied, nothing loath, as I bit off the end of a cigar, "there are exactly three courses that you may pursue. The first is to telegraph the ambassador of Austria-Hungary in Washington to take the matter up with the King of England, and have Parliament ask the Emperor of China what to do about it. The second, which would be the real story-book way, would be to walk back to the big house, tell the chamberlain what you have done, and then open all the avenues for him to get her Highness back into his clutches in order to rescue her all over again. The third way is to telephone the town clerk, who lives three houses above here, that there is ten dollars in it for him if he gets down here with his blanks and seal in just five minutes, while, at the same time, I will send for the parish priest in the motor, and have you married before supper. Of the three, the last course is the one which I think I should pursue."

And they did.



THE DEBT

By

PERCEVAL GIBBON

Illustrations by Sigismond de Ivanowsky

IT was his habit, of an evening, to play the flute; and he was playing it faithfully, with the score propped up against three books on his table, when the noises from the street reached him and interrupted his music. With the silver-dotted flute in his hand, he moved to the window and put aside the curtains to look out.

The flute is the instrument of mild men; and Robert Lucas had mildness for a chief quality. At the age of thirty-five, in the high noon of his manhood, he showed to the world a friendly, unenterprising face, neatly bearded, and generally a little vacant. The accident that gave him a Russian mother was his main qualification for the post he now held—that of represent-

ative of a firm of leather manufacturers in the Russian town of Tambov. He spoke Russian, and he knew leather, and he could ignore the smells of a tan-yard; these facts entitled him to a livelihood.

To right and left, as he looked forth, the cobbled street was dark; but opposite, in the silversmith's shop, there were lights, and below a small crowd had gathered. He watched wonderingly. He knew the silversmith well enough to nod as he passed his door — a young laborious man, with a rapt, uncertain face and a tumbled mane of black hair. There were also a little grave wife, and a fat grave baby; and these, when they were visible, received separate and distinctive nods, and always returned them. The hide-sellers and tanners were, for the most part, crude and sportive persons with whom he could have nothing in common; they lived, apparently, on drink and uproar; and he had come to regard the silversmith and his family as vague friends. He pressed his face closer to the glass of the double casement to see more certainly.

The little shop seemed to be full of lights and people, and outside its door there was a press of folk. The murmur of voices was audible, though he could distinguish nothing that was said. But now and again there was laughter. It was the laughter that held him gazing and apprehensive: it had a harsher note than mirth. It seemed to him, too, that some of the men in the doorway were in uniform; he could see them only in outline, mere black silhouettes against the interior lights; but there was about them the ominous cut of the official, that Russian bird of ill omen. And then, while yet he doubted, there sounded the very key-note of disaster. From somewhere within the silversmith's shop a woman screamed, sudden and startling.

"Now, *now!*" said Robert Lucas, at his window, grasping his flute nervously. And, as though in answer to his remonstrance, there was again that guttural, animal laughter. He frowned.

"I must see into this," he told himself very seriously.

He turned from the window. His pleasant room, with the shaded lamp on the table and the music leaning beside it, seemed to advise him to proceed with caution. He and his life were not devised for situations in which women screamed on that tense note of anguish and terror; he had never done a violent thing in all his days. There was no clear purpose in his mind as he pulled open his door to go out — merely an ill ease that forced him to go nearer to the cause of those screams. He had descended the stairs and was fumbling at the latch of the street door before he realized that he was still holding the flute.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed in extreme exasperation, when the instrument proved too long for his pocket, and he went out carrying it like some remarkable and ornate baton.

The small crowd before the silversmith's shop numbered perhaps a hundred people, and even before his eyes were acclimatized to the darkness he smelt sheepskin coats and tan-bark. He touched one big man on the arm and asked a question. The lights in the shop lit up the fellow's hairy face and loose grin as he turned to answer.

"Eh?" said the man. "Why, it's a Jew that the police are clearing out. Did you hear the Jewess squeal?"

"Yes, I heard," said Lucas, and moved away.

He was cut off from the door of the shop by the backs of the crowd, and passed along the street to get round them. Inside the lighted house, the baby had begun to cry; but there was no more screaming. He had a sense that, unless he hurried, he might be too late for what was in preparation. The crowd seemed to be waiting for some culminating scene with more than screams in it. A touch of nervous excitement came to fortify him, and he thrust in between two huge slaughterers whose clothes reeked of the killing-sheds.

"Make way," he said breathlessly, as they turned on him.

One of them swore and would have shoved him back, and others looked round at the sound of strife. Lucas put up an uncertain hand to guard the blow. It was the hand that held the flute, whose silver keys flashed in the light from the shop.

"Ha!" grunted the slaughterer, arrested by that sight. He looked at Lucas doubtfully, his neat clothes, his general aspect of a superior. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Make way," repeated Lucas.

It seemed to confirm the slaughterer in his suspicion that this was a personage to be deferred to.

"Hi, there!" he bellowed helpfully. "Give room for his Excellency. Let his Excellency come through! Don't you see what he's got in his hand? Make way, will you!"

He bent his huge, unclean shoulder to the business of clearing a path, and drove through like a snow-plow. Lucas followed along the lane that he made, and came to the pavement close by the shop.

It was fortunate that events marched sharply from that point, and forced him to act without thinking. He had some vague notion of finding the officer in charge of the police, and speaking to him. But, before he could move to do so, there was a fresh activity of the people within

"FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY TWO FIGURES REELED FORTH. ONE WAS IN UNIFORM, THE OTHER WAS A WOMAN. FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS THEY WRENCHED AND FOUGHT BEFORE THE CROWD ON THE LIGHTED DOOR-STEP."

the bright windows; he saw something that had the look of a struggle. Voices babbled and the crowd pressed closer; and suddenly, from the open doorway, two figures reeled forth, clutching and thrusting. One was in uniform, the other was a woman. For a couple of seconds they wrenched and fought, staged before the crowd on the lighted door-step; and then the woman broke away and ran blindly toward the spot where Lucas stood. She had, he saw suddenly, a child in her arms, that cried unceasingly.

The uniformed man who had tried to hold her came plunging after her; his face was creased in clownish and cruel smiles. Lucas saw the thing stupidly. His mind prompted him to nothing; he stood where he was, empty of resource. He was directly in the flying woman's path, and she rushed at him as to a refuge. He was the sole thing in that narrow arena of dread which she did not recognize as a figure of oppression; and she floundered to her knees at his feet, and held forth the terrified child to him in an agony of appeal. Her tormented and fearful face was upturned to him; he knew her for the Jewess, the wife of the silversmith.

"Father!" she breathed, in the pitiful idiom of that land of orphans.

"Ye-es," said Robert Lucas vaguely, and put a hand on her head.

Never before, in all the orderly level of his life, had a human being chosen him for champion and savior. He was aware of something within him that surged, some spate of force and potency in his blood. He stood upright, with a start, to confront the policeman who was on the woman's heels. The man was grinning still, fatuously and consciously, like a buffoon who knows he will be applauded. Lucas fronted his smiling security with a still fury that wiped the mirth from his face and left him gaping.

"Get back!" said Lucas. He spoke in a low tone, and the crowd jostled nearer to hear.

The policeman stared at him, amazed and uncomprehending.

"Sir," he stammered, "Excellency — this Jewess — she ——"

He stopped. Lucas was pointing at him with the flute across the bowed head of the woman, who crouched over her child at his feet.

"You shall report the matter to the Governor," said Lucas, in the same tone of icy anger. "And I will report it to the Minister."

He touched the woman. "Get up," he said. "Come with me."

He had to repeat it before she understood. She was numb with terror. She rose with difficulty to her feet, clasping the child, whose wail was now weak with exhaustion. The peering crowd made a ring of brute faces about them, full of menace and mystery; but the new power in him moved them to right and left at his gesture, and they gave him passage, with the woman behind him, across the road. The stupefied policeman watched them go, and then ran off to place the matter in the hands of his superior.

Lucas was at his door when the officer whom the policeman had fetched touched him on the elbow. He was a young man; if he had been older, Lucas' difficulties might have been increased. He peered in the darkness, and was visible as a narrow, black-mustached face with heavy eyebrows and a brutal mouth. The one thing that deterred him from brisk action was the fact that Lucas was a foreigner, whose rights and liabilities were, therefore, uncertain.

"This woman," he said, "is arrested."

Lucas was unlocking the door. He turned with his hand on the key, and the woman touched his arm. Perhaps that touch aided him to use big words. As a resident in Tambov, he knew the officer by sight, and had always been a little daunted by his manner of power. In Russia, one comes easily to fear the police. But now he was free of fear.

"You be careful," he said. "I saw what was being done."

With his left hand he pushed the door, and it swung open. He motioned the woman to enter, and nodded as he saw her cross the threshold.

The officer vented a click of impatience.

"I tell you —" he began, and moved forward a step. Lucas extended an arm, and the hand that held the flute, across his chest.

"Back!" he said. "You mustn't enter this house — you know that! You can go to the Governor, if you like, and I will go over his head. But you shall not touch that woman."

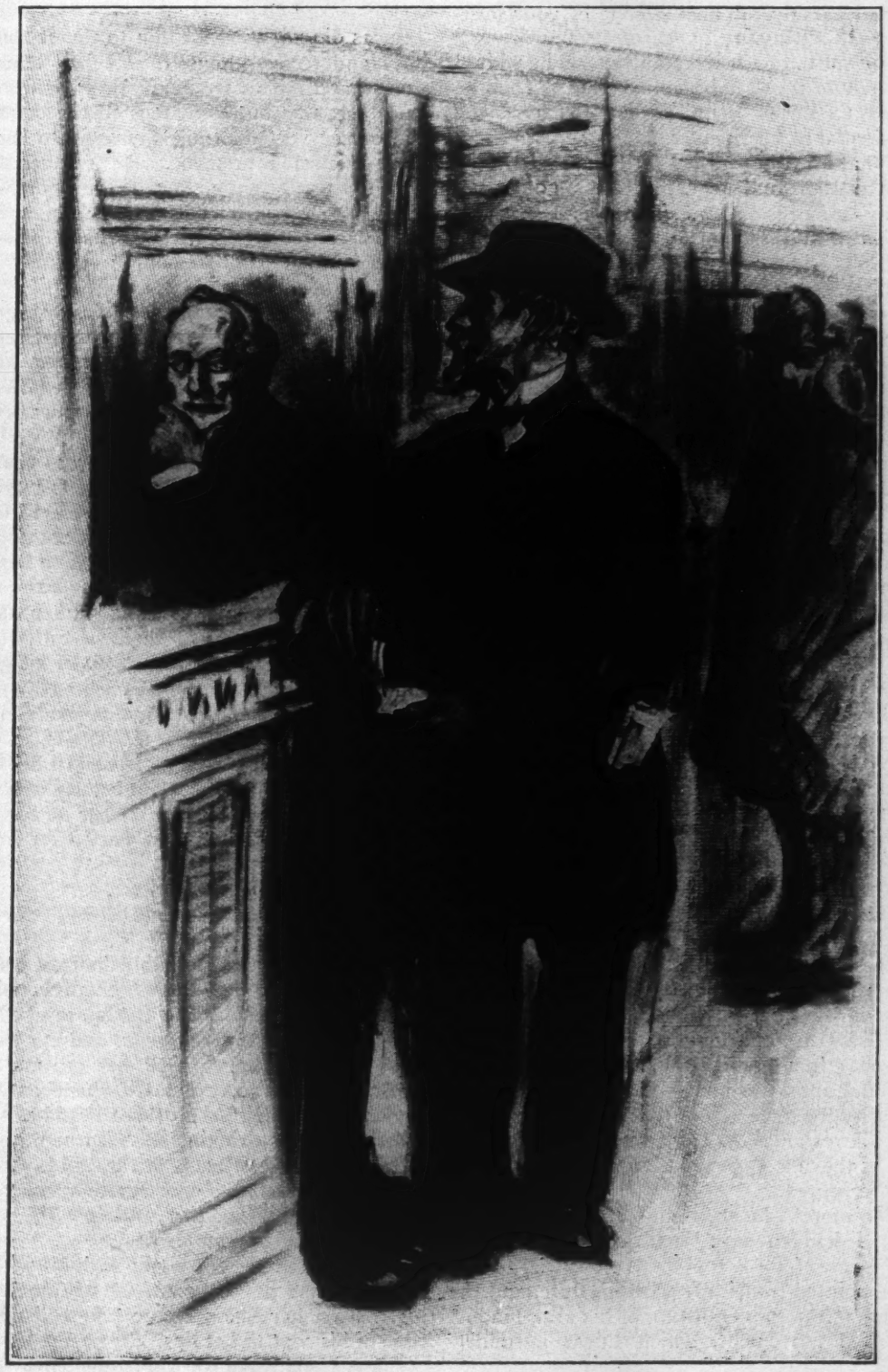
"She is arrested," said the officer obstinately, still studying his antagonist. "If you wish to aid her, you must go to the Bureau; but you can not take her away like this."

"Eh?" Lucas swung round him; the time was fertile in inspirations. "Can't I?" he demanded threateningly. "But I *have* taken her, man. If you seize her now, you must arrest me too, and then — we shall see!"

"I must do my duty," persisted the other.

"Do it, then," said Lucas, standing square across the door. "Do it, and see if you can explain afterward how you did it. *I* am not a poor woman who can be outraged in safety; *my* arrest will have to be explained to St. Petersburg, and *you* will have to pay for it. I saw how she was being handled, and how your duty was being done. I tell you, you're in danger. Be careful!"

"So?" replied the officer slowly. He turned to the folk who were the absorbed audience of



"HE SHOWED THE CHECK HE HAD WRITTEN; THEN, WITH LEISURELY MOTIONS, HE TORE IT ACROSS AND AGAIN ACROSS".

this conference. "Move away there," he commanded harshly. "This is none of your business. Off with you!"

They shifted back reluctantly, and he waited till he could speak unheard by them. Then he turned to Lucas again, with a touch of the confidential in his manner.

"What do you want her for?" he asked.

"Want her for!" repeated Lucas, not immediately comprehending. Then, as the man's meaning reached him, he trembled. "I don't want her," he cried. "I don't want her! *You* want her, not I; and you sha'n't have her. Do you understand? You sha'n't have her!"

"Sha'n't I?" retorted the officer, but there was indecision in his voice.

"No!" said Lucas.

There was a pause. Neither of them was sure of himself. The officer found himself in face of a situation which he could not gauge; and it would never do for a provincial police official to attract notice in remote St. Petersburg. For all he knew, this flimsy little man, who had snatched his Jewess from him, might be able to set in motion those mills which grind erring servants of the state into disgrace and ruin. He certainly had a large and authoritative way with him.

"Will you come to the Bureau, then, and speak with the Chief?" he suggested. "You see, your action causes a difficulty."

"No, I won't," said Lucas flatly.

He also was in doubt; it seemed to him that he stood in a considerable peril, and he was aware that his mood of high temper was failing him. It needed an effort to maintain an assured and uncompromising front. Behind him, on the unlighted stairs, the woman breathed heavily. He summoned what he had of stubbornness to uphold him. The affair so far had gone valiantly; he meant that it should continue on the same plane.

He saw the officer hesitate frowningly, and quaked. In a moment the man might make up his mind and seize him. There was an urgent necessity for some action that should quell him. Like all weak men, he saw a resource in violence, and, as the officer opened his lips to speak again, he interrupted.

"No more!" he shouted. "You have heard what I had to say: that is enough. Now go!"

He pointed frantically with his flute, and the officer, at the sudden lifting of his arm, made a surprised movement, which Lucas misunderstood.

With a cry that was half terror and half ecstasy, he smote, and the flute beat the officer's cap down over his eyes.

"*Yei Bohn*!" ejaculated the officer, falling back.

Lucas did not wait for him to thrust the cap away and recover himself. He had done his utmost, and the next step must rest with Providence. It was but two steps to the doorway. The officer was not quick enough to see his panic-stricken retirement. He recovered his sight only to see the slam of the door, which seemed to close in his face with a contemptuous and defiant emphasis. It was like a final fist shaken at him to drive home a warning. He shook his head despondently.

On the other side of the door, Lucas, fighting with his loud breath, heard his slow footsteps on the cobbles as he departed. He waited, hardly daring to relax his mind to hope, till he heard the party of them drawing off. He was weak with unaccustomed emotions.

What struck him as marvelous was that the woman, whose face he had last seen as a writhen mask of fear, should appear in the light of his room with her calm restored, with nothing but some disorder of her hair and dress to betoken her troubles. Even the child in her arms, worn out with weeping, perhaps, had fallen asleep. He stared at the pair of them vacantly. His lamp, his music, all the apparatus of his gentle and decorous existence, were as he had left them; their familiar and prosaic quality made his adventure appear by contrast monstrous.

The Jewess was watching him. In her dark, serious way, she had a certain beauty which explained the officer's concern at her escape from his hands. Her grave eyes waited for him to look at her.

"What is it?" he said at last.

"If I might put the child down," she suggested timidly.

Lucas pointed to the double doors of his bedroom. "My bed is in there," he answered.

She lowered her head as though in obedience to a command he had given, and carried the child out. Lucas watched her go, and then crossed the room to a cupboard which contained, among other things, a bottle of brandy.

While he was drinking she returned, pausing in the door to look back at the child. He noticed that she left the door partly open, to hear it if it should wake, and somehow this struck him as particularly moving.

She came across the room to him, with her steadfast eyes on his face, and, without speaking, fell on her knees before him and put the edge of his coat to her lips.

Lucas stood while she did it; he hardly dared to move and interrupt that reverent and symbolic act of gratitude. But once again, as when on the pavement she had held the child to him

in frantic appeal, the simple soul within him flamed into splendor, and he was in touch with great passions and mighty emotions. It is the mood of martyrs and heroes. He looked down to her dark eyes, bright with swimming tears, and helped her to her feet.

"You shall be safe here," he told her. "Nobody shall touch you here."

She believed it utterly. He was a champion sent straight from God; she had seen him conquering and irresistible. To fear now would be a blasphemy.

"I am quite safe," she agreed. "I am not afraid. To-morrow some of my people will come for me."

He nodded. "There is some food in the cupboard there," he told her. "Milk, too, if the child wants it. And nobody can come up the stairs without meeting me; and if they try, God help them!"

She half smiled at the idea. "They would never dare," she agreed confidently.

He would have been glad of his overcoat, but that was in his bedroom, and he dreaded the delicacy of going there while she was present. So, in the event, he bade her a brief good night, and found himself on the dark and chilly stairs without so much as a pillow or a blanket to make sleep possible. For lack of anything else in the shape of a weapon, he had brought his silver-keyed flute with him; if he were invaded in the small hours, it might serve him again; it seemed to have a virtue for quelling police officials.

About three o'clock in the morning he awoke from an uneasy doze, chilled to the marrow, and was prompted to try if the flute would still make music. It would not. It is too much to ask of any instrument that has been used as an instrument of war. It had saved a Jewess and her child, magnified its owner into a man of action, and was thenceforth silent for ever.

"I must have hit that officer pretty hard," was the reflection of Robert Lucas.

The episode closed shortly before noon next day, when two elderly men of affairs came to fetch his guests away. They entered the room while he was entertaining the baby with a whistled selection from his repertoire of flute music, and he broke off short as they regarded him from the doorway. The Jewess looked up alertly as they entered.

They bowed to Lucas with a manner of servility in which there was an ironic suggestion, while their eyes examined him shrewdly. They were bearded, aquiline persons, soft spoken, and withal formidable. He had a notion that they found him amusing, but suppressed their amusement.

"Then it is you we have to thank," said the elder of them, when formal greetings had been exchanged, "for the safety of this girl and her child?"

"I don't want any thanks," protested Lucas. He could not tell them how the thanks he had already received transcended any words they could speak.

"It was a villainous thing," he went on. "I'm glad I could help. Er — is the silversmith all right?"

"Money was paid," answered the gray-haired Jew; "he is safe, therefore. But he spent the night in chains, while his wife was here with you."

He spoke with a pregnant gravity. The Jewess started up and addressed him in a tongue Lucas could not understand. He saw that she pointed to him, and to the bedroom, and to the stairs, and that she spoke with heat. The old Jew heard her intently.

"So?" he said in his deep voice. "Then we have more to thank you for than we thought. You gave up your rooms, it seems?"

"It is nothing," said Lucas. "You see, a lady — well, I could hardly ——"

"Yes, I see," agreed the old Jew. "I have to do with a noble spirit. And you do not want any thanks? So? But we Jews, we have more things to give than thanks, and better things."

"I don't want anything," Lucas answered him. "I'm glad everything's all right."

"You are very good," said the old man, "very good and generous. But some day, perhaps, you will have a need — and then you will find that our people do not forget."

The Jewess had nothing to take with her but her child. She bowed her head and murmured something as she passed out, and the baby laughed at him.

"Our people do not forget," repeated the old Jew, as he bowed himself forth.

"Well!" said Lucas, half aloud, when he was once more alone in his room, "that's finished, anyhow."

It was the knell of his greater self, of the man he had contrived to be for a few hours. He sat in his chair, dimly realizing it, with vague and wordless regrets. Then upon the table he saw the flute, and rose to put it in the cupboard. It would never be useful again, but he did not want to throw it away.

The old dramas, which somenow came so close to reality with so little art,— or because of so little art,— had a way of straddling time like life itself. "Twenty years elapse between Acts II and III," the play-bills said unblushingly, and the fact is that what most men sow at twenty they reap at forty — the twenty years

do elapse between the acts. The curtain that goes down on Robert Lucas in his room in Tambov rises on Robert H. Lucas in New York, with the passage of time marked on him as clearly as on a clock. With gray in his beard and patches on his boots, and quarters in a boarding-house in Long Island City, he is still concerned with leather, but no longer prosperous. His work involves much calling on dealers and manufacturers, and their manner of receiving him has done nothing to harden his manner of diffidence and incompetence. His linen strives to be inconspicuous; his clothes do not inspire respect; the total effect of him is that of a man who has been at great pains to plant himself in a wrong environment. Tambov now is no more than a memory; it is less than an experience, for it has left the man unchanged. It is a thing he has seen, not a thing he has lived.

The accident that gave his name and the address of his boarding-house a place in the papers has no part in this story; he was an unimportant witness in the trial of a man whom he had seen in the street, cutting blood-spots out of his clothing. He had bought a paper which mentioned him, to read on the ferry as he returned home, and had been mildly thrilled to find that an artist had sketched him and immortalized him in its columns. And next morning came the letter.

"Guelder and Zorn" was the name engraved across the head of it, in a slender Italian script. It conveyed nothing to him. The body of the communication was typewritten, and stated that if Mr. Robert H. Lucas would present himself at the above address, the firm would be glad to serve him. Nothing more.

"Mean to say you haven't heard of Guelder and Zorn?" demanded the young man whose place at breakfast in the boarding-house was opposite to him, when he asked a question. "Say — d'you know what money is? Hard, round, flat stuff — money? You *do* know that, eh? Well, Guelder and Zorn is the same thing."

Somebody laughed; Lucas looked round rather helplessly.

"They say," he explained, referring to the letter, "that they'll be glad to serve me."

"Then you might lend me a couple of million," suggested the young man opposite, with entire disbelief. "Them Jews would never miss it."

Lucas had the sense to drop the matter there. He put the letter in his pocket and went on with his breakfast, and listened with incredulous interest to the talk that went on about the wealth, the greatness, the magnificence and power of the financial house which professed itself anxious to be of use to him. He was sorry to have to leave the table before it came to an end.

It is characteristic of him that the letter aroused no wild hopes, nor even an acute curiosity. He came, in the course of the morning, to the offices of Messrs. Guelder and Zorn in much the same frame of mind he brought to his business efforts. They were near, but not in, Wall Street — a fact of some symbolic quality which he, of course, could not appreciate. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk for some moments, looking up at their solid, responsible block of building, which anchored their fortunes to earth, till some one jostled him into the gutter. Then he recollected himself, and prepared to enter the money-mill.

A hall porter like a comic-supplement German heard his enquiry, scrutinized him with a withering glare, and jerked a thumb toward a door. He found himself in such an office as may have seen the first Rothschild make his first profits — a room austere as a chapel, rigidly confined to the needs of business. A screen, pierced by pigeonholes, cut it in half. Experience has proved that no sum of money is too large to pass through a pigeonhole.

"Vell?"

A whiskered, spectacled face, framed in the central pigeonhole, with eyes magnified by the spectacles, regarded him sharply.

"Oh!" He recalled himself to his concerns with a jerk, and fumbled in his pockets. "I had a letter," he explained.

"Vere is der letter?"

He found it after an exciting search, and passed it over. The whiskered face developed a hand to receive it.

"I don't know what it's about," explained Lucas. "Perhaps your people have made a mistake in the name, or something."

"Our beoble," said the face in the pigeonhole, with malignant emphasis, "do nod make mistagues!"

There was an interval while the letter was read, and Lucas stood and fidgeted, with a sense that he was intrusive and petty and undesired.

"Yes," said the owner of the spectacles, at length. "You vait! I vill enguire!"

He left his pigeonhole unshuttered, and to Lucas, while he waited, it seemed that several men came to it and glanced at him forbiddingly. None spoke; they just looked as though in righteous indignation at his presence, with seventy-five cents in his pocket, in that high temple of finance. Then the whiskered and spectacled face fitted itself again into the aperture.

"So you are Mr. Robert H. Lucas, are you?" it enquired. "Den vere vas you in de year 1886?"

"Where was I?" repeated Lucas vaguely. "Let me see! — 1886 — yes! I was in Russia then — in Tambov."

"Yes." The other's regard was keen. "An' now tell me aboud de man dat lived ooposite to you in Tambov?"

"Do you mean the silversmith?" said Lucas. The other nodded. "Oh, him! He was a Jew; they expelled him."

"And his vife?"

"His wife? They expelled her, too," he answered. "I never heard of her again."

"Vot vas de last you heard of her?"

"Oh, that!"

Lucas was staring at him vacantly. It did not occur to him that by not answering promptly he might give ground for doubt and suspicion. The question had reilluminated in his mind — perhaps for the first time since the event that it touched — that night of twenty years before. He flavored again the heady and effervescent vintage of strong-action, of crowded happenings and poignant emotions.

"Vell?" demanded the other.

"There was a police officer," began Lucas obediently: "his name was Semianoff —" And in bald, halting words he told the story. He told it absently, languidly, for no words within his reach could convey the thing as it dwelt in his memory, the warmth and color of it, its uplifting and transfiguring quality.

The man behind the pigeonhole heard him intently.

"Yes," he said again, as Lucas finished. "You are de man. Ve do not reguire further broof, Mr. Lugas!"

He produced a slip of paper and a pen, which he laid on the ledge before his pigeonhole.

"I am instrugted to say dat if you vill fill in and sign dis check, ve vill cash it."

"Eh?" Lucas was slow to understand.

"Ve vill cash it," repeated the other. "You fill it in — and sign it — and I vill cash it now."

"But" — Lucas took the pen from him in mere obedience to his gesture — "but — what for?"

"My instrugtions are to cash it — no more!"

Lucas stared at the tight-lipped elderly face, like the face of a wise and distrustful gnome, and held the pen uncertainly above the check form.

"How much am I to write?" he asked.

"I haf no instrugtions about de amount," was the reply.

"But," cried Lucas, "I might write fifty thousand dollars."

"My instrugtions are to cash de check ven you haf written it."

"Oh!" said Lucas.

He stared incredulously at the face for some moments, and then wrote a check for the sum he had named — fifty thousand dollars. He was about to add his signature, when something occurred to him.

"Is it because I went across the road to that little woman in Tambov?" he asked suddenly.

The whiskered face answered composedly: "No. It is because you went out of your rooms and slept on de stairs."

"Because —" he seemed puzzled. "But that is a thing — why, any gentleman would do it."

"Dose are my instrugtions," said the man behind the pigeonhole.

"I see." Lucas stood upright, the uncompleted check in his fingers. All surprise and excitement had vanished from his regard; he seemed taller and stronger than he had been a minute before. He had yet many calls to make, and, in the nature of things, many rebuffs to receive, before he went home to supper; and the money in his pocket totaled seventy-five cents. He needed new boots, new clothes, leisure, consideration, and a sight of his native land; in short, he needed fifty thousand dollars.

"You will cash this because I didn't insult a helpless woman?" he asked in level tones.

The whiskered cashier replied: "Yes. Because you went out of your rooms ven she vas in dem."

He laughed gently. "That is not the way to deal with a gentleman," he said. "I will make your firm a present of fifty thousand dollars."

He showed the check he had written, with the figures clear and large. And then, with leisurely motions, he tore it across and again across.

"Much obliged," said Robert H. Lucas, and made for the door.

"THEY HAUNTED THE PATHS OF GIRLS PRETTY, YOUNG, AND ADRIFT"

MABEL AND THE FLABBY PHILANTHROPIST

BY

MARIAN BRUNTLETT POWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MR. JENKINS, the end of his lean nose unduly red with excitement, shoved the second Mrs. Jenkins before him into the neat kitchen that was now hers. Mabel, who was his first wife's young niece,—not his,—stood at the stove, slicing the supper potatoes and onions into a frying-pan. Her work and her song,

"I'll be Christ's true soldier,
I'll diet my post,"

stopped short when she saw them, her eyes, pansy-bronze under her light hair, wide with anger and disapproval.

"Now, Mabel, looky here!" the authoritative tone of Mr. Jenkins quaked comically, "this here lady's the second Missiz Jenkins, and it won't do you no good to holler. You can't dodge the cold fact."

He was the one to dodge, however — not a cold fact, but a well-aimed cold potato. It was easier than dodging rice and old shoes, but it also lacked the pleasant exhilaration attendant thereupon.

Nor did Mabel wait to hear the town titter. She packed her clothes, drew from the bank the forty dollars egg-money left her by her capable aunt, and boarded the train for Chicago.

"I'll land a job in some big store. Beginnin' at the lowest round of the ladder of success, I'll rise swiftly by my honest merit, my commendable industry, and my indoochible ability," thought Mabel modestly; "and I'll return to my native town, that gave me the ha-ha in my youth, to honk insultingly up and down Main Street in my automobile!"

This is the only place in the entire story that Mabel's automobile figures.

One morning a week after her arrival in Chicago, she sat in an alcove back of the elevators on the ninth floor of a big department-store, waiting for a chance to put her foot on the lowest round of the ladder before mentioned. It had slipped off, so far. Through the window of a tiny office she could see the worried wretch who hired girls around the giggling age for less than they could live on, although often more than they were worth, and showed a profit on them. The arrogant man-god Business, whom he served, demanded many such little priestesses to poke his fires.

"Our girls work for pin-money only," he had informed investigators so often he had come to believe it himself. "They all have homes."

The fact that this store hired only girls with homes was communicated to Mabel by a girl who sat next to her on the bench. The girl had a gay, foolish hat and an uncertain, foolish mouth. Mabel had sought her advice. The girl gave it with perfervid willingness, first asking Mabel what address she "put up."

"Oh, kiddo, cut it out!" she exclaimed, as she puckered brow and mouth rebukingly. "You can never git that punk boardin'-house address across! I'll put you wise to something better. Guess it'll be a sooburb. Residence districts is good, but sooburbs is all to the velvet, especially North Shore sooburbs. Why, kiddo, it's the simple truth that some of them sooburbs won't have flats in 'em — nothin' but houses with lawns in front. The addresses come jest as cheap as your kind, and they has such a dastongay sound. And, girlie, you'd do well to live with your auntie. Mothers and grandmothers is better still, but it's the simple truth, they're also easier to get tangled up on. And

a girl with light hair like yours — it's all your own, ain't it? and naturally light?— oughtn't 'a be caught dead at a dog fight without at least an auntie, unless they got humps on 'em. That's the simple truth, dearie."

She meant unless the girl had humps, not the auntie. Humps on auntie would not matter one way or the other.

"And listen here, kiddo," the girl whispered, when it was Mabel's turn to go into the office. "If you're asked, it's the simple truth that you'd do well to have auntie married to a able-bodied uncle with a job."

Thus informed, Mabel sat before her inquisitor. She was so pretty he wished she had not to work nine hours a day for her pin-money.

"Your address?" he inquired.

"It's 4954 Elmwood Avenue, Ravenswood," she lied glibly. Apparently it sounded "dastongay" to him.

"You live with relatives?" he inquired hopefully.

"With my auntie."

The childish expression lent an engaging sense of conviction to her reply. After a few questions which brought out the able-bodied uncle well employed, Mabel was hired to sell neckwear in the basement at six dollars a week.

Now, no one who has not tried it knows what a bully time a girl can have in Chicago on six dollars a week, if she has a good imagination and doesn't try to fry onions over the gas-jet. Mabel, being clever with her needle and able to turn her wash-bowl into a laundry-tub, was able to set the dollar a new limit of elasticity. Especially was this true after she read an article in a magazine she picked up on an "L" train. Mabel read everything she could find, and believed everything she read, until she forgot it — which, fortunately, was not long. The article stated and defended most vigorously the thesis that most of the health troubles of the Americans are due to overeating. Mabel was gladly convinced; and, feeling superior to the rest of her gluttonous world, she for a week treated herself to three cents' worth of tapioca pudding at noon and called it luncheon.

"Savin' for shoes?" finally inquired Bertha, a girl from the ribbon counter, offering her some of her own pork and beans.

Mabel winced. The unreserve of girls like Bertha, who carelessly gave voice to the decent evasions of poverty, hurt her.

"No, indeed," she retorted; "I'm dietin', kiddo. I don't want none of your pork and beans — thanks just the same. Don't you know that the American nation's overe't itself something fierce? I got that from a nawful brainy man. He didn't eat anything but a handful of raisins for twelve days once, and afterwards he was so brainy he wrote two books off without hardly stopping to think."

"My Gawd, he must 'a' been brainy!" interrupted a brown-eyed skeptic. "But listen here, kiddo; take it from me, it don't always work that way. I lived three days on a frankfurter sandwich oncet, and I never wrote so much as a dime novel after it, nor no one noticed I was brainy enough to want to hire me to sell safety-pins."

Mabel's square little chin was elevated to the angle that usually means money, but sometimes knowledge.

"If you'd eat less and chaw it harder, you'd be better complected," was her final lofty pronouncement.

Little money for food meant enough for neat shoes and hats. Mabel was sufficiently well dressed to fit into the theory of Mrs. W. V. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was a personage. All that stood between her and five million dollars was a well-tamed husband. She heard at one of her clubs an address by a social worker upon the temptations and failures of shop-girls. She said it touched her big, warm heart.

"Oh, how I envy you the opportunity to work with these poor girls!" she breathed to the worker. "How I would love to help!"

The worker intimated that there was much to be done and offered to put her in the way of some of it.

"I wish I could," Mrs. Fitzgerald sorrowed, overwhelmed by her own sympathy. "I am so fond of young people. I always have them about me. But I couldn't come into actual contact with these dear girls. I am too fine-grained and sympathetic. It takes women like you to do that. God fits us all for our particular sphere; don't you think so?"

The worker, viewing Mrs. Fitzgerald's rotundity, wondered if she wasn't finding her sphere a tight fit. But she was accustomed to grope for what she could use in people instead of growing sarcastic over what she could not, so she suggested that money was often handy in helping girls out of temporary straits or back to decency. Mrs. Fitzgerald glowed, and extracted two one-dollar bills from her bag.

"Thank you so much," murmured the worker, "Every little helps. We are going to collect a fund for needy girls, and publish a list of those who contribute and the amount."

"Oh!" Mrs. Fitzgerald's soft, formless sympathy became impinged with something real and definite. "Well, now, that's different." If the light were to be placed upon a hilltop instead of under a bushel, she would turn on more juice.

She drew out her check-book and wrote the worker a check for two hundred dollars!

"And remember," she said at parting, "if Mrs. Van Evera or Mrs. Doney gives more, let me know before the list is published. Do you understand? *Before* the list is published! They are no more interested in these poor, dear girls than I am."

Mrs. Fitzgerald, therefore, became, in the estimation of a number of women who never had known shop-girls, a patroness of their cause and an authority upon them, and she evolved from her ignorance a theory, which was that all poorly paid shop-girls who had not homes and before the girls — could hardly be starved, dragged, drugged, driven, or enticed into it. And the procurers were diligent. They haunted the path of girls pretty, young, and adrift. Mabel almost daily repulsed these creatures and thought nothing of it. She was in no danger, except from actual physical violence. She knew too well how that life ended. When she was in high school she had seen girls not yet in long skirts slink shamefacedly from their desks, and she fiercely despised them and their miserable secret. Main Street was a gay thoroughfare, she had early observed, but it had the river on one side and hell on the other.

"IT WAS EASIER THAN DODGING RICE AND OLD SHOES, BUT IT LACKED THE PLEASANT EXHILARATION ATTENDANT THEREUPON"

did not wear leaky shoes added to their incomes by what she and her associates called "questionable methods."

Now, Mabel's shoes were very neat. But they were not bought with what she and her associates called "easy money." An obdurate instinct made "easy money" impossible for most of the girls. It caused the procurers for a certain trade to swear at the hardness of their jobs; for while men — good men, respected husbands, fathers, church-members even — were willing to pay well to keep this trade flourishing, and while the tremendous power of the stern man-god Business was thrown on its side, the girls — the procurers put an adjective State Street, Chicago, did not impress her as very different. It had the lake on one side — the other boundary was precisely the same.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, hearing nothing of girls like Mabel, became more and more interested in shop-girls. She avidly enjoyed accounts of their sorrows and weaknesses. Finally her big, warm heart could contain itself no longer. She instructed her secretary to prepare a "Warning to Working-Girls." It warned them to beware especially of opulent-looking females who made advances and of well-dressed men who spoke to them on the street.

Mabel avidly enjoyed the "Warning." She heeded the admonition to beware. In fact,

"'MY DEAR YOUNG GIRL,' SHE SAID, 'WITH THAT PRETTY FACE I DON'T WONDER.' MABEL IN YOUR PARTY THIS TIME.

SHOVED THE CHANGE INTO HER HAND, 'HIKE, YOU MEAN OLD SHE-TIGER! YOU'RE MISTAKEN I'M NOT YOUR SORT!'"

she was so vigorously on guard that she ran out her tongue at a nice little married man on the "L" platform when he told her her bag was open. She made girls who for years had blithely gone home at all hours afraid to be out after dark. Certain things that she had taken merely as part of life's every-dayness became suddenly of first importance. Mabel forgot everything else in her absorption in the "Warning."

Likewise Mrs. Fitzgerald. She pondered the "Warning" until she came to a noble resolve. She resolved to find a homeless shop-girl with neat shoes on her feet and reform her. It would be a unique experience to tell about. She chose the basement of the store where Mabel worked as the place to stalk her quarry. Even she did not believe the home fiction of the management. Self-sacrificingly early one morning, she had her maid lace her into the straight front that took good care of a full figure, array her in an unostentatious three-hundred-dollar suit, and look to the fastenings of the big diamond solitaires that emphasized the fine simplicity of her large, fat ears.

Mabel happened to be in an aisle when Mrs. Fitzgerald set foot in the basement. Her pansy-bronze eyes shone when she saw her. She patted the "Warning" in her shirt-waist.

"Here she is!" she thought, so glad she smiled.

For Mabel was sure that the benevolent lady was an "opulent-looking female," and Mabel intended to have a fine time heeding the "Warning."

Mrs. Fitzgerald observed the neatness of Mabel's shoes as they tripped behind the counter, and she observed the mischievous gleam in Mabel's eyes. She patted the "Warning" in her bag.

"Here she is!" she thought, so glad she smiled.

You know what the benevolent lady thought Mabel was.

They met over a rack of collars, each one a piece of glittering glory at only twenty-nine cents. The girls at the counter, flagged by Mabel, stopped work to watch. That is, all except one girl. She was not interested in jewel-eared "Madames." She had met one, one night, when the Doctor had said her sister must take her lungs to Colorado or die. The lungs got well, but something sacred died for them.

Mrs. Fitzgerald bought one of the collars, smiling within herself at her craft. While she waited for her package and her change, she adroitly questioned Mabel. Mabel answered, adroitly leading her on. Each was tense with satisfaction and joy at the sin marks of the other. Finally Mrs. Fitzgerald leaned on the counter and spoke to Mabel, her voice full-toned with philanthropy.

"My dear young girl," she said, "with that pretty face I don't wonder that you have been tempted. But take heart! I shall help you. Everything shall be done very quietly."

Unconsciously, Mrs. Fitzgerald had spoken according to the "Warning." The "opulent-looking females" always lured, according to that document, with the promise of strict secrecy. Mabel shoved Mrs. Fitzgerald's package and change into her hand.

"Hike, you mean old she-tiger! You're mistaken in your party this time. I'd let you know I'm a decent girl, and not *your* sort!"

The full face of Mrs. Fitzgerald, warm and red with sympathy, underwent an odd congealment that left it warm and red only in spots. Even the spots faded at the remarks that followed.

Said one girl: "It'll take more'n powder to hide the evil on that old phiz!"

Said another, in a tone as virtuous as any Mrs. Fitzgerald ever had heard at a club meeting: "Don't it make you sick, girls, to see the di'monds in her big, fat ears, and think what they repersents!"

Mrs. Fitzgerald was beginning to reel. She grasped the rack of neckwear for support. But the worst was to come. A bright-eyed little girl in the wrappers' box, with curls on the ends of her long braids, leaned over the edge of it, like a canary tilting from its swing, to inquire: "My Gawd, kiddos, ain't it fierce the way us ladies gits it dished to us by these red-light dames?"

Red-light dame! Down came the rack of neckwear, pouring its glittering glory over Mrs. Fitzgerald and the floor. Then, amid the clatter, something was waved in her face — a paper. It was the "Warning"— her "Warning"! The girl with experience interposed:

"Girls, be careful! Might be you was mistaken. This lady could be a philanthropper."

"The word ain't philanthropper, Esther — it's philanthro*pest*," returned Mabel smartly, "and this old woman's nothing of the sort!"

Old woman! That was worse than red-light dame! When she for years had deluded herself — with a muffled little imp far back in her consciousness forever hinting that she was deluding herself — that she had cheated her face out of the years that were its due. This was no place for her. Why, she had come to patronize these girls! Mrs. Fitzgerald fled.

"God fits us all for our particular sphere," she thought, "and mine is the subscription list."

Then a curious thing happened. It was a morning of surprises. A little choked, unused bit of sincerity and humility, somewhere within all that which was Mrs. Fitzgerald, disentangled itself painfully from the rest of her and held itself up as a mirror for her to look into. She started at what she saw. So absorbed was she in its ugliness that she forgot to leave the elevator until it stopped at the fourth floor. There faintly perfumed piles of embroidery and delicate white things were before her. Mrs. Fitzgerald seemed suddenly to become two people, neither one bearing the slightest resemblance to the individual who was herself. She was the Girl-she-used-to-be and the Woman-she-might-have-been. It was Mrs. Fitzgerald's big moment. She never would be quite the same flabby philanthropist again. The young-girl-self of her felt just how those little maids in the basement longed for this dainty whiteness to deck their young prettiness. The girl-self knew that they had with them always the consciousness of their own youthful looks, and that, because of the possible him who tugged forever in the back part of their minds, they would make the most of those looks. And the man-god Business, whose fires they poked, set a scornful heel in their faces, and, denying them the things they craved, demanded that they give them out to others. The might-have-been-self of Mrs. Fitzgerald wondered at the shop-girls — not at those who go astray, but at the doughty little virgins who, with the lure all about them, are secure — secure on six dollars a week!

A vision is usually disturbing. Mrs. Fitzgerald's brought her bursting clear through her sphere. It took a week. At the end of that time she conceived the original idea of giving a shop-girls' tea. She would come into actual contact with the dear girls in her own home. This was a significant advance for Mrs. Fitzgerald, even if it would not mean much to the girls. Again she sought the basement where she had met Mabel, this time with papers in her bag to prove to the girls that she was a personage.

But no Mabel was there; only the other girls. Impatiently they permitted her to introduce herself. Some new and wonderful piece of news agitated them. She had not ended when they began:

"Why, ain't you heard about Mabel, lady? Ain't you heard about Mabel? It's been in all the noospapers!"

The girl in the wrapper's box tilted down to inquire in a painful ecstasy: "Honest to Gawd, lady, ain't you seen Mabel's pickshure in the papers? It didn't begin to do her jestice, lady."

"No, no. What has happened to the dear girl — what?" Mrs. Fitzgerald's pure mind conjured up all sorts of horrible ends for Mabel.

"A quattor of a million!" "Half a million!" "An uncle — he died!" "No, no, lady; a quattor of a million!" the glad chorus shrieked.

Then Mrs. Fitzgerald felt her importance suddenly eliminated. She could not get another question answered. All that stood between her and five or six million well-invested dollars might be a thoroughly tamed husband, but it counted her nothing in this group. Mabel was coming down the aisle!

Beautifully groomed and girlishly dressed,— she had lost neither her good sense nor her good taste,— straight to her old counter she tripped, stopping the girls' glad greeting with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Girls, listen! I read an article by a nawful brainy man, and what's more, kiddos, I met the man! I did, and talked with him. He says I'm full of ideas. Now, listen here, girls. I've found out some things since I been rich. Business is a regular pinch-fist with us women, and it ain't — isn't, you mustn't say ain't any more, kiddos — it isn't possible for a girl to live right in Chicago on six dollars a week. You know how we lie about our addresses to land a job. That's wrong, girls. It outrages our best instincts — I found that out since I been rich, too. Now we're going to build a store-girls' hotel, and no guy that sits in the office will look cross-eyed at the address, either. And we're going to pay — pay, do you hear?— girls like Esther, who never get ugly and hateful — we're going to pay 'em to look after five or six of the little greenhorns and keep 'em in the straight and narrow. And oh, kiddos, there's to be sewing-machines and laundry-tubs about the place that any of you can use, and parlors to entertain your steadies in!" Her quick tongue had to stop for want of breath. It was Mrs. Fitzgerald's chance.

"Let me help!" she said eagerly.

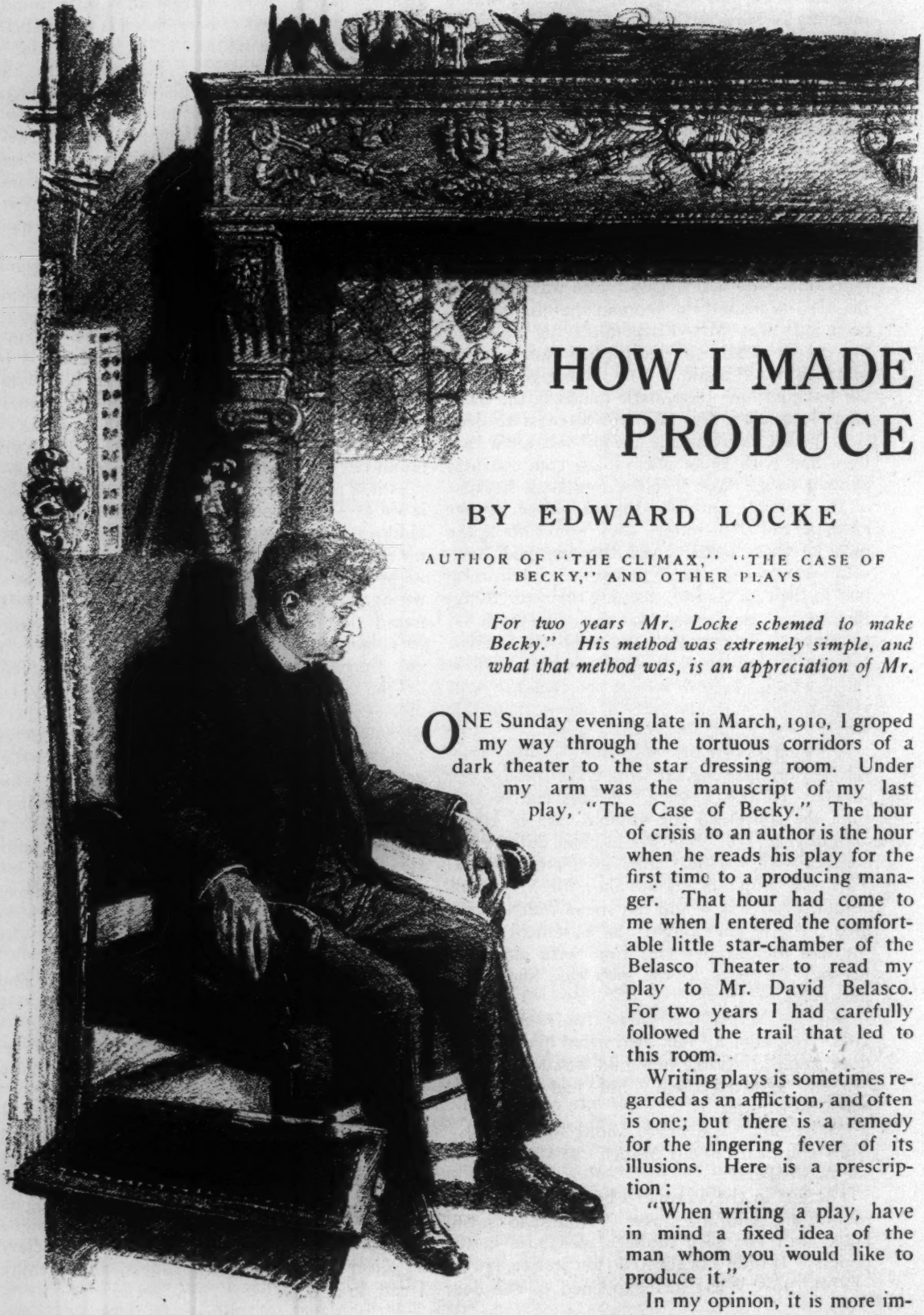
Mabel looked at her. "Why, it's my old girl!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was identified properly. She waited in suspense to hear Mabel's verdict. It caused her heart to sink.

"You can't mix in with the girls, Mrs. Fitzgerald, that is certain; but you can be useful on the subscription list."

Poor Mrs. Fitzgerald! Shoved back into the sphere from which she had just burst! She looked at Esther and she spoke humbly.

"Maybe I'm only fit for the subscription list now," she said, "and maybe I'm getting on in years. But"— her hand sought Esther's as if for encouragement —" I broke into society by sheer force and awkwardness, and I think I can do it here."



HOW I MADE PRODUCE

BY EDWARD LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE CLIMAX," "THE CASE OF BECKY," AND OTHER PLAYS

For two years Mr. Locke schemed to make Becky." His method was extremely simple, and what that method was, is an appreciation of Mr.

ONE Sunday evening late in March, 1910, I groped my way through the tortuous corridors of a dark theater to the star dressing room. Under my arm was the manuscript of my last play, "The Case of Becky." The hour of crisis to an author is the hour when he reads his play for the first time to a producing manager. That hour had come to me when I entered the comfortable little star-chamber of the Belasco Theater to read my play to Mr. David Belasco. For two years I had carefully followed the trail that led to this room.

Writing plays is sometimes regarded as an affliction, and often is one; but there is a remedy for the lingering fever of its illusions. Here is a prescription:

"When writing a play, have in mind a fixed idea of the man whom you would like to produce it."

In my opinion, it is more im-

BELASCO MY PLAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILLIAM OBERHARDT

Mr. Belasco produce his play, "The Case of he succeeded — and this article, besides telling Belasco and his great abilities as a producer.

portant to write your play with a view to the ideas of a producing manager than to write a play for an actor or an actress. If the play itself has good parts, you can usually get actors to fit them; but it is imperative that you meet the requirements of your producer.

His preferences are not at all difficult to discover. He has a fixed idea, too, of the dramatic article he can best exploit. His theatrical intelligence, like a magnetic needle, attracts a certain kind of entertainment.

Every Manager Gambles on His Own Type of Play

One manager believes in comedy of a farcical nature; another is vulnerable only to the play that dwells upon the eternal triangle of social problems; another stakes his all on melodrama; and another grips only the play that is out of the ordinary in theme — a play that lifts the thin veil that hides the imaginary from the real, the natural from the supernatural. This is a matter of common knowledge among theatrical people.

AN ACTUAL BELASCO REHEARSAL, DRAWN FROM LIFE. AT THE FIRST REHEARSAL OF A BELASCO ACTORS, AUTHOR, AND MANAGER GATHER AROUND A LONG TABLE IN THE REHEARSAL HALL AND READS HIS PLAY ALOUD. AFTER LUNCHEON, WHICH IS SERVED IN THE THEATER, THE PLAYERS AROUND THE TABLE, AND EACH ONE READS HIS PART ALOUD

My experience is a case in point. I wrote my last play with a view to securing a Belasco production.

From the first inception of the theme, it was stamped with the Belasco idea of plays. It was made to feed his dramatic intelligence. I made it a play that I hoped he would like, and entirely ignored any thought of an actress who would be equal to the dual rôle of Becky.

That is how it happened that I found myself face to face with the producer I wanted.

Mr. Belasco's greeting was temperamentally cordial.

"If you will be more comfortable, Mr. Locke, take off your coat," he said.

He sat first where he could see my face, but where I could not see his. Later I manipulated my chair so that I could watch his face. The theme of the play was mental suggestion. That fact may account for my wish to sit where I could see his face, to be sure that I read my play intelligently.

Reading the First Act of My Play

Consider what this reading meant to me: the success or failure of two years' work. I had some knowledge of the methods of a producing manager at an author's first reading of his play. As a usual thing the manager declines to let an author see that his play has made any impression upon him at all. For obvious business reasons he appears to be the manager of a deaf-and-dumb asylum. I remember once reading a play to a New York producer under conditions that were irritating beyond words. The gentleman flourished a rather solid-looking paper-knife in his hand, which he was continually sharpening on the edge of the table or stabbing at imaginary persons in the air — probably dramatic authors. I had to ask him to sheathe his weapon, which he did reluctantly.

Therefore, when my producer betrayed human intelligence by chuckling expressively at a comedy bit, I was greatly encouraged.

PRODUCTION, THE
THE AUTHOR
REASSEMBLE

At last, having reached the climax of the first act, having read the last word, "*Curtain,*" I closed the book, and, reaching for my cigar, took a few comforting puffs at it in silence. After a short pause, during which I felt like a criminal about to be condemned, my producer said quietly: "Good; very interesting. A good first act."

In themselves the words were perfunctory, but words of any sort are miraculous on such an occasion. More often a grunt is the only sound that entitles the author of a play to hope that his reading has even been heard.

For a few minutes the subject of plays was dropped entirely, and we chatted about nothing at all — the weather, perhaps, or free transfers, or the war in China.

"Are you ready for the second act?" I asked, in an irrelevant burst of anxiety.

"Fire away," he said simply, and I did.

My Idea Begins to Interest Belasco

I knew that the second act would interest him, because it had been designed to fit his dramatic idea like a glove. There may be two, or perhaps three, other producing managers who could have grasped the psychology of this act, but it will always be a question in my mind whether any other but Belasco would have conceived its stage subtlety. In

the second act I had attempted to show the actuality of a psychic murder. Though new to the theater, perhaps, the thing was not new to scientific knowledge. But no matter how sure one may be of a manuscript, the test of a play is its stage adaptability. Confident enough of my scientific facts, I realized the importance of Belasco's stage intuition of them, and I watched his face as I went on. I was surprised to observe that, unlike any other manager I had ever read a play to, he was not resisting me, but was helping me. He was helping Dr. Emerson, one of the characters in the play, in his hypnotic struggle to destroy the evil personality of Becky, and was suffering all the mental strain of her little lost soul in its struggle for life against him. To me the remarkable part of the reading of this act was that my producing manager was not merely in sympathy with the play, but, as I could see from his face, was feeling its dramatic realism. This was a tribute I had not expected. When I finished the second act, there was a strange silence in the little room.

"The Play He Had Been Seeking for Years"

The minutes seemed interminably long as I waited. My producing manager was trying on the play, fitting it to his intellectual and dramatic form.

"Remarkable," he said, and then paused.

I waited for the rest.

"But tell me: is this founded on scientific fact, or is it imaginary on your part? Can this operation actually be performed?"

As the play had been suggested by actual scientific experiment, I gave him my authorities. I told him about Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, and how the physician had successfully disassociated one of two personalities, in a single identity, in the "Miss Beauchamps" case.

But his strongest impression was of the dramatic values of the play, for he said at once:

"Well, there's one thing, Locke: whether it is scientific or not, it is certainly gripping drama. Let's have the last act; that is, if you've rested long enough."

After such encouragement I could have read the third act if I had been suffering from tonsillitis and toothache. Like an actor who has heard a round of applause, I went at the last act with a new verve and freshness. Reading an emotional play is no easy task, and the best a poor author can usually do is to hold out for two acts. At the conclusion of the third act, some discussion of it followed. Finally Mr. Belasco said that for years he had been looking for a play dealing with the theme of dual personality. Several had been submitted to him, he said, but this was the first available stage version of the idea.

Casually we talked about the cast, and Mr. Belasco expressed his opinion that it was a good play for Miss Frances Starr. I did not agree with him, because the play had not been written as a starring vehicle. Mr. Belasco agreed with me that it need not be presented as a star play in the accepted sense, but he regarded the dual Dorothy-Becky rôle as quite good enough for a star.

"How early can I see you to-morrow morning to talk business?" he asked me.

Miss Frances Starr is Chosen for the Title Rôle

So a contract was made the next morning, which was about the end of March or the beginning of April, 1910, for a production of the play not later than the following December, which would be the theatrical season of 1910–1911.

When the date set for the production was perilously near, and no preparation had been made, Mr. Belasco sent for me. He told me that for months he had been trying to find an actress who could play the part to his satisfaction and mine, and that he had failed to do so. If I insisted upon a production under the contract, he said he would take the best of the available actresses he had in mind, and produce it with her, but that if I could wait until the following season, when Miss Starr would be at liberty, he would cast her for the leading feminine rôle. He was sure that the play would be better for it, and told me how anxious Miss Starr was to play the part.

I agreed — the play to be produced not later than December, 1911. I had accomplished the most difficult part of an author's labor: I had commercialized my product by adapting it to the requirements of a producer. How difficult this is, only those who have tried it, and failed, can realize.

My relations with my producer, from this time on, were particularly instructive. Before sailing for Europe in the spring, I had many interviews with Mr. Belasco about the play, and together we "looked over" a number of actors suitable for the characters. The conversations that we had while we were prospecting for our stage types helped to crystallize the nature of the drama we were to produce. Each actor was discussed from the standpoint of his physical fitness to look a certain part, his mental capacity

to conceive it, and even as to the individuality in the tones of his voice. Mr. Belasco's skill in visualizing a scene, in seeing and hearing the characters of a play he is about to produce, his sheer imaginative force, are very remarkable. He knew exactly what each character looked like, how he should speak, what he should wear. When I sailed abroad in the spring of 1911, the cast had practically been decided upon.

Belasco a Great Theatrical Surgeon

In August I received a cable from Mr. Belasco saying that rehearsals would begin about September 17th, and asking me to come to New York two weeks before that time.

It was during these two weeks that I began to understand why Belasco productions are successful. I was admitted to the methods of his laboratory, the dissecting-room where plays are operated upon for their intrinsic ills. He takes a manuscript, puts it bit by bit on the operating-table, and examines its theatrical humanity. If I were asked offhand to say what justifies the success of the Belasco productions, I should say, Mr. Belasco's skill in theatrical surgery. He dissects a manuscript word for word, speech for speech, until its anatomy is in perfect theatrical proportion.

There are surgeons who operate, but do not heal. Belasco is a dramatic healer.

The Line that It Took a Day to Write

From ten in the morning frequently till three the next morning, we went through the play with microscopic care. Often we spent hours on a few lines, on a single speech.

For instance, at a critical stage of the development of the story I had written these lines:

DR. EMERSON. How did she die?
BALSAMO. Her kid, and a careless doctor.

"Mr. Locke," said Mr. Belasco, "no doubt those are just the words a man of Balsamo's crude, rough nature would have used, but — well, it is not a nice thing for women to hear. It would be a shock, possibly, to some of them. Now, let's see if we can't tell them this fact in the story in some other way."

For the whole day we worked on those lines, writing, rewriting, turning the thought over in all phases of expression. Eventually we agreed upon this transcription of those lines:

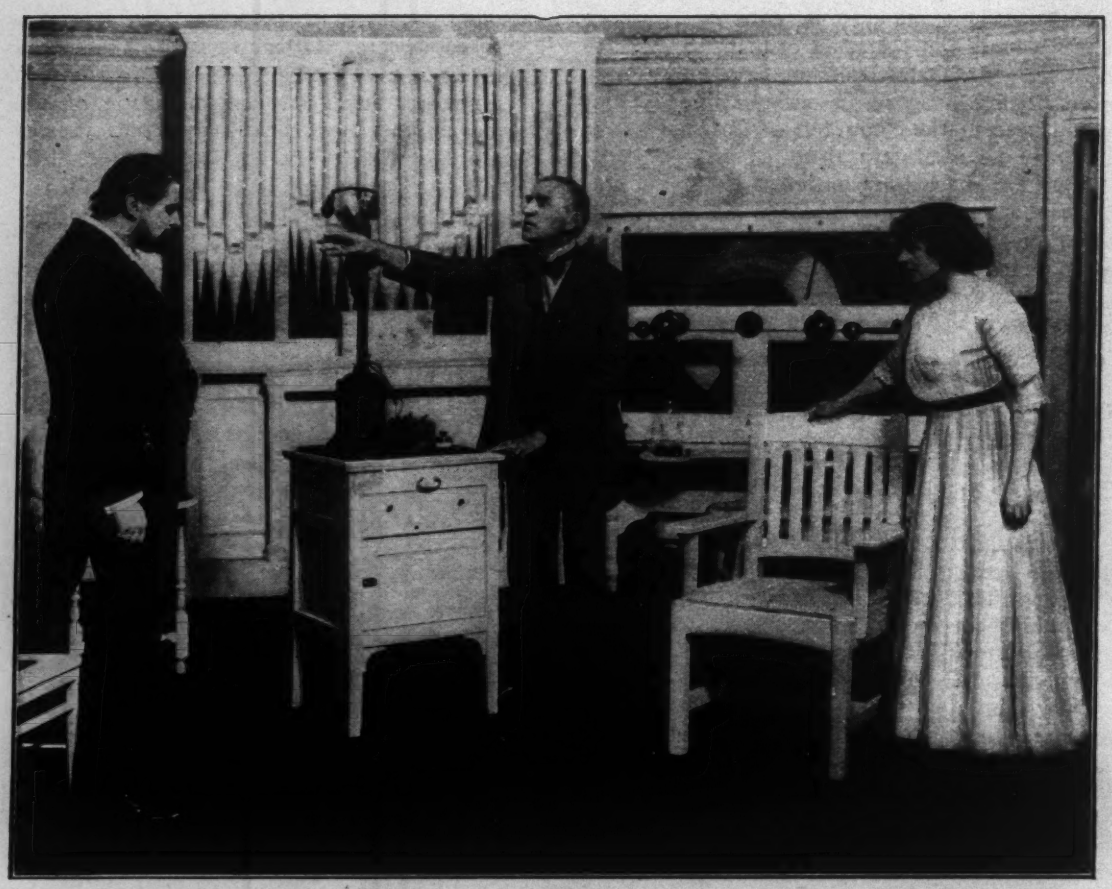
DR. EMERSON. How did she die?
BALSAMO. Just faded away, after the baby was born.

What Mr. Belasco accomplished in this change of words revealed his penetrating understanding of human psychology, and it established in my mind his sense of responsibility to his audiences.

Belasco's Method of Making Over a Play

The whole play was subjected to the same process; hours were spent over a word, days over a speech. To me this was particularly surprising, because I write rapidly. I first submit the framework of my play to a close analytical

MISS FRANCES STARR AS "BECKY" IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF MR. LOCKE'S PLAY



SCENE IN MR. LOCKE'S PLAY, "THE CASE OF BECKY," WHERE "DR. EMERSON" HYPNOTIZES THE CHARLATAN "BALSAMO" AND PUTS AN END TO HIS POWER OVER "DOROTHY," THE GIRL WITH THE DUAL PERSONALITY

study; afterward the lines come quickly. Belasco's wonderful concentration amazed me. The beauty of his work was that, in the most minute analysis of the manuscript, he never allowed a drop of the life-blood in the original identity of the play to spill over. He never allowed a thought in the original manuscript to escape.

Sometimes he tired me out.

"Governor, this scene I figured we should have to cut out at rehearsal. I think it would be just as well if it were left out of the play altogether," I would say.

There would be a characteristic pull of the Belasco forelock, a little consideration of the scene from several points, and I would get something like this:

"Um! I rather like it. We'll put that aside, but we won't forget it."

Then, the first thing I knew, later on he would say:

"How would it be to use that scene here?"

It might be in the next act; nicely pruned, with some slight alteration in the wording, there it would be, seemingly right where it belonged, and just where I should have written it.

These manuscript rehearsals lasted for two weeks, during which time I met my family at breakfast only. Luncheon and dinner were served in the theater, so that we could remain in the atmosphere of the play. It was exhausting, absorbing — difficult work.

One day I asked Mr. Belasco this question:

"Do you always put as much work as this on a manuscript before rehearsal?"

"Oh, yes; more than this," he said. "I find less work to do on this manuscript than any I have had. I believe in stage-managing a manuscript as much as possible before rehearsals."

Belasco's Bulldog Tenacity

Once we came to a scene that he would not let go of. We locked horns over it. For a long time we worked over it without any result. I thought once he had given it up, that he would leave it as it was. It involved an explanation of why Balsamo, the evil spirit of the play, dared

to go to Dr. Emerson's house. The speech I had written to explain this would have taken the actor about a minute to recite.

I found that, once Mr. Belasco gets his mind on a thing, he is very much like a bulldog with a good hold. He never lets go of it. We were always back at this scene again. Finally, after hours of analysis and argument over it, one day we parted after an early-morning lunch at a near-by restaurant. This late-lunch habit is a regular thing with Belasco. We often adjourned at two or three in the morning. His order was invariably a piece of pie and a cup of coffee—sometimes two pieces of pie. He relishes it like a hungry boy, with the digestion of a sixteen-year-old.

After a short sleep I came back to the theater with a solution of the speech. He in the meantime had thought out two solutions. After comparisons and arguments, he finally used mine. The lines decided upon were these:

I took a chance in coming here, but I never let a chance keep me from getting what I want.

Days of study and thought, late hours and sleepless nights, had been spent to get them to our mutual satisfaction. But it was the best expression of the thought conveyed. This we had worked out by innumerable comparisons.

The First Rehearsal

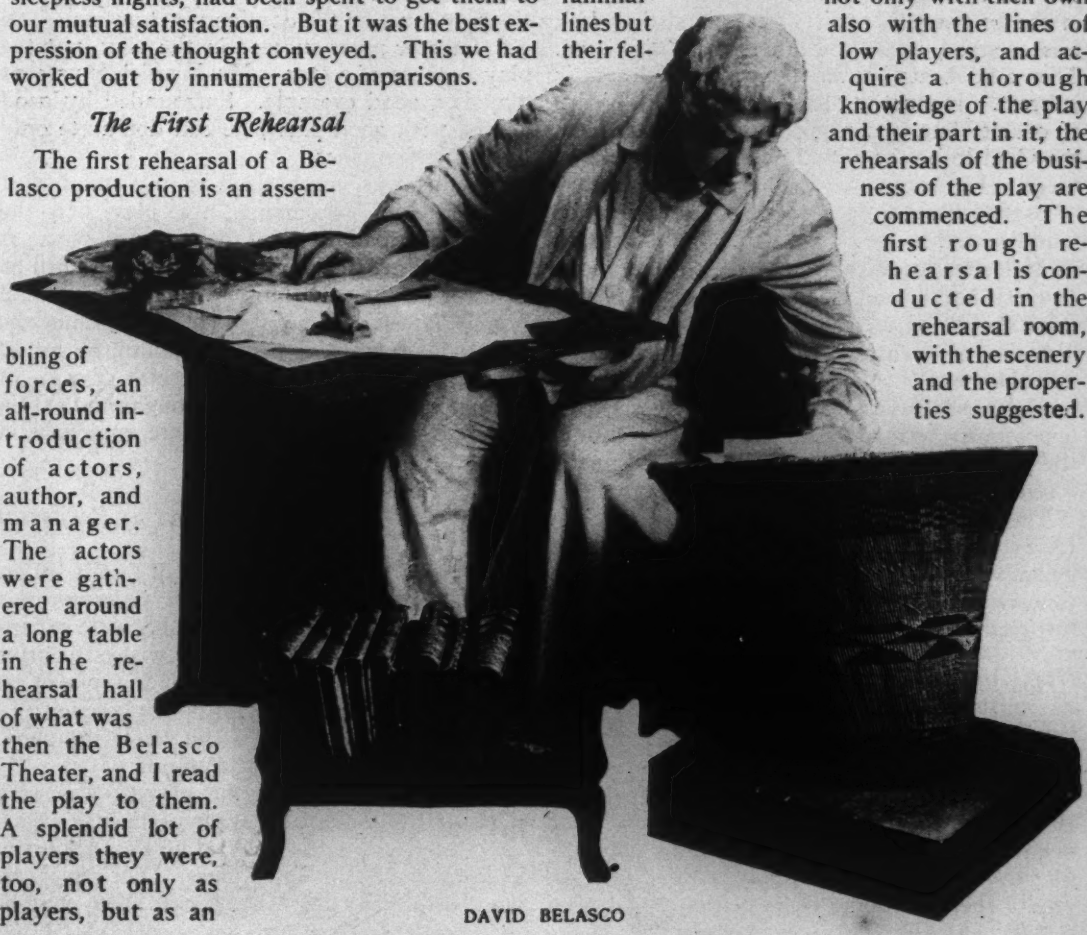
The first rehearsal of a Belasco production is an assembling of forces, an all-round introduction of actors, author, and manager. The actors were gathered around a long table in the rehearsal hall of what was then the Belasco Theater, and I read the play to them. A splendid lot of players they were, too, not only as players, but as an audience. After luncheon, which was always served in the theater during rehearsals, the players reassembled around the table and read their parts aloud.

Wherever there was the slightest hesitancy in the delivery of a line, or when a speech seemed in any way involved, we stopped the reading and rearranged the speech, or substituted some other that fitted the player, often letting the player express the thought in his own way, in order that everything might work smoothly.

Since the aim of all modern drama is naturalness, this molding of the lines to suit the players' personality must have a tremendous effect on the audience. No effect of naturalness on the stage is more important than the way the lines are spoken. Any change in the natural identity of speech blurs and weakens the strength of individuality. It is one of the features of personality.

Creating the "Business" of the Play

After a week of this modeling of speeches and lines, in which the players become thoroughly familiar not only with their own lines but also with the lines of their fellow players, and acquire a thorough knowledge of the play and their part in it, the rehearsals of the business of the play are commenced. The first rough rehearsal is conducted in the rehearsal room, with the scenery and the properties suggested.



DAVID BELASCO

When the general idea has been worked out, the player and the author are introduced to another unusual phase of Belasco rehearsals. They are conducted with full scenic equipment, with all the properties that are used in the performance. This is a very unusual thing in stage management; often players see the scenery and their properties for the first time at the dress rehearsals, and sometimes not even then.

The Furniture Rehearsed as Carefully as the Players

The furniture used in the first act of my play was as carefully rehearsed as the players. The selection of it was made from six different complete sets of furniture, any one of which would have been suitable. What time we could spare from the actual rehearsals we spent in rehearsing the furniture. We argued over each chair, until one of the six sets was engaged by Mr. Belasco for the run of the piece.

We spent hours discussing a certain desk. We rehearsed half a dozen. Finally Mr. Belasco remembered a desk he had seen in a doctor's office in Syracuse or Rochester, which had been in use for twenty or thirty years; and that desk was engaged, while the others were dismissed. Then a bookcase became the center of dramatic interest. It must not only be filled with books, of course, but, according to the Belasco idea, they had to be the actual books that should be there. The result was that a complete library of psychotherapeutic works, such as might be found in the house of a scientist familiar with mental suggestion, was secured. Every book I myself had consulted in writing my play was there: books on mental suggestion, hypnotism, histories of mental trouble, over a hundred valuable works on the subjects. Naturally enough, the players availed themselves of the opportunity to read up on the scientific data of the play, which seemed to help its atmospheric interest.

The final rehearsals lasted three weeks. Everything was familiar to the actor before he began the actual rehearsals. This enabled him to work out his artistic conception with wonderful freedom.

How Belasco's Methods Have Changed

Self-effacement is not characteristic of the conventional stage manager, but Mr. Belasco all but obliterates himself at rehearsals. He leaves the acting to the actor, once the rehearsals begin. He never once attempted to show the players how they should play a scene or even read a speech. Some years before, I had been present at a Belasco rehearsal, when he not only suggested but acted out the scenes. His methods have changed. He has found, perhaps, in working out a play along the new naturalistic requirements of the stage, that it is better to have an ordinary original conception of a part than an extraordinary artificial rendering. Then, too, he gives more care to the selection of his players. He has discovered that actors, in order to become stars, must have not only personality but brains of their own.

For a time it was predicted that his extraordinary attention to detail would be his undoing. He no longer over-elaborates.

"That sort of thing has had its day, Locke," he said to me once; "we must be simple and direct."

I had always heard a great deal about the Belasco stage trickery. All I observed in his production of my own play contradicted this completely. Simplicity of treatment was the key-note of his endeavor with my play, whatever he may have done with other plays.

Even his attitude toward the star system has undergone a change. To-day, more than any other producer I know, Mr. Belasco insists that the play must be the dominant attraction. The Belasco star must succeed in the play, not the play because of a star. Mr. Warfield's present play is a good example. Surrounded by good actors, with good parts, he can dominate only by his performance.

All this was emphasized in my mind as I watched him rehearsing my play. If the player found himself in an awkward place at rehearsal, Mr. Belasco patiently waited until he had worked it out for himself. The scene would be tried over and over again. Sometimes the actor failed. But in his very failure he would sometimes suggest to the director a way of straightening it out. Every thought and action at rehearsals is utilized somewhere, somehow, in this evolution of the play.

Belasco Never Scolds a Player at Rehearsal

A Belasco rehearsal is a sort of family affair. He is always alert to get a laugh, to humor one, to tell some little incident from his wide experience illustrating some point he wishes to drive home. I never heard him scold a player at rehearsal. (Stage managers please take notice.) He delivers his "kick" to the whole company, and the actor at fault understands.

For instance, one of the players was very nervous. Although an actor of twenty years' experience, at every rehearsal he would splutter over his part and forget lines. Yet never, by word or action, did Mr. Belasco show that he

noticed this. He knew his man, and his judgment was more than good, for the actor in question made his small part stand out splendidly.

The last week of the rehearsal is devoted to the study of lights. The process of selection by elimination is repeated with the electrical force. I saw Mr. Belasco apply all his concentration of purpose, his intuitive perception of psychic meaning, to the management of the lights in the different acts. He would test the lighting of a scene a dozen different ways, until he decided on the most effective.

"Well, Locke, we've tried every way, and the original is the best; but by trying those other ways we are positive which is the right way," he would say.

What Belasco Did for My Play

What Belasco did for my play, as a producer, was to emphasize the theme, to illuminate its thoughts with his consummate knowledge of stage art, to crystallize it into a vivid simplicity of theatrical effect.

When the preparations for the play were almost completed, he still questioned, still studied:

"Are you sure all these things can be done, Locke? Have you verified everything? We don't want to be caught at the last minute."

His anxiety for the scientific accuracy of its story was ceaseless.

During the last week of rehearsal he approached me again:

"Locke, do you mind if I get an authority to come to one of the rehearsals, to make sure that you are right in some of these things you do in the play?" he asked.

"Not at all; I should be delighted. Only be sure that you get a scientist, not a hypnotic charlatan," I said.

I suggested half a dozen men famous in psychotherapeutics.

A day or so later Dr. Allen of Philadelphia came, and sat through an entire rehearsal of the play.

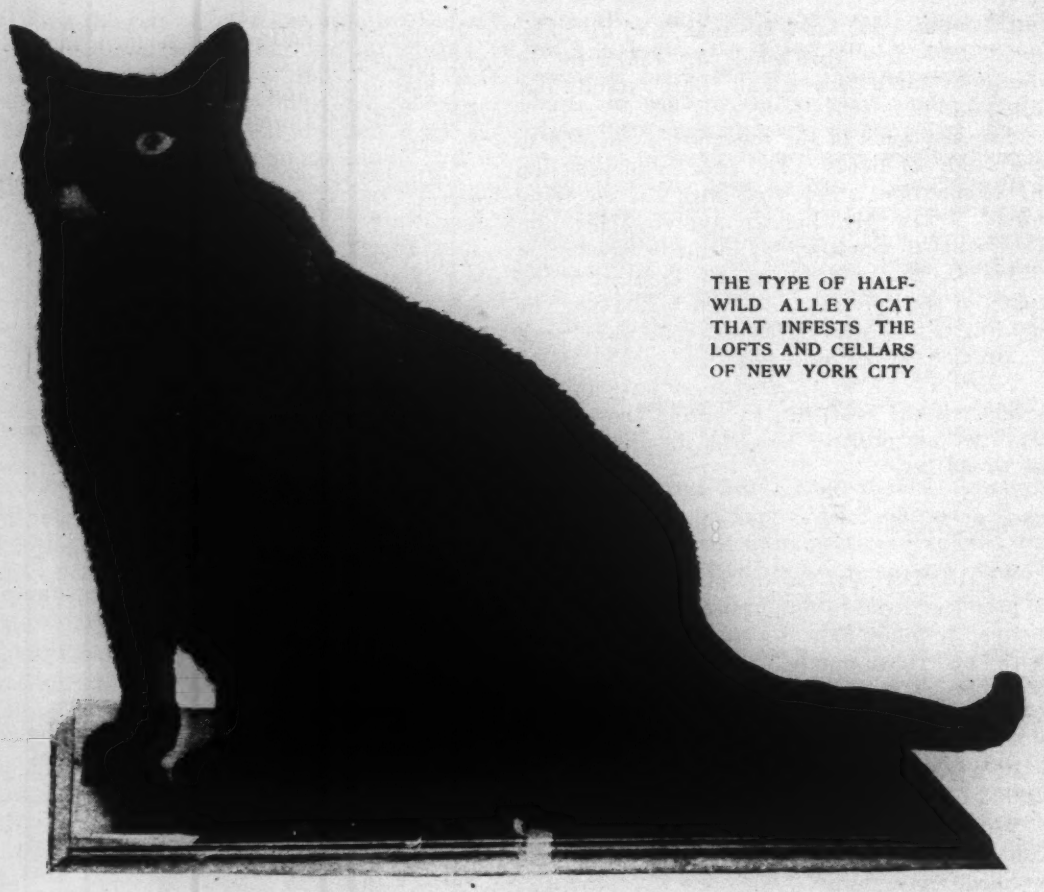
"Mr. Locke, your psychology is absolutely correct," he said. "In that death scene of Becky, if I had been performing the operation my procedure would have been identical with that of your Dr. Emerson, and I should have used those very same words."

My "Lark's Mirror" was an original invention worked out from "Charcot's Mirror" of the same name, as was the "Somnolist," their scientific object being to give the suggestion of sleep.

These effects also, Dr. Allen assured Mr. Belasco, would accomplish their scientific purpose just as well in actual practice as in their stage effect. Mr. Belasco was satisfied with this stamp of authority upon the psychology of the play — and the author regards Dr. Allen as an accomplished dramatic critic.

One dress rehearsal of the play was held in the Belasco Theater, and another in Washington, D. C., before the first production there. Even then the work was not over. Mr. Belasco and I stayed with the play on tour two weeks more, adding a touch here and there.

The play is now in the hands of the public, and I have no hesitation in saying that its success is due to a lucky selection of theme by the author and to Mr. Belasco's splendid stage management.



THE TYPE OF HALF-WILD ALLEY CAT THAT INFESTS THE LOFTS AND CELLARS OF NEW YORK CITY

A CITY OF 4,000,000 CATS

BY

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER

THERE are probably a million cats in Greater New York — a hundred thousand of them homeless. There are another million in London; and in general, in any ordinary city, the number of cats, wild and tame together, is not far from the number of voters.

This is, of course, not true for all seasons of the year. These numbers at least double themselves during spring and summer, when the kittens are arriving. Then, during the winter, they sink below half the average, after the offspring of family pets have found their way to the water-pail, and the homeless and submerged tenth has become a still more miserable hundredth, barely living through the year. Nevertheless, taking American cities as they come, a cat to a voter is a fair working estimate.

A Cat to Every Voter

Now, a million cats, such as there are in New York or London, are equal in actual bulk of living tissue to at least ten thousand human beings. It would be many times this, were it not that the proportion of kittens in a feline community is much greater than the proportion of babies in a human one. A million cats, moreover, with no fear of the Reverend Malthus before their eyes, means every year several

millions of kittens. And since this earth is only some twenty-four thousand miles round, and already just as full of cats as it will hold, some two, three, or four millions of cats and kittens, in New York or London, have got to die each year of something. It does not fit in with the decencies of civilization that so much living and dying should go on casually, in lofts and cellars and drains and coal-pockets and vacant houses. Neither does it accord with a decent humanity that so many sentient and dependent creatures should be left so completely at the mercy of circumstances.

The Cat an Outlaw in the Modern City

For the position of the domestic cat in a modern city is a highly anomalous one. Time was when the horse was only half domesticated. One used a horse as suited him, and then turned it out to shift for itself. That time has gone by. Now every horse is owned and utilized by somebody; and every city horse, at least, is absolutely dependent on mankind for every sip of water and every mouthful of food. Time was, too, when, even in the largest cities, most of the household waste went literally "to the dogs," out the most convenient window, and a considerable dog population maintained itself in fair comfort.

To-day, on the other hand, there are no more than two or three American cities where the municipal housekeeping is sufficiently bad to give an ownerless canine much chance of his life. In theory, at least, every dog has a responsible and licensed owner. In the best managed communities there are no strays. But the cat is still *fera natura*. It is not yet property in the eye of the law, and it is the only petted creature which endures city conditions without human aid.

Complete domestication, entire dependence on man, a definite status before the law, and reasonable protection from ill usage all began with the horse. Then they extended to the dog. To-day they are just on the point of including the cat.

The Cat an Abler, Braver, More Resourceful Creature than the Dog

That the cat should "arrive" so much later than the dog is probably due largely to its own peculiarities. It is a very different creature from the dog — abler, less slavish, more resourceful, far braver, and with no more nerves than a Chinaman. Where the dog has only streets and open courts for refuge, the cat ranges over the city roofs, in and out of cellars, lofts, and every open space. The ability to climb alone multiplies by at least ten its available habitats. Where the dog depends on smell and gets its food by day, the cat, whose sense of smell is hardly better than our own, depends on its eyes. Its highly dilatable pupils enable it to go about freely at night, when its worst enemies are tucked away in bed, while its astonishing sense of direction makes it one of the cleverest of all beasts in finding its way home. Whatever may be true of the open country, eyes and "direction sense" are a better equipment than any nose for dealing with a city maze. In addition, the cat has the advantage of a pretty skilful — and predatory — pair of hands, where the dog has only jaws; while its primitive hunting instincts, sharper than the dog's because of its shorter domestication, lead the cat to catch for food the various small creatures which the dog will not touch. Humanity has been slow to care for the cat largely because it is so singularly well able to care for itself.

How the Cat Solves the Thirst Problem

Moreover, like the squirrel and some other small animals, the cat is built to go for some time without water. Where a horse or a dog would be driven crazy with thirst, a cat or a squirrel simply thickens its blood, runs its bodily machinery on what water it has, and waits, apparently without any special discomfort, until it happens upon a new supply.

It is an interesting question where the domestic cat got this peculiarity which so singularly fits it for life in city streets, where even a human being must ofttimes go thirsty, lacking a nickel. Squirrels during the winter in our northern woods must, naturally, go weeks without water. They are too small to travel far to large open lakes and rivers, or to reach the blow-holes of the smaller streams in the deep snow. In their case, the adaptation is obvious: creatures too small to travel after water have had to be fitted to get on without it. One wonders whether the cat, which originally "came up out of Egypt," was not there adapted to a hot and waterless country by the same device as the squirrel to a cold and waterless one. Or did our *Felis domestica* lose the way to raise a thirst through a cross with *F. catus*, the huge extinct wildcat of northern Europe, which also had to face long winters of ice-locked ponds?

The Best Fighter of Its Weight in the Animal Kingdom

However this may be, the cat, in various ways, is so peculiarly adapted to homeless city

life that it alone, of all petted creatures, can be dropped anywhere in a hostile world, and light on its feet. Proverbially among the toughest of all living things, it is the best fighter of its weight in the whole animal kingdom. St. George Mivart, who certainly ought to know, always maintained that the cat, rather than man, is at the summit of the animal kingdom — the best fitted of the animate creation to make its way in the world. Young kittens are the only creatures whose relative brain-weight exceeds our own; while it is at least a debatable question whether in sheer mental ability the cat does not fairly outrank dog, elephant, and monkey, and stand next to ourselves. One thing with another, then, *F. domestica* is able to do what no other creature can any longer do — be at the same time, in a city, both wild and tame.

The Sentimental Public Which "Can Not Bear to Have the Little Things Killed"

Because it can, it has to. There is no possible place as household pets for the twentieth part of the millions upon millions of kittens born every spring. Humanity urges that, if one is to keep cats at all, and allow them to run at large and obey the Rooseveltian injunction, one should hurry their too numerous progeny to the water-bucket. Unfortunately, the p blic is sentimental. It "can't bear to have the little things killed." So it drops them into ash-barrels, where they die — in the course of time and not altogether comfortably. It tosses them into cesspools, and haply the next rain sends water enough to drown them. Specially careful housewives, before consigning kittens to the waste-heap, have been known to make them into neat bundles, in paper boxes, tied with string. This kindly device protects the helpless creatures from stray dogs, and allows them to smother or starve to death in quiet. A short and easy method, much favored in tenement districts,— when the kitten, resenting a gouged eye, scratches the baby,— is simply to open the window and toss the kitten out. A four-story drop on to brick pavement or area spikes is commonly a sufficient hint to an intelligent kitten not to return. Current practice also favors giving kittens to the neighbors' boys to drown. This they do joyfully, after several attempts — unless they think it more fun to kill the little animals some other way.

BOSTON TRAINS SQUADS OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN TO GO OUT AND CATCH STRAY CATS AND BRING THEM TO THE RESCUE STATIONS

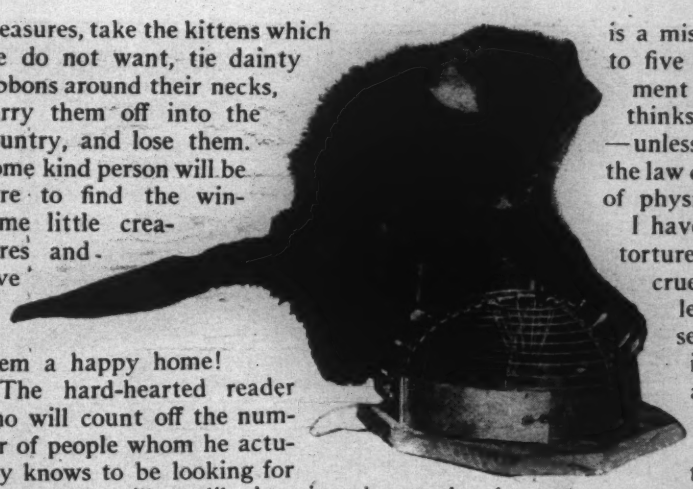
The Barbarous Method of the Fine Lady Who Goes South for the Winter

But the most barbarous method of disposing of kittens for whom there is no place in the world is that of the fine lady who goes South for the winter, or back to the city from her summer home, and simply leaves her pets behind to shift for themselves. For these dainty creatures, brought up in luxury, shifting for themselves means an occasional mouse or bird or a scrap of stolen food, one or two meals a week, just barely enough to keep the breath of life in them, so that they are weeks in dying. A few especially unfortunate individuals, left behind in a deserted summer colony, will live through half the winter, and finally succumb only after their poor shelters have been snowed under and sustenance has utterly failed. Luckily for the kittens, the poor, who are themselves most numerous and possess most of the cats, more rarely than the well-to-do perpetrate this sort of barbarity. They kick kittens to death rather commonly, or put them in a barrel with a dog. They toss them alive into bakers' ovens and stoves, throw them into lime, or crunch their heads under their boot-heels. But the poor, who themselves know hunger and cold, commonly spare their superfluous pets the last extremity of torture — desertion to shift for themselves.

"Losing" an Animal a Penitentiary Offense

Doubtless it is a sad sight, for any lover of cats, to see jolly little kittens go to the chloroform-box; they do, one must admit, make more or less fuss over being drowned. Therefore, argued not long ago a writer in a periodical devoted especially to the sex which has most to do with cats, let us, instead of these cruel

measures, take the kittens which we do not want, tie dainty ribbons around their necks, carry them off into the country, and lose them. Some kind person will be sure to find the winsome little creatures and give them a happy home!



The hard-hearted reader who will count off the number of people whom he actually knows to be looking for another cat will readily imagine the result of this sentimental advice. For weeks after that article appeared, the agents of the various humane societies and of the animal rescue leagues were bringing in half-grown kittens. They were mangled by traps, torn by dogs, tortured by boys, they were starved, frozen, crippled, blind with mange, dying and dead: but each had the remnant of a "dainty ribbon" around its neck!

Incidentally one may remark that, in virtually every State in the Union, deliberately to lose an animal hoping that somebody else will take care of it, or to abandon one trusting that it will somehow or other manage to get on, is a misdemeanor punishable by fine up to five hundred dollars and imprisonment in the penitentiary. But who thinks of enforcing laws to protect cats? —unless at the same time, as in England, the law can be used to cripple the progress of physiological science!

I have said that the brutal man who tortures a kitten to death is really less cruel than the gentle lady who simply leaves hers to shift for itself. The sense of pain has its seat especially in the skin, and our human skins are appreciably more alive to all sensations, pain among the rest, than are the fur-clad integuments of the lower animals. Pain, too, is partly a matter of skin area; the more surface any creature has, the more, in general, can it suffer; so that the kitten, thrown alive into the furnace, is probably distinctly less uncomfortable than, let us say, the tenement-dweller caught in a fire.

Hunger the Greatest Pain an Animal Can Suffer

On the other hand, the great driving forces in the animal world, such as hunger and cold, operate there with a thoroughness with which they never can operate among civilized human beings. These primitive impulses move us, but so also do ideals of duty, of service, of religion, of which the brute knows nothing. Compared with his other pains and pleasures and motives, slow starvation is a more serious matter for him than for us.

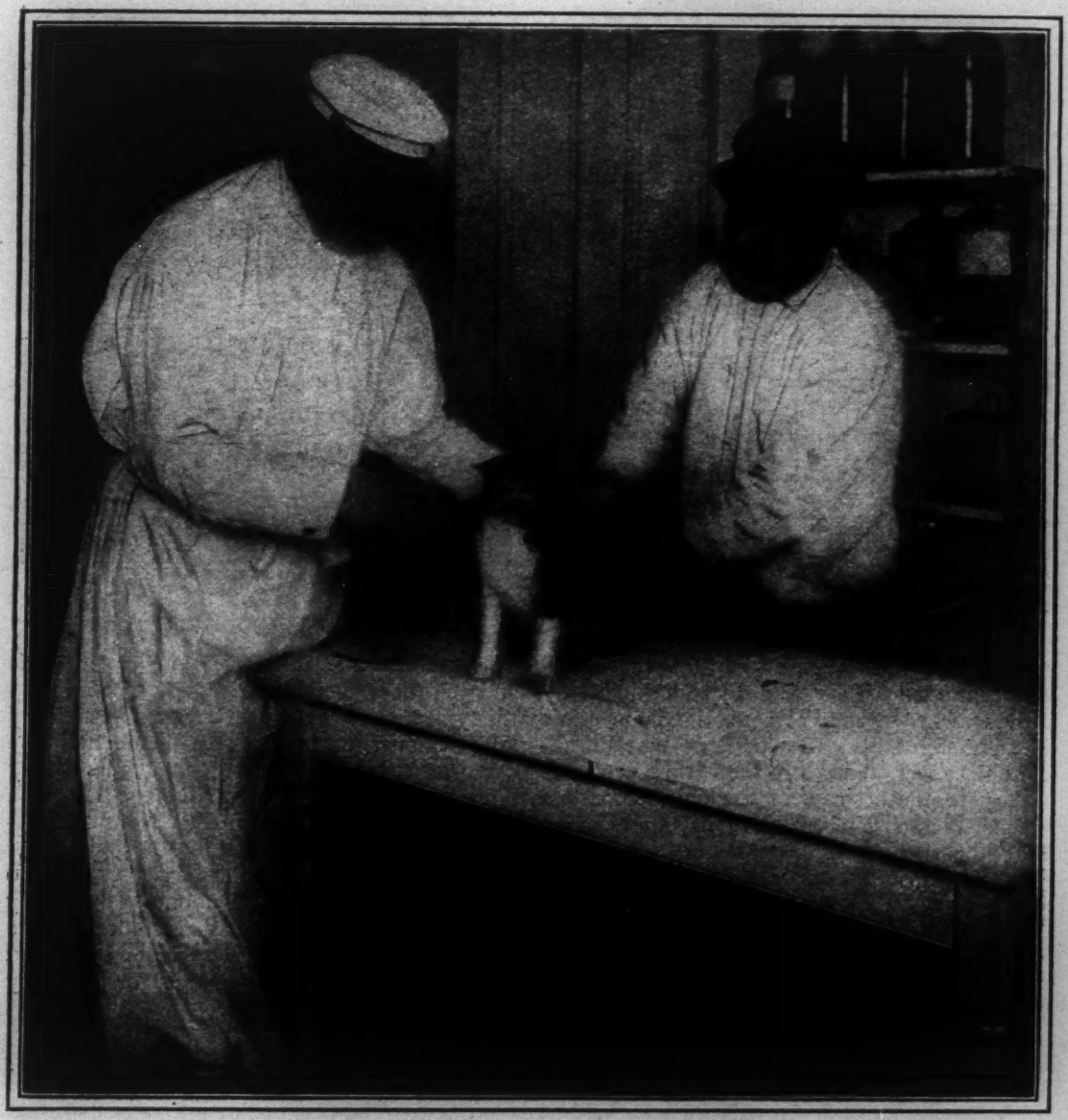
The "vivisector," therefore, who deftly carves a kitten into pieces, causes it absolutely less pain than a like treatment would cause a man; the unimaginative lady who abandons her cat to slow-working hunger causes it, relatively, far more. Considering that the ladies

CAGES IN THE BIDE-A-WEE HOME FOR FRIENDLESS ANIMALS, NEW YORK. NEW YORK HAS BETWEEN TWO AND THREE MILLION SUPERFLUOUS CATS A YEAR. EVERY NIGHT THREE AUTOMOBILE WAGONS AND THEIR CREWS SCOUR THE CITY, PICKING UP HALF-WILD CATS AS THEY COME OUT TO FEED FROM THE GARBAGE-CANS. THESE CATS ARE ALL ASPHYXIATED

who desert their cats outnumber the "vivisectors" a hundred or a thousand to one, the physiologists, as a practical factor in animal suffering, are simply negligible. What they do occasionally sounds dreadful enough. In reality, it is nothing compared with what the rest of us kindly persons are doing all the time.

The Life Story of a City Cat

A typical life story is the following. A kitten lives, until it is half grown, the pet and amusement of a well-to-do and kindly family. Then, it getting too much under foot, the housemother gives it to two children to drown, of whom the older is eight. The children's idea of drowning is to toss the animal into a watering-trough, and, as often as it swims and scrambles frantically out, to toss it back again. By and by, the kitten not being quite dead, a poor woman going by interferes and takes the victim home in her shawl. Once more the cat becomes a cherished pet — until the old woman dies. Then the relatives close the house — with the



OPERATING ON A SICK CAT AT THE BIDE-A-WEE HOME. THIS ASSOCIATION MAKES A BUSINESS OF FINDING HOMES FOR OWNERLESS ANIMALS. ABOUT SEVEN THOUSAND ANIMALS A YEAR ARE BROUGHT INTO IT, AND OF THESE NEARLY EIGHTY PER CENT ARE SAVED AND PUT INTO GOOD KEEPING

cat still in it. The cat mews at the windows, trying to get out. The neighbors think it is a shame and somebody really ought to do something about it. In the course of time the house is rented and the cat turned out. Having nowhere else to go, and naturally not realizing the changed situation, the animal comes mewing around the door, trying to get in again. So the new tenant shoots the cat, which gets away wounded.

After that — who knows? One of the boys' gangs, discussed in an earlier issue of this magazine,* reports as a routine amusement, "tying cats' tails together and hanging them up"; while another crowd of boys, in default of a proper football, played their game through with two living cats wound together with a clothes-line!

Or perhaps the wounded cat recovers, and some kind lady puts out scraps of food for it to eat. Thereupon, in the course of a few months the neighborhood becomes overrun with half-wild, half-starved kittens, always hungry,

* See McClure's Magazine for October, 1911.

A NEW YORK ALLEY CAT JUST BEFORE IT WAS CHLOROFORMED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

always living in fear, a misery to themselves and the community. By and by the kind lady moves away — to perpetrate the same crime in another locality. Let us hope that the recording angel charges up all this profitless misery to the account of the one responsible person, the householder who fails to make sure that the superfluous kittens which come into his family do not leave it again.

New York's Wild Hordes of Alley Cats

This, alas, is precisely what the householder does not do. The result is a horde of miserable "alley cats," who manage to keep the breath of life in their bodies long after they had much better have died. Worse than this, they breed in the open, and form self-perpetuating colonies whose numbers are continually augmented on the one side by their own numerous offspring, and on the other by abandoned family pets.

They do have a hard time of it, these homeless city felines. Whatever their food supply, they straightway breed up to it, so that when providence sends more to eat, shortly there are more mouths to eat it. The naturally dainty creatures live on frozen garbage in the winter, and starve; they eat putrid refuse in the summer, and are poisoned. Apparently they catch almost no birds; and when they hunt rats, it often happens that the rodent, seized a little too far back on the neck, manages to twist round its head and deliver one last bite. Then comes an infected wound and blood-poisoning. The wretched creatures, weakened by wounds and improper food, herd together, twenty or thirty at a time in a single dark cellar or frigid loft. Sooner or later, some member of the company comes down with mange, pneumonia, diphtheria, or tuberculosis. Shortly the whole group succumbs, either directly from the disease, or because, blinded by the mange or crippled by the other maladies, they can no longer obtain food or keep out of the way of their enemies. The cat does, indeed, as no other tame creature can, keep alive in the city; but so much the more miserable, for that very reason, is its ninefold dying.

The Cat as a Carrier of Disease Epidemics

Moreover, these wild and wretched creatures, victims of all sorts of disease, pass on their infections to cherished household pets. The cat is a wide-ranging animal, which knows no social distinctions. The best cared for of prize-winners, the best beloved of dumb friends, may at any moment pick up any disease from some miserable beast which ought never to have been allowed to live at all.

Worse than this, there doesn't seem to be much doubt that certain diseases, caught by household pets from infected alley cats, are in the end transmitted to the children of the family. Of course, it is easy to make wild statements on this subject — to say, for example, that, because we do not see any other reason for a hundred deaths from infantile paralysis, therefore the infection must come through cat-fleas.

A YELLOW PERSIAN CAT EXHIBITED AT ONE OF THE PRIZE CAT SHOWS IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The case, however, is clear for various fungous skin diseases allied to ringworm, and for hydrophobia. The cat undoubtedly suffers from a disease at least closely related to human pneumonia, while the transmission of diphtheria from cats to children is beyond dispute.

But, after all, how little anybody knows concerning the relation of human to animal disease. A few years ago we did not even suspect any connection between animals and malaria, yellow fever, sleeping-sickness, bubonic plague. This much at least is sure: whatever human maladies are transmitted from cats, the feline population of a large city — part of it in intimate relations to mankind, and part of it a prey to every possible ill — offers an ideal condition for spreading an epidemic. Even where we can not absolutely prove any relation between sick child and deserted cat, we may well err on the side of mercy to both.

For various reasons, therefore, the problem of the city cat tends every year to become more and more pressing. As brick and cement replace wood in our building construction, the rats and mice, which are the natural food of a homeless cat, tend continuously to become less numerous. As our municipal housekeeping improves, the supply of edible refuse fails. Meantime, the human population of the cities becomes denser, and the kind ladies who turn their cats adrift continue in the error of their ways. Obviously it can not be long before the protection from misery which is already afforded to horses and dogs, and to cattle in transportation, will be extended to include also cats.

How New York Protects Itself from 4,000,000 Cats

Already this is done pretty efficiently in New York City. Obviously there is no use, at present, in trying to check "immigration at the cradle," as we do with cattle and horses, and to some extent with dogs, so that, in general, an animal does not get itself born at all until there is a place in the world for it to fill. Attempts to make cats "property" have so far done more harm than good. The only workable method is to kill off the superfluous cat population, mercifully, and so give the rest a chance.

In New York City, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in accord with a wise and spreading custom, takes entire charge of crippled and ill-treated horses, unlicensed and stray dogs, homeless cats, and the like, and, in general, acts as mediator between mankind of the city and the brute creation. The scale of its operations may be guessed from the fact that its annual work-horse parade exhibits 1,600 draught animals, it inspects yearly 400,000 other horses, and puts out of the way 50,000 ownerless dogs out of the 150,000 licensed and unlicensed in the city.

There are always three cats in the city to each dog; at some seasons of the year there are probably ten. Enough of these are lost, strayed, or purposely turned adrift to keep busy in

picking them up the crews of three automobiles. These machines are like delivery-wagons, equipped with tiers of small cagelike baskets, each large enough to hold comfortably one full-grown cat or a family of young kittens.

The usual method is to send out the automobiles at night, between ten in the evening and daylight, and simply to pick up the stray cats by hand. They come out of their refuges, under cover of the darkness, to feed from the garbage-cans; and every cat that can not escape the catchers is *ipso facto* too weak or ill to find life worth living. Conversely, if the cat gets away, presumably it is still capable of taking care of itself a while longer.

THE CAT CAN GO FOR LONG PERIODS WITHOUT WATER, A PECULIARITY WHICH ESPECIALLY FITS IT FOR LIFE IN LARGE CITIES. IT IS A BETTER HUNTER THAN THE DOG AND IS FAR MORE SELF-RELIANT AND RESOURCEFUL

The catchers are, naturally, kindly men, who develop a really extraordinary tact in handling, with their bare hands, these half-wild creatures. It is reckoned that each man will be bitten fifty times a year; but tales of huge, fierce cats, who hunt the garbage collectors from their feeding-places and chase policemen up telephone-poles, are mere metropolitan journalism. Two hundred animals a night is a good catch.

In addition to this, the Society will send for and take away any undesired animal of which it may be notified. Thus any tender-hearted lady who thinks it "unlucky to kill a cat" and so turns her pet out to perish, or who refuses asylum to a strayed, sick, or injured animal lest "it might, you know, die right here," has only to drop a post-card to the Society and the matter is off her mind. Fifty to seventy-five calls a day are thus made on notice. In addition, numerous persons, especially children, hail the Society's men as they go by, and deliver to them animals which they have picked up or no longer want.

One thing with another, therefore, the Society in New York handled last year upward of three hundred thousand cats, eighty per cent of them young kittens, which in the natural course of things would have died anyway within a few months, and most of which would have died miserably. The number has doubled in four years, and still continues to mount. How great it will become when all the cats in New York who are to die each year die painlessly, is quite beyond anybody's guess. Probably it will be at least twice the present.

Three hundred thousand cats a year, then, in Greater New York, go quietly to the gas-tank and drop asleep. Philadelphia, which also takes its cat problem seriously, disposes of fifty thousand more, and still gets only a portion of what it ought. Boston, which, after all, is only a small city, accounts for twenty-five thousand.

Boston School Children Rescue a Thousand Cats a Year

Methods in Boston are slightly different from those in New York. For one thing, the work is in the hands of the Animal Rescue League, which is quite independent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; while, for another, there is less reliance on paid agents and more on volunteer effort and the education of public opinion.

Two men, in Boston, with an automobile runabout, devote their entire time to cats. They call, on notice, and remove animals, as in New York; but, instead of sending out men at night to take the cats at their feeding-places, they set, when necessary, roomy and perfectly humane box-traps, into which a hungry animal walks — and does not appear again. These traps are arranged so that they serve also as chloroform-boxes, in which any suffering creature can immediately be put out of its pain.

The chief reliance in Boston, however, has been on training public interest until any lost, sick, injured, old, or otherwise unnecessary cat is pretty sure to be brought to one of the League's receiving stations, or else given shelter until the runabout can be summoned.

THE CAT IS THE ONLY DOMESTIC ANIMAL THAT IS ALLOWED TO RUN WILD IN LARGE CITIES. NEW YORK HAS MILLIONS OF THESE OUTLAW CATS

These receiving stations are in charge of kindly people in various parts of the city, especially in the more crowded districts. The keepers, nearly all women, are paid from four to seven dollars a week, and commonly give up one room in their tenements to the cats. Some of these handle about a thousand animals a year, many of them brought in by school children. For some of the agents have squads of boys and girls for this work, so well organized that a single boy in one of these bands, in one of the worst districts of the city, in one year has rescued and brought in one hundred and seventy-one cats and kittens.

They tried the same system in New York, but could not make it work. For one thing, the New Yorker could not be made to understand that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was not trying to negotiate a commercial proposition. So he stole his cats, brought them in, a dozen or twenty in one bag, and demanded payment. In general, what may be called the Boston system seems better adapted to small than to large cities. Boston, as another difference, kills with chloroform instead of with gas, using three hundred dollars' worth a year, and getting six or eight tons of bone-ash by way of return.

How They Manage the Cat Problem Abroad

Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, then, are doing nearly their full duty by their cats. So, too, are many of the smaller cities along the Atlantic coast. In Portland, Maine, for example, they dispose of eight cats to one dog — the highest ratio, probably, anywhere in the country. Next, though at some interval, come the cities of the Pacific States. Yet even San Francisco, with a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals nearly forty years old, and fifty thousand children enrolled in its Band of Mercy, accounts for fewer than five thousand cats a year.

The Middle West bothers itself even less. One city of the first class — which I will not name, for it is no worse than its neighbors and probably rather better — proudly reports having conferred euthanasia, last year, on one hundred and seven dogs and seventy-two cats! When it comes to the humane treatment of helpless creatures, enforced by public opinion, legislation, and the police, the West is by no means so progressive as certain other fields.

As usual, "they manage these things better abroad." In Berlin, for instance, the police, who do everything in Germany, keep three hundred traps set for cats, and visit them all daily. Any cat in Berlin, then, who can not make a living, simply walks into a baited trap — and there is so much more space and food left for the rest. As a result, there are no sick, hungry, miserable alley cats in Berlin — an ideal to which, among American cities, even Boston has not quite attained.

In London, on the other hand and characteristically, all this sort of thing is done by private organizations, and, on the whole, rather inefficiently. The London Institution for Lost and Stray Cats, founded in 1896, even now handles fewer than twenty thousand animals a year. The Feline Defense League, started in 1907 and of which M. Pierre Loti is one of the vice-presidents, works on a still smaller scale. Members of the League actually go out with covered baskets, and bring back unwanted cats, one at a time, by hand!

One of these London enterprises follows a method which obtains also in the United States at animal refuges, Bide-a-Wee Homes, and the like. The rescued cats are not killed, but are kept alive in comfortable shelters, thirty, forty, fifty in a place. Here they lead a somewhat colorless existence until some new arrival introduces the mange or other infectious disease. After that, the charity proceeds once more with a new lot.

In fine, then, within the next twelve months there will be born, in these United States, between fifty and one hundred millions of kittens for whom there is absolutely no place. In addition, some millions more of grown cats will be no longer wanted as pets. Some of these will be killed promptly and mercifully by their owners or by the municipal authorities. The rest will die also — but their dying will be long drawn out. Meanwhile, sundry thousands of sick and hard-worked human beings will be robbed of sleep by "the song without a tune"; and sundry other thousands of cherished pets, together with some hundreds of children, will take various infectious diseases. Altogether there will be involved an amount of utterly profitless distress, such as has no place in any rational world.

It all comes about because we, the public, do not see to it that our own cats are either decently cared for or else decently killed. We are superstitious persons, who fear "ill luck"; or we are weak-headed sentimentalists, who, rather than behold the least discomfort, will perpetrate any amount of misery which we are too stupid to imagine.

"SCREENED BY A CONVENIENT BRAMBLE-BUSH, SHE STOOD TO WATCH HIM AS HE SWUNG ALONG"

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

By

JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrations by

Herman Pfeifer

What happened in the first instalment.—Barnabas Barty, whose father is the ex-champion pugilist of England and the landlord of an inn called the Coursing Hound, has been left a fortune of £700,000 by a scapegrace uncle. He immediately makes up his mind to go to London and become a gentleman. This is contrary to the wishes of his father, who, with the help of Natty Bell, another pugilist, has trained Barnabas for the ring and who hopes to make another champion of his son. They agree to fight it out, and Barnabas, as dutifully as he can, knocks his father down. This settles the question. Barnabas sets out for London, and falls in with a peddler of books, from whom he purchases a "priceless wollum" which is guaranteed to give all the necessary directions for becoming a gentleman. Soon afterward he comes to a wood, and in the wood, lying unconscious, he finds a young girl who has been thrown from her horse. He is standing gazing at her when a gentleman in the dress of the court wanders in upon the scene and insolently orders Barnabas to take himself off and leave the lady to his care. Barnabas refuses. They fight, and Barnabas knocks his antagonist senseless. He then picks up the girl and carries her off through the woods.

Of the Bewitchment of Black Eyelashes, and of a Fateful Lace-Edged Handkerchief

LET it be understood that Barnabas was not looking at her, as she lay all warm and yielding in his embrace; on the contrary, he walked with his gaze fixed pertinaciously upon the leafy path he followed. Nevertheless he was possessed, more than once, of a sudden

feeling that her eyes had opened and were watching him; therefore, needs must he steal a downward glance at her beauty, only to behold the shadowy lashes curling upon her cheek, as was but natural, of course. And now he began to discover that these were indeed no ordinary lashes (though, to be sure, his experience in such had been passing small); yet the longer he gazed upon them, the more certain he became that these were altogether, and in all respects, the most demurely tantalizing lashes in the world. Then again, there was her mouth — warmly red, full-lipped, and sensitive like the delicate nostrils above — a mouth all sweet curves; a mouth, he thought, that might grow firm and proud, or wonderfully tender, as the case might be; a mouth of scarlet bewitchment; a mouth that, for some happy mortal, might be . . . Here our Barnabas came near blundering into a tree, and thenceforth he kept his gaze upon the path.

So, strong-armed and sure of foot, he bore her through the magic twilight of the wood until he reached the brook. And, coming to where the bending willows made a leafy bower, he laid her there; then, kneeling beside the brook, he drew off his neckerchief to moisten it in the clear, cool water. And lo! — in this same minute the curling lashes were lifted suddenly, and beneath their shadow two eyes looked out, deep and soft and darkly blue, the eyes of a maid — now frank and ingenuous, now shyly troubled, but brimful of witchery ever and always. And pray what could there be in all the fair world more proper for a maid's eyes to rest upon than young Alcides, bare of throat, and with the sun on his curls, as he knelt to moisten the neckerchief in the brook?

Therefore, as she lay, she gazed upon him in her turn, even as he had first looked upon her; pleased to find his face so young and handsome, to note the breadth of his shoulders, the graceful carriage of his limbs, his air of virile strength and latent power.

True, he had been almost reverent so far: but then, the place was so very lonely! And yet ——

Barnabas turned and came striding up the bank. And how was he to know anything of all of this, as he stood above her with his dripping neckerchief in his hand, looking down at her lying so very still, and pitying her mightily because her lashes showed so dark against the pallor of her cheek? How was he to know how her heart leapt in her white bosom as he sank upon his knees beside her? Therefore he leaned above her closer, and raised the dripping neckerchief. But, in that moment, she (not minding to be wet) sighed, her white lids fluttered, and sitting up she stared at him as though — for all the world as though she had never beheld him until that very moment.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded, drawing away from the streaming neckerchief. "Who are you? Why am I here? What has happened?"

Barnabas hesitated — first because he was overwhelmed by her sudden torrent of questions, and secondly because he rarely spoke without thinking. Therefore, finding him silent, she questioned him again:

"Where am I?"

"In Annesley Wood, Madame."

"Ah, yes, I remember; my horse ran away ——"

"So I brought you here to the brook."

"Why?"

"You were hurt; I found you bleeding and senseless . . ."

"Bleeding!" And out came a dainty lace handkerchief on the instant.

"There," said Barnabas, "above your eyebrow"; and he indicated a very small trickle of blood.

"And you — found me, sir?"

"Beneath the Riven Oak in the glade — over yonder ——"

"It's a great way from here, sir!"

"But you are not heavy!" Barnabas explained, rather clumsily perhaps; for she fell silent at this, and stooped her head the better to dab tenderly at the cut above her eyebrow; also the colour deepened in her cheeks.

"Madame," said Barnabas, "that is the wrong eyebrow!"

"Then why don't you tell me where I'm hurt?" she demanded.

For answer, after a moment's hesitation Barnabas reached out, and, taking her hand, handkerchief and all, laid it very gently upon the cut; but, to be sure, it was a very poor thing as cuts go.

"There," said he again — "though, indeed, it is very trifling."

"Indeed, sir, it pains atrociously!" she retorted, and, to bear out her words, showed him her handkerchief, upon whose snow was a tiny vivid stain.

"Then perhaps," ventured Barnabas — "perhaps I'd better bathe it with this!" And he held up his dripping neckerchief.

"Nay, sir, I thank you," she answered; "keep it for your own wounds — there is a cut upon your cheek."

"A cut!" repeated Barnabas — bethinking him of the gentleman's signet-ring.

"Yes, a cut, sir," she repeated, and stole a glance at him under her long lashes. "Pray did your horse run away also?"

Barnabas was silent again, this time because he knew not how to answer; therefore he began rubbing at his injured cheek — while she watched him, and after a while spoke.

"Sir," said she, "that is the wrong cheek."

"Then it can't be very serious," said Barnabas, smiling.

"Does it pain you, sir?"

"Thank you, no."

"Yet it bleeds! You say it was not — your horse, sir?" she enquired, wonderfully innocent of eye.

"No, it was not my horse!"

"Why, then, how did it happen?"

"Happen, Madame? Why, I fancy I must have — scratched myself," returned Barnabas, beginning to wring out his neckerchief.

"Pray!" she enquired suddenly, "do you often scratch yourself — until you bleed? 'Tis surely a most distressing habit."

Now, glancing up suddenly, Barnabas saw her eyes were wonderfully bright despite her solemn mouth, and suspicion grew upon him. Did she know? Had she seen? he wondered.

"Nevertheless, sir," she continued, "my thanks are due to you ——"

"For what?" he enquired quickly.

"Why, for — for ——"

"For bringing you here?" he suggested, beginning to wring out his neckerchief again.

"Yes; believe me, I am more than grateful for — for ——"

"For what, Madame?" he enquired again, looking at her now.

"For — your kindness, sir."

"Pray how have I been kind? You refused my neckerchief." Surely he was rather an unpleasant person, after all, she thought, with his persistent eyes and his awkwardly direct mode of questioning; and she detested answering questions.

"Sir," said she, with her dimpled chin a little higher than usual, "it's a great pity you troubled yourself about me, or spoilt your neckerchief with the water."

"I thought you were hurt, you see ——"

"Oh, sir, I grieve to disappoint you," she retorted, and rose; and indeed she gained her feet with admirable grace and dignity, despite her recent fall and the hampering folds of her habit; and now Barnabas saw that she was taller than he had thought.

"Disappoint me!" he repeated, rising also. "The words are unjust."

For a moment she stood, her head thrown back, her eyes averted disdainfully; and it was now that Barnabas got acquainted with the dimple in her chin, and he was yet observing it, very exactly, when he became aware that her haughtiness was gone again, and that her eyes were looking up at him, half laughing, half shy, and of course wholly bewitching.

"Yes, I know they are," she admitted. "But oh! won't you please believe that a woman can't fall off her horse without being hurt, though it won't bleed much." Now, as she spoke, a church clock began to strike the hour, soft and mellow with distance.

"Nine!" she exclaimed, with an air of tragedy. "Then I shall be late for breakfast, and I'm ravenous — and — gracious heavens!"

"What now, Madame?"

"My hair — it's all come down. Look at it!"

"I've been doing so ever since I — met you," Barnabas confessed.

"Oh, have you! Then why didn't you tell me of it? And I've lost nearly all my hair-pins — and — oh, dear! what will they think?"

"That it is the most beautiful hair in the world, of course," said Barnabas. She was already busy twisting it into a shining rope, but here she paused to look up at him from under this bright nimbus and with two hair-pins in her mouth.

"Oh!" said she again, very thoughtfully, and then, "Do you think so?" she enquired, speaking over and round the hair-pins, as it were.

"Yes," said Barnabas, steady-eyed; and immediately down came the curling lashes again, while with dexterous white fingers she began to transform the rope into a coronet.

"I'm afraid it won't hold up," she said, giving her head a tentative shake,— "though, fortunately, I haven't far to go."

"How far?" asked Barnabas.

"To Annesley House, sir!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, "that is very near; the glade yonder leads into the park."

"Do you know Annesley, then, sir?"

Barnabas hesitated, and, having gone over the question in his mind, shook his head.

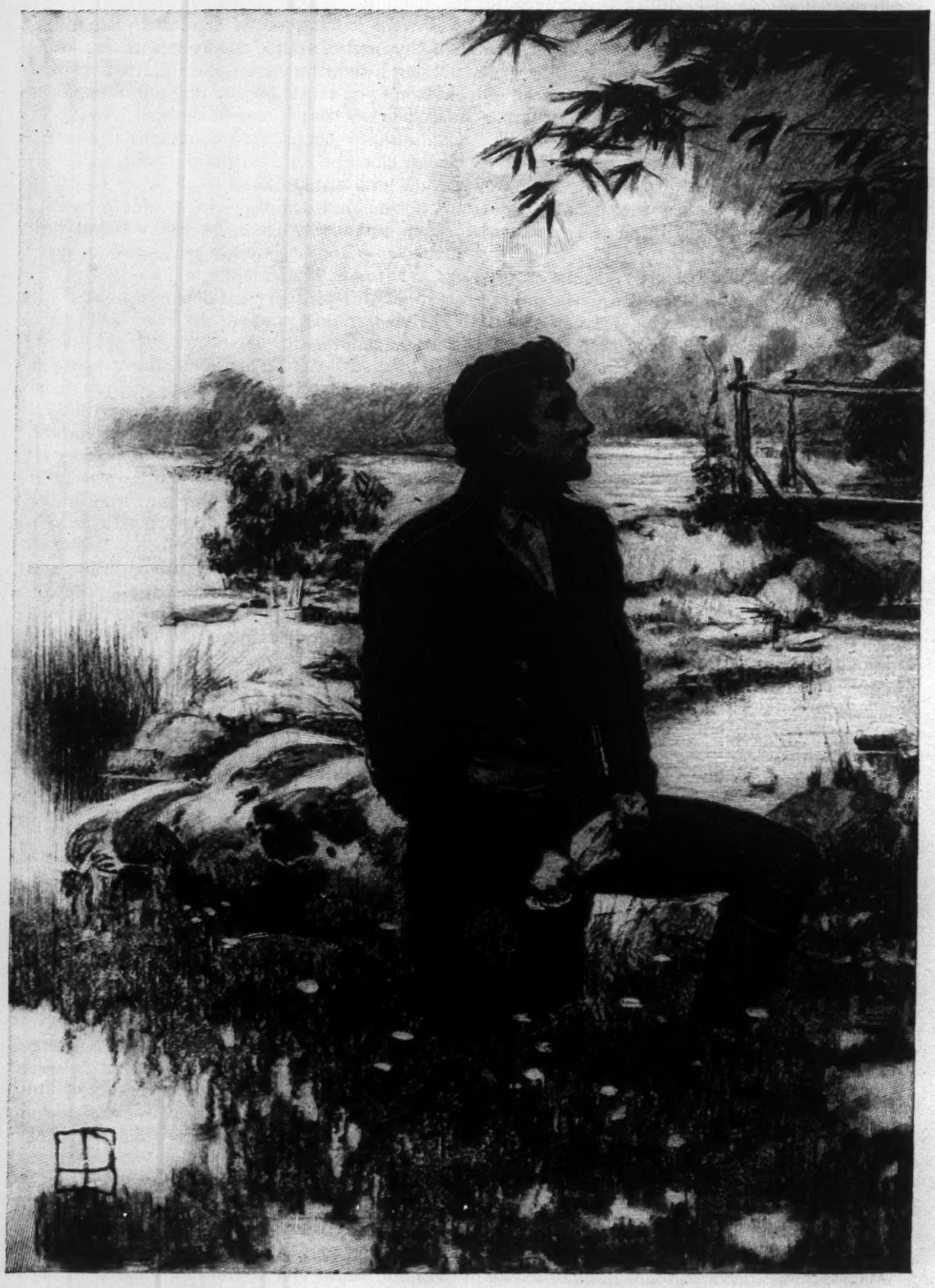
"I know of it," he answered.

"Do you know Sir George Annesley?"

Again Barnabas hesitated. As a matter of fact he knew as much of Sir George as he knew of the Great House," as it was called thereabouts; that is to say, he had seen him once or twice — in the distance. But it would never do to admit as much to her who looked up at him with eyes of witchery as she waited for him to speak. Therefore Barnabas shook his head and answered airily enough:

"We are not exactly acquainted, Madame."

Yesterday he would have scorned the subterfuge — but to-day there was money in his purse. London waited him with expectant arms; the very air was fraught with a magic whereby the impossible might become concrete fact —



"'OH, SIR, I GRIEVE TO DISAPPOINT YOU,' SHE RETORTED, AND ROSE. AND NOW HE REPEATED. 'THE

BARNABAS SAW THAT SHE WAS TALLER THAN HE HAD THOUGHT. 'DISAPPOINT ME!' WORDS ARE UNJUST!'"

wherein dreams might become visualized. Was not she herself, as she stood before him, lithe and vigorous in all the perfection of her warm young womanhood — was she not the very embodiment of those dreams that had haunted him, sleeping and waking? Verily. Therefore, with this magic in the air, might he not meet Sir George Annesley at the next cross-roads or by-lane, and strike up an enduring friendship on the spot? Truly; for anything was possible to-day. Meanwhile my lady had gathered up the folds of her riding-habit and, yet in the act of turning into the leafy path, spoke:

"Are you going far, sir?"

"To London."

"Have you many friends there?"

"None — as yet, Madame."

After this they walked on in silence, she with her eyes on the lookout for obstacles, he lost to all but the beauty of the young body before him — the proud carriage of the head, the sway of the hips, the firm poise of the small and slender foot. All this he saw and admired, yet (be it remarked) his face bore nothing of the look that had distorted the features of the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, though, to be sure, our Barnabas was but an Amateur at best — even as honest John had said. So at last they reached the fateful glade beyond which, though small with distance, was a noble house, set upon a gentle hill that rose above the swaying green of the trees. Here my lady paused; she looked up the glade and down the glade, and finally at Barnabas. And her eyes were the eyes of a maid, shy, mischievous, demure, challenging.

"Sir," said she shyly, demurely,— but with eyes still challenging,— "sir, I have to thank you — I do thank you — more than these poor lips can tell. If there is anything I could — do — to — to prove my gratitude, you — have but to — name it."

"Do?" stammered Barnabas. "Do? Indeed — I — no." The challenging eyes were hidden now, but her lips curved wonderfully tempting and full of allurement. Barnabas clenched his fists hard.

"I see, sir, your cheek has — stopped bleeding; 'tis almost well. I think — there are others — whose hurts will not heal — quite so soon — and — between you and me, sir — I'm glad — glad! Good-bye; and may you find as many friends in London as you deserve." So saying, she turned and went on down the glade.

And in a little Barnabas sighed, and, turning, also strode on Londonwards.

Now, when she had gone but a very short way, my lady must needs glance back over her shoulder. Then, screened, to be sure, by a convenient bramble-bush, she stood to watch him as he swung along, strong, graceful, but with never a look behind.

Who was he? she wondered. What was he? From his clothes he might be anything between a gamekeeper and a farmer. (Alas, poor Barnabas!) To be sure, his voice was low and modulated and his words well chosen — almost too well chosen. Who was he — what was he? And he was going to London, where he had no friends. And he had never told his name, nor — what was a great deal worse — asked for hers! Here my lady frowned, for such indifference was wholly new in her experience.

But on went long-legged Barnabas, all unconscious, striding through sunlight and shadow with step blithe and free, and still (oh, Barnabas!) with never a look behind. Therefore my lady's frown grew more portentous, and she stamped her foot at his unconscious back. Then, all at once, the frown vanished in a sudden smile, and she instinctively shrank closer into cover; for Barnabas had stopped.

"Oh, indeed, sir!" she mocked, secure behind her leafy screen, nodding her head. "So you've actually thought better of it, have you?"

Here Barnabas turned.

"Really, sir, you will even trouble to come all the way back, will you — just to learn her name — or perhaps to —? Indeed, what condescension! But, dear sir — you're too late. Ah, yes, indeed you are!— for — 'he who will not when he may — when he will he shall have nay.' I grieve to say you are too late — quite too late. Good morning, Master Shill-I Shall-I." And with the words she turned, then hastily drew a certain lacy handkerchief from her bosom, and set it (very cleverly) among the thorns of a bramble, and so sped away among the leaves.

CHAPTER VII

In Which May be Found Divers Rules and Maxims for the Art of Bowing

"Now, by the Lord!" said Barnabas, stopping all at once, "forgetful fool that I am — I never bowed to her!" Therefore, being minded to repair so grave an omission, he now turned sharp about and came striding back again; and thus it befell that he presently espied the lace handkerchief fluttering from the bramble, and, having extricated the delicate lace from the naturally reluctant thorns with a vast degree of care and trouble, he began to look about for the late owner. But, search how he might, his efforts proved unavailing — Annerley Wood was empty save for himself.

Having satisfied himself of which fact, Barnabas sighed again, thrust the handkerchief into his pocket, and once more set off upon his way.

But now, as he went, he must needs remember his awkward stiffness when she had thanked him. He grew hot all over at the mere recollection — and, moreover, he had forgotten even to bow! But there, again, was he quite sure that he could bow as a gentleman should? There were doubtless certain rules and maxims for the bow, as there were for mathematics — various motions to be observed in the making of it, of which Barnabas confessed to himself his utter ignorance. What, then, was a bow? Hereupon, bethinking him of the book in his pocket, he drew it out and, turning to a certain page, began to study the "Stiff-legged Gentleman" with a new and enthralled interest. Now, over against this gentleman, that is to say, on the opposite page, he read these words:

THE ART OF BOWING

To know how, and when, and to whom to bow is in itself an art. The Bow is, indeed, an all-important accomplishment; it is the "Open Sesame" of the "Polite World." To bow gracefully, therefore, may be regarded as the most important part of a gentlemanly deportment.

"Hum!" said Barnabas, beginning to frown at this; and yet, according to the title-page these were the words of a "Person of Quality."

To bow gracefully [the Person of Quality chattered on] the Feet should be primarily disposed as in the first position of Dancing.

Barnabas sighed, frowning still.

The Left Hand should now be lifted airily and laid upon the Bosom, the Fingers being kept elegantly spread. The Head is now stooped forward, the Body following easily from the Hips, the Right Hand, at the same moment, being waved gracefully in the Air. It is, moreover, very necessary that the Expression of the Features should assume as engaging an air as possible. The depth of the Bow is to be regulated by the rank of the Person saluted.

And so forth and so on for two pages more. Barnabas sighed and shook his head hopelessly.

"Ah!" said he. "Under these circumstances it is perhaps just as well that I forgot to try — it would seem I should have bungled it quite shamefully. Who would have thought a thing so simple could become a thing so very complicated?" Saying which, Barnabas shut the book and thrust it back into his pocket, and thus became aware of a certain very small handful of dainty lace and cambric, and took it out, and, looking at it, beheld again the diminutive stain, while there stole to his nostrils a perfume faint and very sweet.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "I wonder who she was. I might have asked her name, but — fool that I am — I even forgot that. As it is, I shall never know, I suppose."

Here Barnabas sighed again, and sighing hid the handkerchief in his breast.

"And yet," he pursued, "had she told me her name, I should have been compelled to announce mine, and — Barnabas Barty — hum! Somehow, there is no suggestion about it of broad acres or knightly ancestors. No; Barty will never do."

Here Barnabas became very thoughtful. But all at once he stopped and clapped hand to thigh:

"My mother's name, of course — Beverley. Yes, it is an excellent name, and, since it was hers, I have more right to it than any other. So Beverley it shall be — Barnabas Beverley. Good!"

Here Barnabas turned and very gravely lifted his hat to his shadow.

"Mr. Beverley," said he, "I salute you. Your very humble obedient servant, Mr. Beverley. Sir, God keep you!" And, putting on his hat again, he fell into his swinging stride.

"So," said he, "that point being settled, it remains to master the intricacies of the bow." Saying which, he once more had recourse to the "priceless wollum," and walked on through the glory of the morning, with his eyes upon the voluble instructions of the "Person of Quality." Now, as he went, chancing to look up suddenly, he beheld, to one side of the road, a gate-post. A very ancient gate-post it was — a decrepit gate-post, worn, and heavy with years, for it leaned far out from the perpendicular. And, with his gaze upon this, Barnabas halted suddenly, clapped the book to his bosom, and, raising his hat with an elegant flourish, bowed to that gnarled and withered piece of timber as though it had been an archduke at the very least, or the loveliest lady in the land.

"Ha — by Thor and Odin! — what's all this?" cried a voice behind him. "I say, what the devil's all this?"

Turning sharp about, Barnabas beheld a man in a brass-buttoned blue coat something the worse for wear — a shortish, broad-shouldered man, who stood with his booted legs wide apart and stared at him, from a handsome bronzed face, with a pair of round blue eyes. He held a broad-brimmed hat in his one hand — for the other, Barnabas noticed, was gone from the elbow.

"Egad!" said he, staring at Barnabas with his blue eyes. "What's in the wind — I say, what the devil, sir — eh, sir?"

Forthwith Barnabas beamed upon him and

swept him another bow, almost as low as that he had bestowed upon the gate-post.

"Sir," said he, hat gracefully flourished in the air, "your very humble obedient servant to command."

"A humble obedient fiddlestick, sir!" retorted the newcomer. "Pooh, sir! Are ye mad, sir? — to go bowing and scraping to a gate-post as though it were an admiral of the fleet or Nelson himself! Are ye mad, or only drunk, sir? I say, what d'ye mean?" Here Barnabas put on his hat and opened the book.

"Plainly, sir," he answered, "being overcome with a sudden desire to bow to something or other, I bowed to that gate-post for want of a worthier object. This book here (which I am given to understand is wholly infallible) says that to bow is the most important item of a gentlemanly equipment in the World of Fashion."

"In the World of Fashion, sir, there are no gentlemen left," his hearer broke in.

"How, sir?"

"I say no, sir — not one — I say, damme, sir ——"

"But, sir ——!"

"I say there are no gentlemen in the Fashionable World — they are all blackguardly bucks, cursed Corinthians, and mincing macaronies nowadays, sir. Fashionable World — bah, sir!"

"But, sir, is not the Prince himself ——?"

"The Prince, sir!" Here the one-armed gentleman clapped on his hat and snorted. "The Prince is a — prince, sir; he's also an authority on sauce and shoebuckles. Let us talk of something more interesting — yourself, for instance."

Barnabas bowed. "Sir," said he, "my name is Barnabas — Barnabas Beverley."

"Hum!" said the other thoughtfully. "I remember a Beverley — a lieutenant under Hardy in the *Agamemnon* — though, to be sure, he spelt his name with an *l-e-y*."

"So do I, sir," said Barnabas. "Secondly, I am on my way to London ——"

"London! Egad! here's another of 'em! London, of course. Well?"

"Where I hope to cut some figure in the — er — World of Fashion ——"

"Fashion — Gog and Magog! Why not try drowning? 'Twould be simpler and better for you in the long run. London! Fashion! In that hat, that coat, those ——"

"Sir," said Barnabas, flushing, "I have already ——"

"Fashion, eh? Why, then you must cramp that chest into an abortion, all collar, tail, and buttons, and much too tight to breathe in; you must struggle into breeches tight enough to burst, and cram your feet into bepolished torments."

"But, sir," Barnabas ventured again, "surely the Prince himself is accountable for the prevailing fashion; and, as you must know, he is said to be the First Gentleman in Europe, and ——"

"Fiddle-de-dee and the devil, sir! Who says he is? A set of crawling sycophants, sir — a gang of young reprobates and bullies. First Gentleman in — I say pish, sir! I say bah! Don't I tell you that gentlemen went out o' fashion when bucks came in? I say there isn't a gentleman left in England — except, perhaps, one or two. This is the age of your swaggering, prize-fighting Corinthians: London swarms with 'em, Brighton's rank with 'em — yes, they pervade even — these solitudes, damme! I saw one of 'em only half an hour ago — limping out of a wood yonder. Ah! A polished, smiling rascal — a dangerous rogue! one of your sleepy libertines — one of your lucky gamblers — one of your conscienceless young reprobates, equally ready to win your money, ruin your sister, or shoot you dead, as the case may be — and all in the approved way of gallantry, sir. And, being all this, and consequently high in royal favour, he is become a very lion in the World of Fashion. Would you succeed, therefore, young sir, you must model yourself upon him as nearly as may be."

"And he was limping, you say?" enquired Barnabas thoughtfully.

"And serve him right, sir. Egad! I say, damme, he should limp in irons to Botany Bay, and stay there, if I had my way."

"Did you happen to notice the colour of his coat?" enquired Barnabas again.

"Aye — 'twas green, sir. But what of it? Have you seen him ——?"

"I think I have, sir," said Barnabas — "if 'twas a green coat he wore. Pray, sir, what might his name be?"

"His name, sir, is Carnaby — Sir Mortimer Carnaby."

"Sir Mortimer Carnaby!" said Barnabas, nodding his head.

"And, sir," pursued his informant, regarding Barnabas from beneath his frowning eyebrows, "since it is your ambition to cut a figure in the World of Fashion, your best course is to cultivate him, frequent his society as much as possible, act upon his counsel, and in six months, or less, I don't doubt you'll be as polished a young blackguard as any of 'em. Good morning, sir."

Here the one-armed gentleman nodded, and turned to enter the field.

"Sir," said Barnabas, "one moment!"

"Well?" enquired the other, pausing.

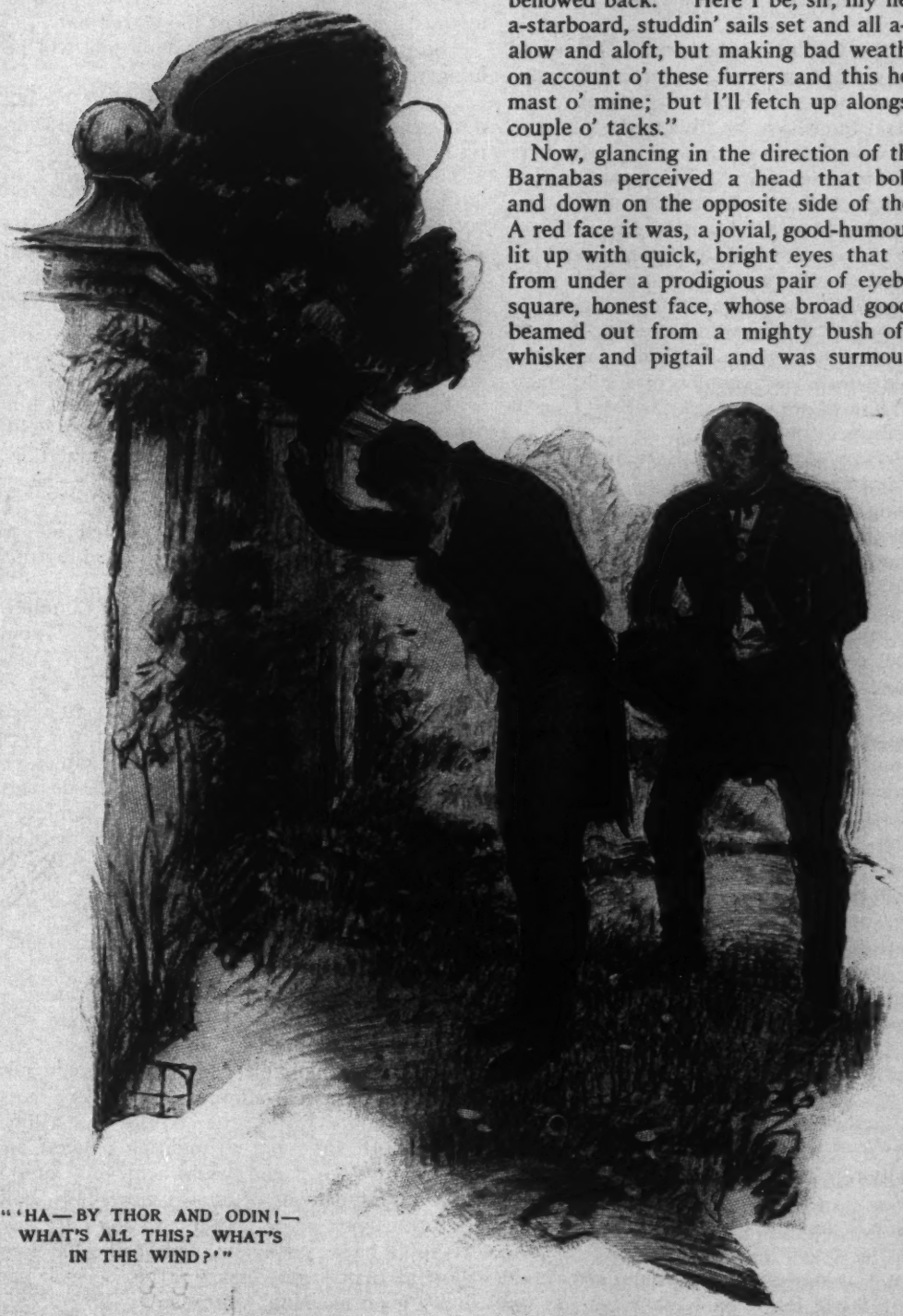
"Since you have been so obliging as to describe a buck, will you tell me who, and what, in your estimation, is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman? Egad, sir! must I tell you that? No; I say I won't; the Bo'sun shall." Hereupon the speaker faced suddenly about and raised his voice. "Aft, there!" he bellowed. "Pass the word for the Bo'sun. I say, where's Bo'sun Jerry?"

Immediately upon these words there came another roar, surprisingly hoarse, deep, and near at hand.

"Aye, aye, sir! Here I be, Cap'n," the voice bellowed back. "Here I be, sir, my helm hard a-starboard, studdin' sails set and all a-drawing alow and aloft, but making bad weather on it on account o' these furrers and this here jury-mast o' mine; but I'll fetch up alongside in a couple o' tacks."

Now, glancing in the direction of the voice, Barnabas perceived a head that bobbed up and down on the opposite side of the hedge. A red face it was, a jovial, good-humoured face lit up with quick, bright eyes that twinkled from under a prodigious pair of eyebrows; a square, honest face, whose broad good nature beamed out from a mighty bush of curling whisker and pigtail and was surmounted by



"'HA—BY THOR AND ODIN!—WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT'S IN THE WIND?'"

a shining glazed hat. Being come opposite to them, the Bo'sun paused to mop his red face with a neckerchief of vivid hue, which done, he touched the brim of the glazed hat, and, though separated from them by no more than the hedge and ditch, immediately let out another roar, for all the world as though he had been hailing the main-top of a ninety-four in a gale of wind.

"Here I be, Cap'n!" he bellowed. "Obleeged to haul my wind, d'ye see, on account o' this here spar o' mine running foul o' the furrers." Having said the which, he advanced again with a heave to port and a lurch to starboard, very like a ship in a heavy sea. This peculiarity of gait was explained as he hove into full view, for then Barnabas saw that his right leg was gone from the knee and had been replaced by a wooden one.

"Bo'sun," said the Captain, indicating Barnabas with a flap of his empty sleeve, "Bo'sun, favour me, I say oblige me, by explaining to this young gentleman your opinion of a gentleman. I say, tell him whom you think the First Gentleman in Europe?"

The Bo'sun stared from Barnabas to the Captain and back again.

"Begging your honour's pardon," said he, touching the brim of the glazed hat, "but surely nobody don't need to be told that 'ere?"

"It would seem so, Jerry."

"Why, then, Cap'n — since you ax me, I should tell you, bold an' free like, as the First Gentlemen in Europe — ah, or anywheres else — was Lord Nelson an' your honour." As he spoke, the Bo'sun stood up very straight, despite his wooden leg, and when he touched his hat again his very pigtail seemed straighter and stiffer than ever.

"Young sir," said the Captain, regarding Barnabas from the corners of his eyes, "what d'ye say to that?"

"Why," returned Barnabas, "now I come to think of it, I believe the Bo'sun is right."

"Sir," nodded the Captain, "the Bo'sun generally is. My Bo'sun, sir, is as remarkable as that leg of his, which he has contrived so that it will screw on or off — in sections, sir; I mean the wooden one."

"But," said Barnabas, beginning to stroke his chin in the argumentative way that was all his father's — "but, sir, I was meaning gentlemen yet living; and Lord Nelson, unfortunately, is dead."

"Bo'sun," said the Captain, "what d'ye say to that?"

"Why, Cap'n,— axing the young gen'l'man's pardon,— I beg leave to remark, or, as you might say, ob-serve, as men like 'im don't die; they just gets promoted — so to speak."

"Very true, Jerry," nodded the Captain again; "they do but go to a higher service — very true. And now, Bo'sun, the bread!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the Bo'sun, and, taking a neat parcel which the Captain had produced from a pocket of the blue coat, he dropped it forthwith into the crown of the glazed hat.

"Bo'sun, the meat! The young fool will be hungry by now, poor lad!"

"Aye, aye, Cap'n!" And, the meat having disappeared into the same receptacle, the Bo'sun resumed his hat.

Then, turning to Barnabas, the Captain held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "I wish you good-bye, and a prosperous voyage; and may you find yourself too much of a man ever to fall so low as Fashion! I say, dammit! The bread and meat, sir, are for a young fool who thinks, like yourself, that the World of Fashion is *the* world. By heaven, sir — I say, by Gog and Magog! if I had a son with fashionable aspirations I'd have him triced up to the triangles and whipped with the cat — I say, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, sir; that is — no, I wouldn't; besides, I — never had a son — and — good-bye!"

"Stay," said Barnabas, "pray tell me to whom I am indebted for so much good instruction ——"

"My name, sir, is Chumley — plain Chumley, spelt with a *u* and an *m*, sir; none of your *olmondels* for me, sir. And I beg you to know that I have no crest or monogram or coat of arms; there's neither or, azure, nor argent about me; I'm neither rampant, nor passant, nor even regardant. And I want none of your sables, ermines, bars, escallops, embattled fiddle-de-dees, or dancetté tarradiddles, sir. I'm Chumley — Captain John Chumley — plain and without any fashionable varnish. Consequently, though I have commanded many good ships, sloops, frigates, and even one line-o'-battle ——"

"The *Bully-sawyer*, Seventy-four, Trafalgar!" added the Bo'sun.

"—— Seeing I am only John Chumley,— with a *u* and an *m*,— I retire a captain still. Now, had I clapped in an *olmondel* and the rest of the fashionable gewgaws, I should now doubtless be a rear-admiral at the very least; for the polite world, the World of Fashion, is rampant, sir — not to mention passant and regardant. So, if you would achieve a reputation among persons of quality nowadays, bow, sir; bow everywhere, day in and day out; keep a supple back, young sir, and spell your name with as many unnecessary letters as you can. I say good morning, young sir."

As he ended, the Captain took off his hat with his remaining arm, put it on again, and then reached out suddenly and clapped Barnabas upon the shoulder.

"Here's wishing you a straight course, lad," said he, with a smile every whit as young and winning as that which curved the lips of Barnabas — "a fair course and a good, clean wind to blow all those fashionable fooleries clean out of your head. Good-bye." So he nodded, turned sharp about, and went upon his way.

Hereupon the Bo'sun shook his head, took off the glazed hat, stared into it, and, putting it on again, turned and stumped along beside Barnabas.

CHAPTER VIII

Concerning the Captain's Arm, the Bo'sun's Leg, and the "Belisarius," Seventy-four

"THE *Bully-sawyer*, Trafalgar!" murmured the Bo'sun, as they went on together. "You've 'eared of the *Bully-sawyer*, Seventy-four, o' course, young sir?"

"I'm afraid not," said Barnabas, rather apologetically.

"Not 'eared o' the *Bully-sawyer*, Seventy-four! Why, Lord, young sir, axing your pardon, but — not 'eared o' the — why, she were in the van that day — one o' the first to engage the mounseers, about a cable's length to wind-'ard o' the *Victory*. One o' the first to come up wi' the enemy, she were, an' now you tell me as you ain't 'eared o' the — Lord, sir!" And the Bo'sun sighed and shook his head till it was a marvel how the glazed hat kept its position.

"Won't you tell me of her, Bo'sun?"

"Tell you about the old *Bully-sawyer*, Seventy-four? Aye, surely, sir, surely. Ah, 'twas a grand day for us, a grand day for our Nelson, and a grand day for England — that twenty-first o' October. The wind were light, that day, as we bore down on their line — in two columns, d'ye see, sir. We was in Nelson's column, the weather line, 'bout a cable's length a-starn o' the *Victory*, as I say. On we went, creeping nearer and nearer,— the *Victory*, the old *Bully-sawyer*, and the *Temeraire*, — every now and then the mounseers trying a shot at us to find the range, d'ye see. Right ahead of us lay the *Santissima Trinidado* — a great four-decker, young sir; a-starn of her was the *Beaucentaur*, and a-starn of her again was the *Redoubtable*, wi' eight or nine others. On we went, wi' the Admiral's favourite signal flying: 'Engage the enemy more closely.' Ah, young sir, there weren't no stand-offishness about our Nelson, God bless him!

"As we bore closer, the shot began to come aboard of us; but the old *Bully-sawyer* never took no notice, not so much as a gun. Lord! I can see her now as she bore down on their line, every sail drawing aloft, the white decks below, the gleam of her guns, wi' their crews stripped to the waist — every eye on the enemy, every man at his post. Very different she looked an hour arterwards!

"Well, sir, all at once the great *Santissima Trinidado* let fly at us with her whole four tiers o' broadside, rakin' us fore an' aft — and that begun it. Down comes our foretopmast in a litter of falling spars and top-hamper, and the decks were all at once splashed, here and there, wi' ugly blotches. But, Lord! the old *Bully-sawyer* never paid no heed, and still the men stood to their guns, and his honour the Captain strolled up an' down, chatting to the flag-officer. But now the enemy's ships opened on us one arter another; the *Beaucentaur*, the *San Nicholas*, and the *Redoubtable* swept and battered us wi' their murderous broadsides; the air seemed full o' smoke an' flame, an' the old *Bully-sawyer* in the midst of it. But still we could see the *Victory* through the drifting smoke ahead of us, wi' the flying signal, 'Engage the enemy more closely.'

"Every minute their fire grew hotter and their aim truer. Down came our mizzen-topgallant-mast and hung over our quarter; away went our bowsprit. But we held on till we struck their line 'twixt the *Santissima Trinidado* and the *Beaucentaur*; and, as we crossed the Spanisher's wake, so closely that our yard-arms grazed her gilded starn, up flashed his honour's sword. 'Now, lads!' cried he, hailing the guns — and then — why, then, afore I'd took my whistle from my lips, the old *Bully-sawyer*, as had been so patient, so very patient, let fly with every starboard gun as it bore, slap into the great Spanisher's towering starn, and a moment arter her larboard guns roared and flamed as her broadside crashed into the *Beaucentaur*. And 'bout five minutes arterwards we fell aboard o' the *Fougeux;* an' there we lay, young sir, and fought it out, yard-arm to yard-arm an' muzzle to muzzle, so close that the flames o' the guns blackened an' scorched us, an' we was obleeged to heave buckets o' water arter every discharge, to put out the fire.

"Lord! but the poor old *Bully-sawyer* were in a tight corner then — what wi' the *Fougeux* to port and the *Beaucentaur* to starboard, and the great Spanisher hammering us a-starn, d'ye see. But there was our lads — what was left of 'em — reeking wi' sweat, black wi' powder, and splashed wi' blood, fighting the guns; and there was his honour the Cap'n, leaning against

"'PRAY,' ENQUIRED BARNABAS, 'MAY I ASK WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS PLACE?'
'THREE THINGS, SIR—MATRIMONY, A HORSE RACE, AND A FATHER'"

the quarter-rail wi' his sword in one 'and an' his snuff-box in t'other — he had two 'ands then, young sir; an' there was me hauling on the tackle o' one o' the quarter guns — it happenin' to be short-handed, d'ye see — when, all at once, I felt a kind o' shock, and there I was on the flat o' my back, and wi' the wreckage o' that there quarter gun on this here leg o' mine, pinning me to the deck.

"As I lay there I 'eared our lads a-cheering above the roar an' din, an', the smoke lifting a bit, I seen the Spanisher had struck. But I likewise seen as the poor old *Bully-sawyer* were done for. She lay a wreck, black wi' smoke, blistered wi' fire, her decks foul wi' blood, her fore- and main-masts beat overboard, an' only the mizzen standing. All this I see at a glance — an' something more; for the mizzen-topgallant had been shot clean through at the cap and hung dangling, and now, what wi' the quiver o' the guns an' the roll o' the vessel, down she come sliding an' sliding nearer an' nearer, till the splintered end brought up against the wreck o' my gun. But presently I seen it begin to slide again, nearer to me, very slow, d'ye see, inch by inch — an' there's me pinned on the flat o' my back, watching it come.

"'Another foot,' I says, 'an' there's an end o' Jerry Tucker. Another ten inches — another eight — another six.' Lord, young sir, I heaved an' I strained at that crushed leg o' mine! But there I was, fast as ever, while down came the t'gallant, inch by inch. Then all at once I kinder let go o' myself — I gave a shout, sir. An' then — why, then — there's his honour the Cap'n leanin' over me.

"'Is that you, Jerry?' says he,— for I was black wi' powder, d'ye see, sir,— 'is that you, Jerry?' says he.

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says I; 'it be me, sure-ly, till this here spar slips down an' does for me.'

"'It sha'n't do that,' says he, very square in the jaw.

"'It must,' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Nothing to stop it, sir,' says I.

"'Yes, there is,' says he.

"'What's that?' says I.

"'This!' says he, 'twixt his shut teeth, young sir.

"An' then, under that murdering, hellish piece o' timber the Cap'n sets his hand an' arm — his naked hand an' arm, sir!

"'In heaven's name,' says I, 'let it come, sir!'

"'And lose my bo'sun? Not me!' says he.

"'Then, sir, I seen his face go white an' whiter; I heard the bones of his hand an' arm crack — like so many sticks, sir; and down he falls atop o' me in a dead faint, sir. But the t'gallant were stopped, and the life were kept in this here carkiss o' mine.

"So that's how the poor old *Bully-sawyer*, Seventy-four, were done for; that's how his honour lost his arm an' me my leg, sir. And there be the stocks, an' there be our young gentleman inside of 'em, as cool an' smiling an' comfortable as you please!"

CHAPTER IX

Which Concerns Itself Among Other Matters with the Virtues of a Pair of Stocks and the Perversity of Fathers

BEFORE them was a church, a small church grey with age, and, like age, lonely. It stood well back from the road which wound away down the hill to the scattered cottages below.

About this church was a small burial-ground, upon whose green mounds and leaning headstones the great square tower cast a protecting shadow that was like a silent benediction. A low stone wall was set about the graveyard, and in the wall was a gate with a weather-beaten porch, and beside the gate were the stocks, and in the stocks, with his hands in his pockets and his back against the wall, sat a young gentleman.

Now, observing the elegance of his clothes and the modish languor of his lounging figure, Barnabas at once recognized him as a young gentleman *par excellence*, and immediately the memory of his own country-made habiliments and clumsy boots arose and smote him. The young gentleman seemed no whit cast down by his awkward and most undignified situation; indeed, as they drew nearer, Barnabas could hear him whistling softly to himself. At the sound of their approach, however, the solitary prisoner glanced up and observed them from under the brim of the buckled hat, with a pair of the merriest blue eyes in the world.

"Aha, Jerry!" he cried, "whom do you bring to triumph over me in my abasement? For shame, Jerry! Is this the act of a loving and affectionate Bo'sun, the Bo'sun of my innocent childhood? Oh, bruise and blister me!"

"Why, sir," answered the Bo'sun, beaming through his whiskers, "this be only a young gentleman like yourself, as be bound for London, Master Horatio, sir!"

The face beneath the devil-may-care rake of the buckled hat was pale and handsome, and, despite its studied air of gentlemanly weariness, the eyes were singularly quick and young, and wholly ingenuous.

Now, as they gazed at each other, eye to eye,

the merry blue and the steadfast grey, suddenly, unaffectedly, as though drawn by instinct, their hands reached out and met in a warm, firm clasp; and in that instant the one forgot his country clothes and blunt-toed boots, and the other his modish languor, for the spirit of Youth stood between them, and smile answered to smile.

"And so you are bound for London, sir. Pray, are you in a hurry to get there?"

"Not particularly," Barnabas replied.

"Then there you have the advantage of me, for I am, sir. But here I sit, a martyr for conscience' sake. Nay, sir; if you are in no great hurry and have a mind to travel in company with a martyr, just so soon as I am free of these bilboes, we'll take the road together; what d'ye say?"

"With pleasure," answered Barnabas.

"Why, then, sir, pray sit down; I blush to offer you the stocks, but the grass is devilish dewy and damp, and there's not a chair to be had. But pray sit somewhere until the Bo'sun, like the jolly old dog he is, produces the key and lets me out. Bo'sun, you'll perceive the gentleman is waiting, and, for that matter, so am I. The key, Jerry, the key."

"Asking your pardons, gentlemen both," began the Bo'sun, taking himself by the starboard whisker, "but orders is orders, and I was to tell you, Master Horatio, sir, as there was firstly a round of beef, cold, for breakfus!"

"Beef!" exclaimed the prisoner, striking himself on the crown of the hat.

"Next a smoked tongue," continued the Bo'sun.

"Tongue!" sighed the prisoner, turning to Barnabas. "You hear that, sir? My unnatural father and uncle batten upon rounds of beef and smoked tongue, while I sit here, my legs at a most uncomfortable angle and my inner man as empty as a drum!"

"A brace o' cold fowl," went on the Bo'sun inexorably, "a b'iled 'am ——"

"Enough, Jerry, enough! — lest I forget filial piety and affection and rail upon 'em for heartless gluttons."

"And," pursued the Bo'sun, still busy with his whisker, and abstracted of eye, "and I was to say as you was free to come out o' they stocks ——"

"Aha, Jerry! Even the most Roman of fathers can relent, then. Out with the key, Jerry! Egad! I can positively taste that beef from here. Unlock me, Jerry, that I may haste to pay my respects to Roman parent, uncle, and beef — last but not least, Jerry ——"

"Always supposing," added the Bo'sun, giving a final twist to his whisker, "that you've 'ad time to think better on it, d'ye see, and change your mind, Master Horatio, my lord."

Barnabas pricked up his ears. A lord! And in the stocks! Preposterous! And yet, surely these were the boots and clothes and hat of a lord.

"Change my mind, Jerry!" exclaimed his lordship. "Impossible — you know, I never change my mind. What! yield up my freedom for a mess of beef and tongue, or even a brace of cold fowl ——"

"Not to mention a cold b'iled 'am, Master Horatio, sir?"

"No, Jerry; not for all the Roman parents, rounds of beef, tyrannical uncles, and cold hams in England. Tempt me no more, Jerry. Bo'sun, avaunt and leave me to melancholy and emptiness."

"Why then," said the Bo'sun, removing the glazed hat and extracting therefrom the Captain's neat packages, "I were to give you this — meat, Master Horatio — beef and bread, my lord."

"From the Captain, I'll be sworn — eh, Jerry?"

"Aye, aye, my lord — from his honour the Cap'n."

"Now, God bless him for a tender-hearted old martinet, eh, Bo'sun?"

"Which I begs to say — amen, Master Horatio, sir!"

"To be sure, there's nothing Roman about my uncle!" Saying which, his lordship tore open the packages, and, using his fingers as forks, began to devour the edibles with huge appetite.

"There was a tongue you mentioned, I think, Jerry?" he enquired suddenly.

"Aye, sir; likewise a cold b'iled 'am."

His lordship sighed plaintively.

"And yet," said he, sandwiching a slice of beef between two pieces of bread with great care and nicety, "who would be so mean-spirited as to sell that freedom which is the glorious prerogative of man — and which, I beg you to notice, is a not unpleasing phrase — who, I demand, would surrender this for a base smoked tongue?"

"Not forgettin' a fine cold b'iled 'am, Master Horatio, my lord! And now, wi' your permission, I'll stand away for the village — leaving you to talk wi' this 'ere young gentleman and take them vittles aboard, till I bring up alongside again. Cap'n's orders, Master Horatio." And the Bo'sun touched the glazed hat, 'went about,' and, squaring his yards, bore away for the village.

"Sir," said his lordship, glancing whimsically at Barnabas over his fast-disappearing hunch of bread and meat, "you have never been called upon to sit in the stocks, perhaps?"

"Never as yet," answered Barnabas, smiling.

"Why, then, sir, let me inform you, the stocks have their virtues. I'll not deny a chair is more comfortable, and certainly more dignified — but give me the stocks for thought; there's nothing like 'em for profound meditation."

"And pray," enquired Barnabas, "may I ask what brings you sitting in this place of thought?"

"Three things, sir, namely — Matrimony, a Horse Race, and a Father: three very serious matters, sir — and the last the gravest of all. For you must know I am — shall I say blessed? — yes, certainly, blessed in a father who is essentially Roman — being a man of his word, sir. Now, a man of his word — more especially a father — may prove a very mixed blessing. Speaking of fathers generally, sir, you may have noticed that they are the most unreasonable class of beings, and delight to arrogate to themselves an authority which is, to say the least, trying?"

"Indeed," smiled Barnabas, "the best of fathers are, after all, only human."

"Aha!" cried his lordship, "there spake experience! And yet, sir, these human fathers one and all believe in what I may term the Divine Right of Fathers to thwart and bother and annoy sons old enough to be — ah! — to ——"

"To know their own minds!" said Barnabas.

"Precisely!" nodded his lordship. "Consequently, my Roman father and I fell out — unfortunately, 'twas before breakfast." Here his lordship snatched a hasty bite of bread and meat with great appetite and gusto, while Barnabas sat, dreamy of eye, staring away across the valley.

"Pray," said he suddenly, yet with his gaze still far away, "do you chance to be acquainted with a Sir Mortimer Carnaby?"

"Acquainted!" cried his lordship, speaking with his mouth full. "Oh, gad, sir! Every one who is any one is acquainted with Sir Mortimer Carnaby!"

"Ah!" said Barnabas meaningly. "Then you probably know him?"

"He honours me with his friendship, sir!"

"Hum!" said Barnabas.

Here his lordship glanced up quickly and with a slight contraction of the brow.

"Sir," he retorted, with a very creditable attempt at dignity, despite the stocks and his hunch of bread and meat, "sir, permit me to add that I am proud of his friendship."

"And pray," enquired Barnabas, turning his eye suddenly to his companion's face, "do you — like him?"

"Like him, sir?"

"Or trust him?" persisted Barnabas, steadfast-eyed.

"Trust him, sir?" his lordship repeated, his gaze beginning to wander — "trust him?" Here, chancing to espy what yet remained of the bread and meat, he immediately took another bite, and when he spoke it was in a somewhat muffled tone in consequence. "Trust him? Egad, sir, the boot's on the other foot — for, 'twixt you and me, I owe him a cool thousand as it is!"

"He is a great figure in the Fashionable World, I understand," said Barnabas.

"He is the most admired buck in London, sir," nodded his lordship — "the most dashing, the most sought after — a boon companion of royalty itself, sir — the Corinthian of Corinthians."

"Do you mean," said Barnabas, "that he is a personal friend — of the Prince?"

"One of the favoured few," nodded his lordship, "and talking of him brings us back to my honoured Roman."

"How so?" enquired Barnabas, his gaze on the distance once more.

"Because, sir, with that unreasonableness peculiar to fathers, he has taken a violent antipathy to my friend Carnaby, though, so far as I know, he has never met him. This morning, sir, my father summoned me into the library.

"'Horatio,' says he, in his most Roman manner,— he never calls me Horatio unless about to treat me to the Divine Right of Fathers,— 'Horatio,' says he, 'you're old enough to marry.'

"'Indeed, I greatly fear so, sir,' says I.

"'Then,' says he, solemn as an owl, 'why not settle down here and marry?'

"Here he named a certain lovely person — whom, 'twixt you and me, sir, I have long ago determined to marry, but in my own time, be it understood!

"'Sir,' said I, 'believe me, I would ride over and settle the matter with her this very evening, only that I am to race Moonraker' (a horse of mine, you'll understand, sir) 'in the great steeplechase on the tenth, and if I should happen to break my neck it might disappoint the lady in question, or even break her heart.'

"'Horatio,' says my Roman,— more Roman than ever,—'I strongly disapprove of your sporting propensities — and more especially the circle of acquaintances you have formed in London.'

"'That,' says I, preserving a polite serenity, 'I deeply regret; but the match is made, and a man must needs form some circle of acquaintances when he lives in London.'

"'Then,' says my honoured Roman, with that lack of reasonableness peculiar to fathers,

'don't live in London; and as for the horse match, give it up.'

"'Quite impossible, sir!' says I, calmly determined. 'The match has been made and recorded duly at Brooks's and White's and Almack's; and if you were as familiar with the Sporting Set as I, you would understand that ——'

"'Pish, boy,' says my Roman ('tis a trick fathers have at such times of casting one's youth in one's teeth; you may probably have noticed this for yourself, sir). 'Pish, boy!' says he. 'I know, I know; I've lived in London!'

"'True, sir,' says I, 'but things have changed since your day.'

"Well, sir," pursued his lordship, "the long and short of it is, my honoured Roman, having worked himself into the State of Divine Right necessary to the occasion, vows that, unless I give up the race and spend less time and money in London, he will clap me into the stocks. 'Then, sir,' says I, smiling and unruffled, 'pray clap me in as soon as you will!' And he, being, as I told you, a man of his word — well, here I am."

"Now, in regard to Sir Mortimer Carnaby," persisted Barnabas, "your father, it would seem, neither likes nor trusts him."

"My father, sir — is — a father; consequently perverse. Sir Mortimer Carnaby is my friend; therefore, though he has never met Sir Mortimer Carnaby, he takes a mortal antipathy to Sir Mortimer Carnaby, Q. E. D., and all the rest of it."

"On the other hand," resumed Barnabas the steadfast-eyed, "you admire, respect, and honour your friend Sir Mortimer Carnaby?"

"Admire him? Gad, sir! who doesn't? There isn't such another all-round sportsman in London — no, nor England. Only last week he drove 'cross country in his curricle — over hedges and ditches, fences and all, and never turned a hair; beat the 'Fighting Tanner' at Islington in four rounds and won over ten thousand pounds in a single night's play from Égalité d'Orléans himself. Oh, egad, sir! Carnaby's the most wonderful fellow in the world!"

"Though a very indifferent boxer!" added Barnabas.

"Indiff —!" His lordship let fall the last fragments of his bread and meat and stared at Barnabas in wide-eyed amazement. "Did you say — indifferent?"

"I did," nodded Barnabas; "he is much too passionate ever to make a good boxer."

"Why,— deuce take me! — I tell you, there isn't a pugilist in England cares to stand up to him, with the muffles or bare knuckles!"

"Probably because there are no pugilists left in England worth the name," said Barnabas.

"Gad, sir! We are all pugilists nowadays; the manly art is all the fashion, and, I think, a very excellent fashion. And permit me to tell you I know what I'm talking about. I've myself boxed with all the best 'milling coves' in London, and am esteemed no novice at the sport. Indeed, love of the 'fancy' was born in me, for my father, sir, was a great patron of the 'game,' and witnessed the great battle between 'Glorious John Barty' and Nathaniel Bell ——"

"At Dartford!" added Barnabas.

"And when Bell was knocked down at the end of the fight ——"

"After the ninety-seventh round!" nodded Barnabas.

"—— My father, sir, was the first to jump into the ring and clasp the champion's fist — and proud he is to tell of it!"

"Proud!" said Barnabas, staring.

"Proud, sir — yes, why not? So should I have been. Why, let me tell you, sir, at home in the hall, between the ensign my uncle's ship bore through Trafalgar and the small sword my grandfather carried at Blenheim, we have the belt John Barty wore that day."

"His belt!" exclaimed Barnabas. "My — John Barty's belt?"

"So you see I should know what I'm talking about. Therefore, when you condemn such a justly celebrated man of his hands as my friend Carnaby, I naturally demand to know who you are to pronounce judgment."

"I am one," answered Barnabas, "who has been taught the science by that very Nathaniel Bell and 'Glorious John' you mention."

"Hey — what? — what?" cried his lordship.

"I have boxed with them regularly every day," Barnabas continued, "and I have learnt that strength of arm, quickness of foot, and a true eye are all unavailing unless they be governed by a calm, unruffled temper; for passion clouds the judgment, and in fighting, as in all else, it is judgment that tells in the long run."

"Now, by heaven!" exclaimed his lordship, jerking his imprisoned legs pettishly, "if I didn't happen to be sitting trussed up here, and we had a couple of pairs of muffles, why, we might have had a friendly 'go' just to take each other's measure. As it is ——"

But at that moment they heard a hoarse bellow, and, looking round, beheld the Bo'sun, who, redder of face than ever, and pitching and rolling in his course, bore rapidly down on them, and, "hauling his wind," took off the glazed hat.

"Ha, Jerry!" exclaimed his lordship, "what

now? If you happen to have anything else eatable in that hat of yours, out with it, for I'm devilish sharp set still."

"Why, I have got summat, Master Horatio, but it aren't bread, nor yet beef, nor yet again b'iled 'am, my lord; it can't be eat, nor it can't be drank — and here it be!" And with the words the Bo'sun produced a ponderous iron key.

"Why, my dear old Jerry, my lovely Bo'-sun ——"

"Captured by his honour, Master Horatio, carried off by the Cap'n under your own father's very own nose, sir — or, as you might say, cut out under the enemy's guns, my lord!" With which explanation, the old sailor unfastened the padlock, raised the upper leg-board, and set the prisoner free.

"Ah! but it's good to have the use of one's legs again!" exclaimed his lordship, stretching the members in question. "So it was Uncle John, was it, Jerry? How very like Uncle John — eh, Jerry?"

"Never was nobody born into this here vale o' sorrer like the Cap'n — no, nor never will be — nohow!" said the Bo'sun, with a solemn nod.

"God bless him — eh, Jerry?"

"Amen to that, my lord."

"You'll let him know I said God bless him, Jerry?"

"I will, my lord. Aye, aye, God bless him it is, Master Horatio!"

"Now, as to my Roman — my father, Jerry — tell him — er ——"

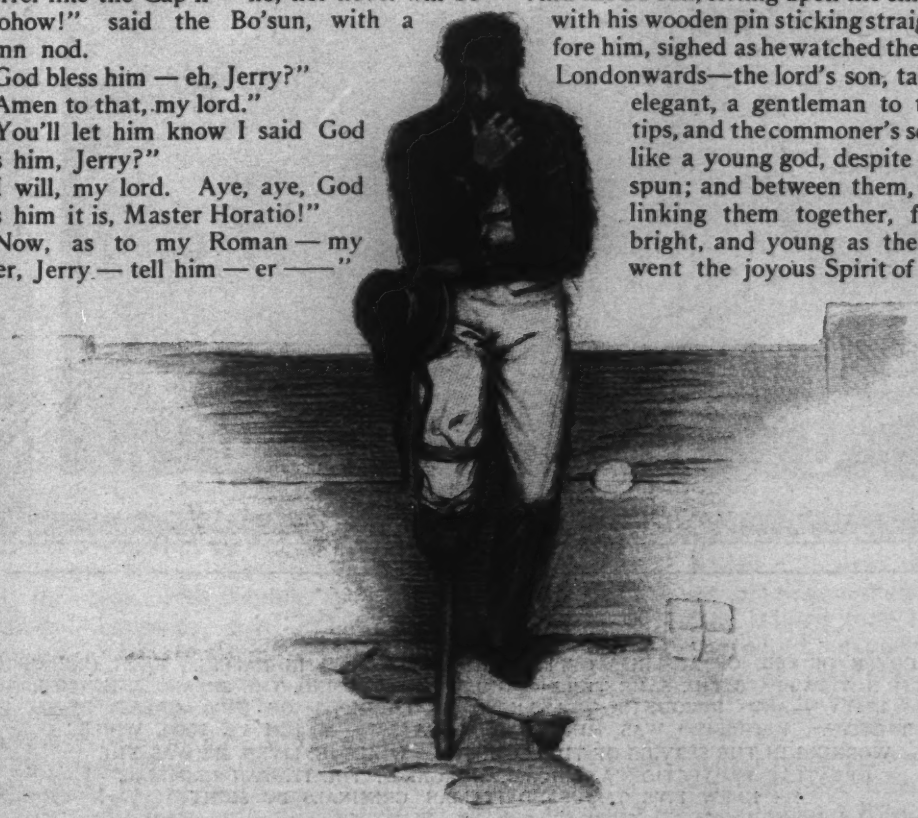
"Be you still set on squaring away for London, then, sir?"

"As a rock, Jerry, as a rock!"

"Then 'tis good-bye you're wishing me."

"Yes, good-bye, Jerry. Remember, God bless Uncle John — and — er — tell my father that — ah, what the deuce shall you tell him? It should be something a little affecting, wholly dutiful, and, above all, gently dignified. Hum! Ah, yes; tell him that, whether I win or lose the race on the tenth, whether I break my unworthy neck or no, I shall never forget that I am the Earl of Bainborough's son. And as for you, Jerry — why, I shall always think of you as the jolly old sea-dog who used to stoop down to let me get at his whiskers — they were a trifle blacker in those days. Gad! how I did pull 'em, Jerry! Even in those days I admired your whiskers, didn't I? I swear there isn't such another pair in England. Good-bye, Jerry!" Saying which, his lordship turned swiftly upon his heel and walked on a pace or two, while Barnabas paused to wring the old seaman's brown hand; then they went on down the hill together.

And the Bo'sun, sitting upon the empty stocks with his wooden pin sticking straight out before him, sighed as he watched them striding Londonwards—the lord's son, tall, slender, elegant, a gentleman to the finger-tips, and the commoner's son, shaped like a young god, despite his home-spun; and between them, as it were linking them together, fresh, and bright, and young as the morning, went the joyous Spirit of Youth.



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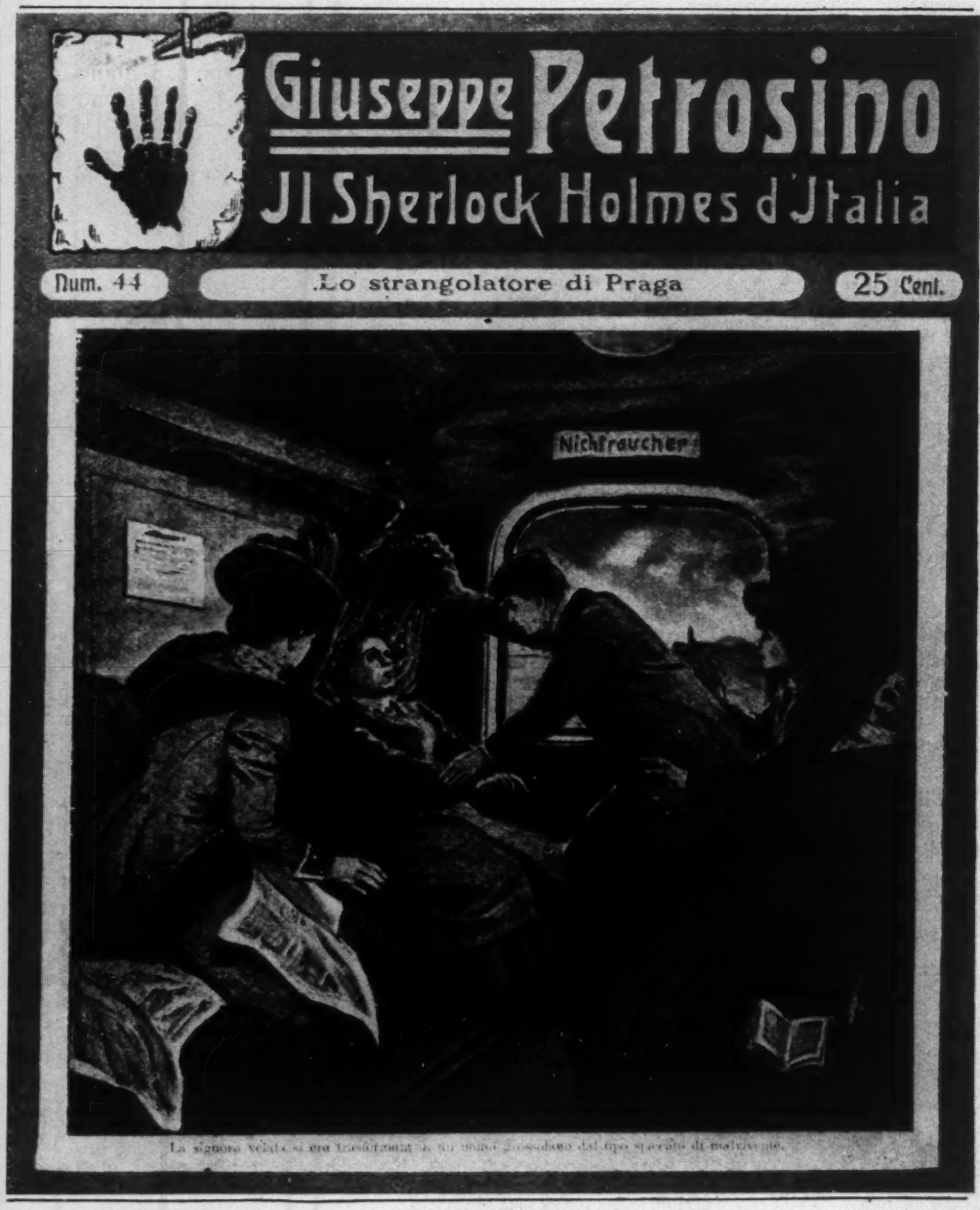


THE COVER OF ONE OF A SERIES OF ITALIAN NOVELS SOLD IN NAPLES. EACH ONE OF THESE NOVELS BEARS THE SAME TITLE—"GIUSEPPE PETROSINO, THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF ITALY"—AND RECOUNTS THE EXCITING TRIUMPHS OF THIS GREAT DETECTIVE. PETROSINO WAS MURDERED IN PALERMO, MARCH 13, 1909, WHILE WORKING IN THE SERVICE OF THIS COUNTRY. WHILE HE LIVED, HE WAS THE GREATEST PROTECTION AMERICA HAD AGAINST THE ITALIAN CRIMINAL. HE KNEW FIVE THOUSAND ITALIAN CRIMINALS BY SIGHT

IMPORTED CRIME

The Story of the Camorra in America

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

For a full century the menace of the Mafia and the Camorra has hung like a blight over southern Italy. Originating as patriotic clubs, these secret societies have slowly degenerated until now they are the most powerful and highly organized bands of depraved criminals in Europe. Throttling the Italian government on the one side, with the other hand they are industriously occupied in collecting bloody tribute from the people.

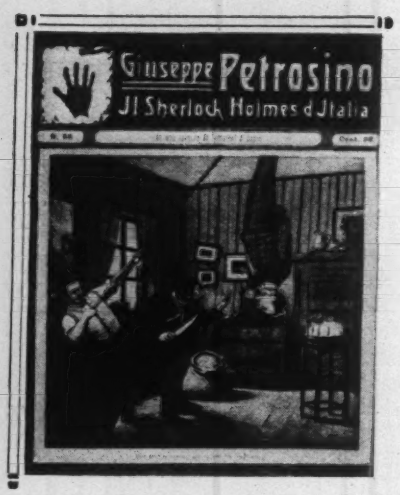
The Camorra and the Mafia have laid their predatory hands upon this country. Their agents have come here with the tremendous influx of immigration from Italy, and are busy with their criminal work.

Mr. Arthur Train, as former Assistant District Attorney of New York City, has had an exceptional chance to get expert knowledge of the New York operations of the Italian desperado.

Over a year ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *selected Mr. Train as the man best fitted to study the Camorra in its native soil, and commissioned him to spend six months in Italy in close observation of the many-sided Camorra. Mr. Train tells here the story of this sinister criminal association.*

SALVATORE ARRIGO, A DEPOSED LEADER OF THE CAMORRISTS

THERE are a million and a half Italians in the United States, of whom nearly six hundred thousand reside in New York City — more than in Rome itself. Naples alone of all the cities of Italy has so large an Italian population; while Boston has one hundred thousand, Philadelphia one hundred thousand, San Francisco seventy thousand, New Orleans seventy thousand, Chicago sixty thousand, Denver twenty-five thousand, Pittsburgh twenty-five thousand, Baltimore twenty thousand, and there are extensive colonies, often numbering as many as ten thousand, in several other cities. So vast a foreign-born population is bound to contain elements of both strength and weakness. The North Italians are *molto simpatici* to the American character, and many of their national traits are singularly like our own, for they are honest, thrifty, industrious, law-abiding, and good-natured. The Italians from the extreme south of the peninsula have fewer of these qualities, and are apt to be ignorant, lazy, destitute, and superstitious. A considerable percentage, especially of those from the cities, are criminal. Even for a long time after landing in America, the Calabrians and Sicilians often exhibit a lack of enlightenment more character-



istic of the middle ages than of the twentieth century.

At home they have lived in a tumble-down stone hut about fifteen feet square, half open to the sky (its only saving quality); in one corner the entire family sleeping in a promiscuous pile on a bed of leaves; in another a domestic zoo consisting of half a dozen hens, a cock, a goat, and a donkey. They neither read, think, nor exchange ideas. The sight of a uniform means to them either a tax-gatherer, a compulsory enlistment in the army, or an arrest, and at its appearance the man will run and the wife and children turn into stone. They are stubborn and distrustful. They are the same as they were a thousand or more years gone by.

Sicilian Method of Chastising One's Wife

When the writer was acting as an assistant prosecutor in New York County, a young Italian, barely twenty years of age, was brought to the bar charged with assault with intent to kill. The complainant was a withered Sicilian woman who claimed to be his wife. Both spoke an almost unintelligible dialect. The case on its face was simple enough. An officer testified that on a Sunday morning in Mulberry Bend Park, at a distance of about fifty feet from where he was standing, he saw the defendant, who had been walking peaceably with the complaining witness, suddenly draw a long and deadly-looking knife and proceed to slash her about the head and arms. It had taken the officer but a moment or two to seize the defendant from behind and disarm him, but in the meantime he had inflicted some eleven wounds upon her body. No explanation had been offered for this terrible assault, and the complainant had appeared involuntarily before the Grand Jury, and even now had to be kept in the House of Detention as a hostile witness. The woman, who appeared to be about fifty years old, was sworn, and on being questioned stated that she had been married to the defendant in Sicily three years before. She declined to admit that he had attacked or harmed her in any way, constantly mumbling: "He is my husband. Do not punish him!"

The defendant, however, seemed eager to get on the stand and to tell his story; nor did the introduction of the knife in evidence or the exhibition of the woman's wounds embarrass him in the slightest degree. His manner was that of a man who had only to explain to be entirely exonerated from blame. He nodded at the jury and the judge, and scowled at the complainant, who was speedily conducted to a place where no harm could possibly come to her. When at last he was sworn, he could hardly restrain himself into coherency.

"O Judges! Permit Me to Kill Her or Decree that She be Hung!"

"Yes — that woman forced me to marry her!" he testified in substance. "But in the eyes of God I am not her husband, for she bewitched me! Else would I have married an old crone who could not have borne me children? When her spells weakened I left her and came

MICHELE SCIMECA, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED IN NEW YORK ON JUNE 21, 1910. THE CHILD'S FATHER PAID $1,700 TO HIS KIDNAPPERS, AND THE DAY AFTER THE BOY WAS FOUND WANDERING AIMLESSLY IN THE STREETS

to America. Here I met the woman I love,— Rosina,— and as I had been bewitched into the other marriage, we lived together as man and wife for two years. Then one day a friend told me that the old woman had followed me over the sea and was going to throw her spells upon me again. But I did not inform Rosina of these things. The next evening she told me that an old crone had been to the house and asked for me. For days my first wife lurked in the neighborhood, beseeching me to come back to her. But I told her that in the eyes of God she was not my wife. Then, in revenge, she cast the evil eye upon the child — *sul bambino* — and for six weeks it ailed and then died. Again the witch asked me to go with her, and again I refused. This time she cast her evil eye upon my wife — and Rosina grew pale and sick and took to her bed. There was only one thing to do, you understand. I resolved to slay her, just as you — *giudici* — would have done. I bought a carving-knife and sharpened it, and asked her to walk with me to the park, and I would have killed her had not the police prevented me. Wherefore, *O giudici!* I pray you to recall her and permit me to kill her, or decree that she be hung!"

This case illustrates the depths of ignorance and superstition that are occasionally to be found among Italian peasant immigrants. Another case may demonstrate the medieval treachery of which the Sicilian Mafiuso is capable, and how little his manners or ideals have progressed in the last five hundred years or so.

A photographer and his wife, both from Palermo, came to New York and rented a comfortable home with which was connected a "studio." In course of time a young man — a Mafiuso from Palermo — was engaged as an assistant, and promptly fell in love with the photographer's wife. She was tired of her husband, and together they plotted the latter's murder. After various plans had been considered and rejected, they determined on poison, and the assistant procured enough cyanide of mercury to kill a hundred photographers, and turned it over to his mistress to administer to the victim in his Masala. But at the last moment her hand lost its courage, and she weakly sewed the poison up for future use inside the ticking of the feather bolster on the marital bed.

THE SAME CHILD, MICHELE SCIMECA, AFTER HIS RETURN, THREE MONTHS FROM THE TIME HE WAS STOLEN. HIS KIDNAPPER WAS CAUGHT, CONVICTED, AND SENTENCED TO NOT LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR NOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS IN SING SING

A Christmas Assassination Party

This was not at all to the liking of her lover, who thereupon took matters into his own hands, by hiring another Mafiuso to remove the photographer by a knife-thrust through the heart. In order that the assassin might have a favorable opportunity to effect his object, the assistant, who posed as a devoted friend of the photographer, invited the couple to a Christmas festival at his own apartment. Here they all spent an animated and friendly evening together, drinking toasts and singing Christmas carols, and toward midnight the party broke up with mutual protestations of regard. If the writer remembers accurately, the evidence was that the two men embraced and kissed each other. After a series of farewells the

MICELLI PALLIOZZI, THE KIDNAPPER OF LITTLE MICHELE SCIMECA. FROM A ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPH LENT TO McCLURE'S MAGAZINE BY THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT. TWO SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOL-GIRLS SAW THE KIDNAPPER WITH THE CHILD IN HIS ARMS, AND GAVE THE POLICE THE CLUE THAT LED TO HIS CAPTURE

photographer started home. It was a clear moonlight night with the streets covered with a glistening fall of snow. The wife, singing a song, walked arm in arm with her husband until they came to a corner where a jutting wall cast a deep shadow across the sidewalk. At this point she stepped a little ahead of him, and at the same moment the hired assassin slipped up behind the victim and drove his knife into his back. The wife shrieked; the husband staggered and fell; and the "bravo" fled.

The police arrived, and so did an ambulance, which removed the hysterical wife and the transfixed victim to a hospital. Luckily the ambulance surgeon did not remove the knife, and his failure to do so saved the life of the photographer, who in consequence lost practically no blood and whose cortex was skilfully hooked up by a dexterous surgeon. In a month he was out. In another the police had caught the would-be murderer, and he was soon convicted and sentenced to State prison, under a contract with the assistant to be paid two hundred and fifty dollars for each year he had to serve. Evidently the lover and his mistress concluded that the photographer bore a charmed life, for they made no further homicidal attempts.

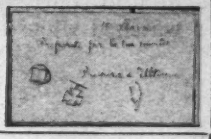
BLACK HAND DIRKS

THESE KNIVES WERE TAKEN FROM BLACK HAND PRISONERS BY THE NEW YORK POLICE. ALL HAD RAZOR EDGES AND BORE EVIDENCE OF HAVING BEEN REPEATEDLY GROUND AND SHARPENED

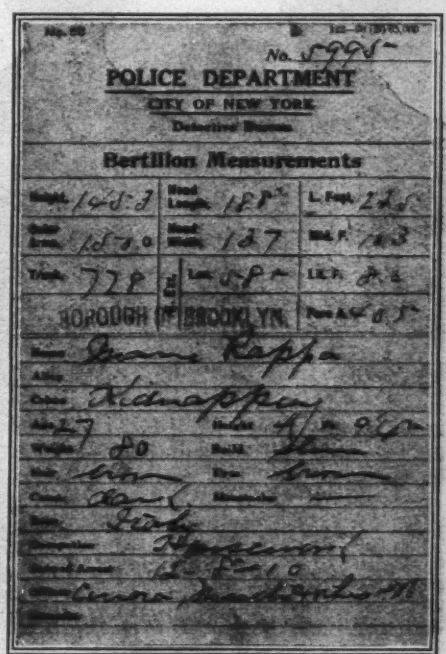
The Photographer's Assistant Indicted for Attempted Murder

So much for the story as an illustration of the

ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE RAPPA, THE WOMAN WHO HELD EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIUSEPPE LONGO IN HER HOME FOR A MONTH, WHILE HIS KIDNAPPERS WERE TRYING TO GET A RANSOM FOR HIM. SHE USED TO TIE THE BOY TO THE BED EVERY MORNING BEFORE GOING TO WORK



medieval character of some of our Sicilian immigrants. For the satisfaction of the reader's taste for the romantic and picturesque it should be added, however, that the matter did not end here. The convict, having served several years, found that the photographer's assistant was not keeping his part of the contract, as a result of which the assassin's wife and children were suffering for lack of food and clothing. He made repeated but fruitless attempts to compel the party of the first part to pay up, and finally, in despair, wrote to the District Attorney of New York County that he could, if he would, a tale unfold that would harrow up almost anybody's soul. Mr. Jerome, therefore, on the gamble of


POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK
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MARIE RAPPA'S RECORD

FACSIMILE OF THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN ABOVE, SHOWING HOW CRIMINALS ARE CATALOGUED. AN ADULT CRIMINAL CAN ALWAYS BE IDENTIFIED BY THE BERTILLON SYSTEM

getting something worth while, sent Detective Russo to Auburn to interview the prisoner. That is how the whole story came to be known. The case was put in the writer's hands, and an indictment for the very unusual crime of attempted murder (there are only one or two such cases on record in New York State) was speedily found against the photographer's assistant. At the trial the lover saw his mistress compelled to turn State's evidence against him to save herself. She testified to the Christmas carols and the cyanide of mercury.

"Did you ever remove this terrible poison from the bolster?" demanded the defendant's counsel in a sneering tone.

"No," answered the woman.

"Have you ever changed the bolster?" he persisted.

"No."

"Then it's there yet?"

"I — I think so," —falteringly.

"I demand that this incredible yarn be investigated!" cried the lawyer. "I ask that the court send for the bolster and cut it open here in the presence of the jury."

The writer had no choice but to accede to this request, and the bolster was hunted down and brought into court. With some anxiety both sides watched while the lining was slit with a penknife. A few feathers fluttered to the floor as the fingers of the witness felt inside and came in contact with *the poison.* The assistant was convicted of attempted murder on the convict's testimony, and sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty-five years. That was the end of the second lesson.

The Italian Worse Off in New York City than in Naples

The conditions under which a large number of Italians live in this country are favorable not only to the continuance of ignorance, but to the development of disease and crime. Naples is bad enough, no doubt. The people there are poverty-stricken and homeless. But in New York City they are worse than homeless. It is better far to sleep under the stars than in a stuffy room with ten or twelve other persons. Let the reader climb the stairs of some of the tenements in Elizabeth Street, or go through some of those in Union Street, Brooklyn, and he will get first-hand evidence. This is generally true of the lower class of Italians through-

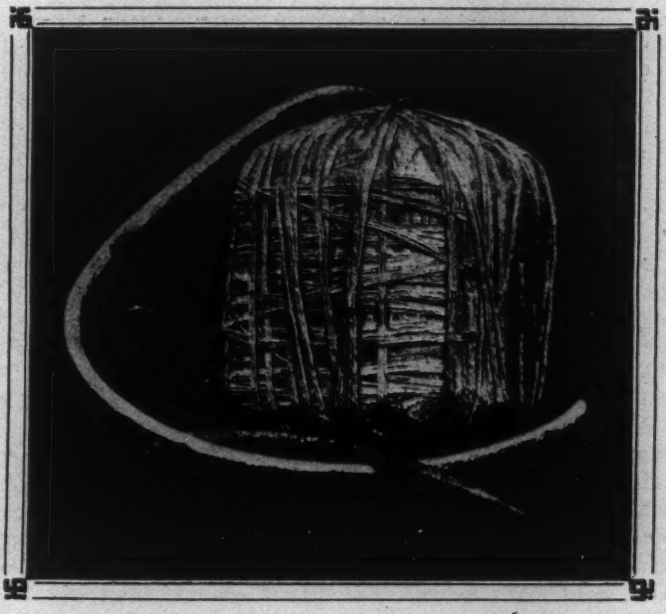
A GROUP OF PRISONERS AWAITING TRIAL ON CHARGES OF BLACK HAND ACTIVITY; TAKEN IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT

out the United States, whether in the city or the country. They live under worse conditions than at home. You may go through the railroad camps and see twenty men sleeping together in a one-room hut of laths, tar-paper, and clay. The writer knows of one Italian laborer in Massachusetts who slept in a floorless mud hovel about six feet square, with one hole to go in and out by and another in the roof for ventilation—in order to save $1.75 a month. All honor to him! Garibaldi was of just such stuff, only he suffered in a better cause. In Naples the young folks are out all day in the sun. Here they are indoors all the year round. For the consequences of this change see Dr. Peccorini's article in the *Forum* for January, 1911, on the tuberculosis that soon develops among Italians who abroad were accustomed to live in the country but here are forced to exist in tenements.

The Sicilian Code of Honor

Now, for historic reasons, these South Italians hate and distrust all governmental control and despise any appeal to the ordinary tribunals of justice to assert a right or to remedy a wrong. It has been justly said by a celebrated Italian writer that, in effect, there is some instinct for civil war in the heart of every Italian. The insufferable tyranny of the Bourbon dynasty made every outlaw dear to the hearts of the oppressed people of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Even if he robbed them, they felt that he was the lesser of two evils, and sheltered him from the authorities. Out of this feeling grew the "Omertà," which paralyzes the arm of justice both in Naples and in Sicily. The late Marion Crawford thus summed up the Sicilian code of honor:

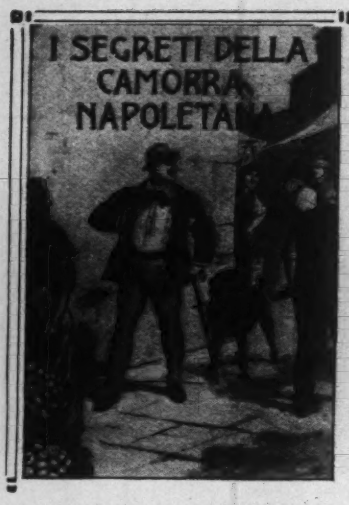
According to this code, a man who appeals to the law against his fellow man is not only a fool but a coward, and he who can not take care of himself without the protection of the police is both. . . . It is reckoned as cowardly to betray an offender to justice, even though the offense be against one's self, as it would be not to avenge an injury by violence. It is regarded as dastardly and contemptible in a wounded man to betray the name of his assailant, because if he recovers he must naturally expect to take vengeance himself. A rhymed Sicilian proverb sums up this principle, the supposed speaker being one who has been stabbed. "If I live, I will kill thee," it says; "if I die, I forgive thee!"



THE BOMB LEFT IN THE HALLWAY OF No. 356 EAST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, BY THE "MILK-BOY." DETECTIVE CORRAO PUT OUT THE FUSE WITH HIS FOOT AND ARRESTED THE BOY. EIGHTY-ONE PERSONS WERE IN THE BUILDING AT THE TIME

Sicilians Will Die in Prison Rather than Give Information to the Police

Any one who has had anything to do with the administration of criminal justice in a city with a large Italian population must have found himself constantly hampered by precisely this same Omertà. The South Italian feels obliged to conceal the name of the assassin and very likely his person, though he himself be but an accidental witness of the crime; and, while the writer knows of no instance in New York City where an innocent man has gone to prison himself rather than betray a criminal, Signor Cutera, formerly chief of police in Palermo, states that there have been many cases in Sicily where



men have suffered long terms of penal servitude and even have died in prison rather than give information to the police.

The Kidnapping of the Scimeca Child

As illustrating the backwardness of our Italian fellow citizens in coming forward when the criminality of one of their countrymen is at stake, the last three cases of kidnapping in New York City may be mentioned.

About a year and a half ago the little boy of Dr. Scimeca, of 2 Prince Street, New York, was taken from his home. From outside sources the police heard that the child had been stolen, but, although he was constantly receiving letters and telephonic communications from the kidnappers, Dr. Scimeca would not give them any information. It is known on pretty good authority that the sum of $10,000 was at first demanded as a ransom, and was lowered by degrees to $5,000, $2,500, and finally to $1,700. Dr. Scimeca at last made terms with the kidnappers, and was told to go one evening to City Park, where he is said to have handed $1,700 to a stranger. The child was found wandering aimlessly in the streets next day, after a detention of nearly three months.

Vincenzo Sabello Hands Over $2,500 to the Kidnappers of His Son

The second case was that of Vincenzo Sabello, a grocer of 386 Broome Street, who lost his little boy on August 26, 1911. After thirty days he reported the matter to the police, but shortly after tried to throw them off the track by saying that he had been mistaken, that the boy had not been kidnapped, and that he wished no assistance. Finally he ordered the detectives out of his place. About a month later the child was recovered, but not, according to reliable information, until Mr. Sabello had handed over $2,500.

Pending the recovery of the Sabello boy, a third child was stolen from the top floor of a house at 119 Elizabeth Street. The father, Leonardo Quartiano, reported the disappearance, and in answer to questions stated that he had received no letters or telephone messages.

"Why should I?" he inquired, with uplifted hands and the most guileless demeanor. "I am poor! I am a humble fishmonger."

In point of fact, Quartiano at the time had a pocketful of blackmail letters, and after four weeks paid a good ransom and got back his boy.

It is impossible to estimate correctly the number of Italian *criminals* in America or their influence upon our police statistics; but in several classes of crime the Italians furnish from fifteen to fifty per cent of those convicted. In murder, assault with intent to kill, blackmail, and extortion they head the list, as well as in certain other offenses unnecessary to describe more fully but prevalent in Naples and the South.

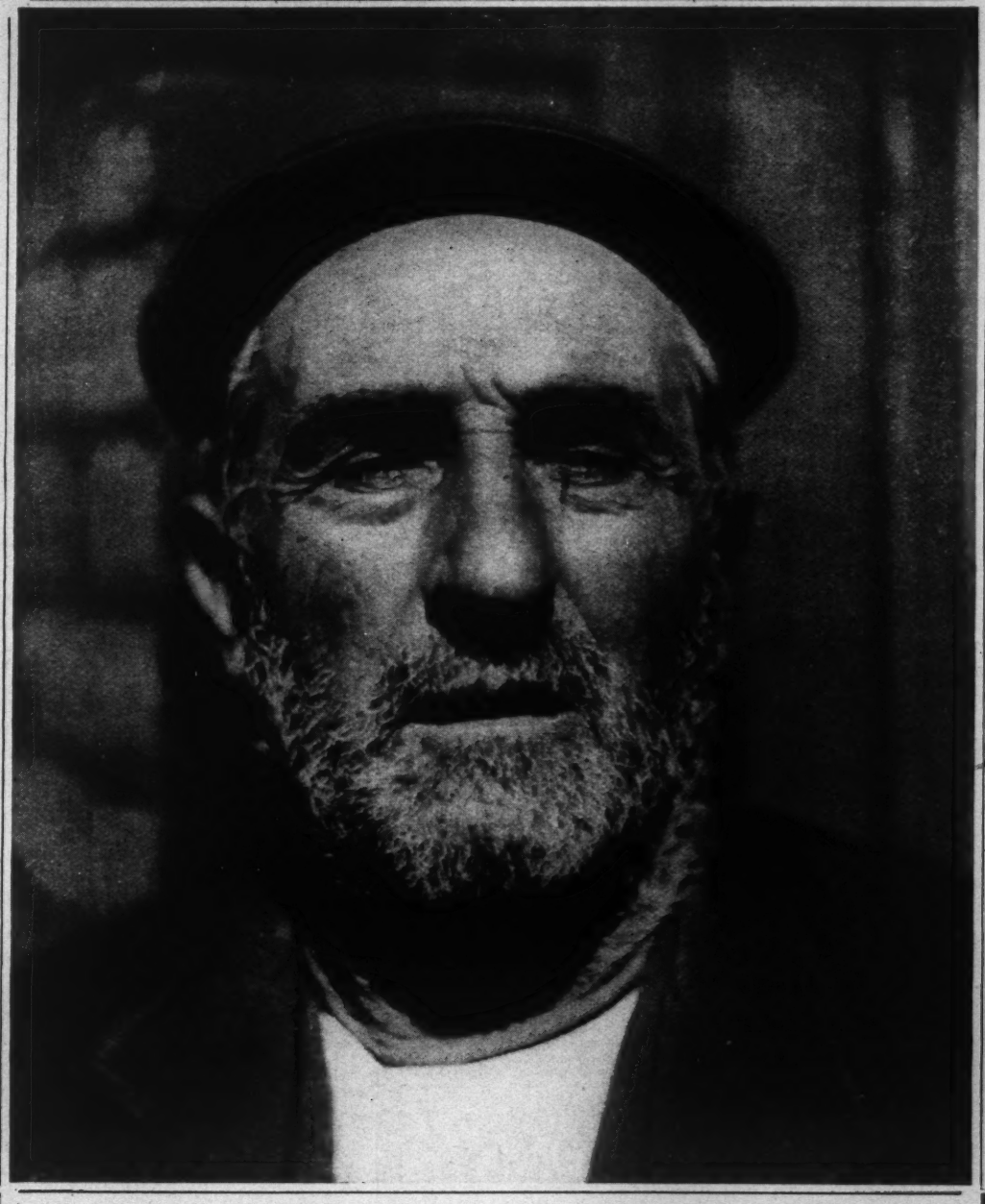
Petrosino Knew Five Thousand Italian Ex-Convicts by Sight

Joseph Petrosino, the able and fearless officer of the New York police who was murdered in Palermo while in the service of the country of his adoption, was, while he lived, our greatest guaranty of protection against the Italian criminal. But Petrosino is gone. The fear of him no longer will deter Italian ex-convicts from seeking asylum in the United States. He once told the writer that there were five thousand Italian ex-convicts in New York City alone, of whom he knew a large proportion by sight and name. Signor Ferrero, the noted historian, is reported to have stated, on his recent visit to America, that there were thirty thousand Italian criminals in New York City. Whatever their actual number, there are quite enough, at all events.

By far the greater portion of these criminals, whether ex-convicts or novices, are the products or by-products of the influence of the two great secret societies of southern Italy. These societies, and the unorganized criminal propensity and atmosphere which they generate, are known as the "Mala Vita."

The Mafia and the Camorra

The Mafia, a purely Sicilian product, exerts a much more obvious influence in America than the Camorra, since the Mafia is powerful all over Sicily, while the Camorra is practically confined to the city of Naples and its environs. The Sicilians in America vastly outnumber the Neapolitans. Thus in New York City for every

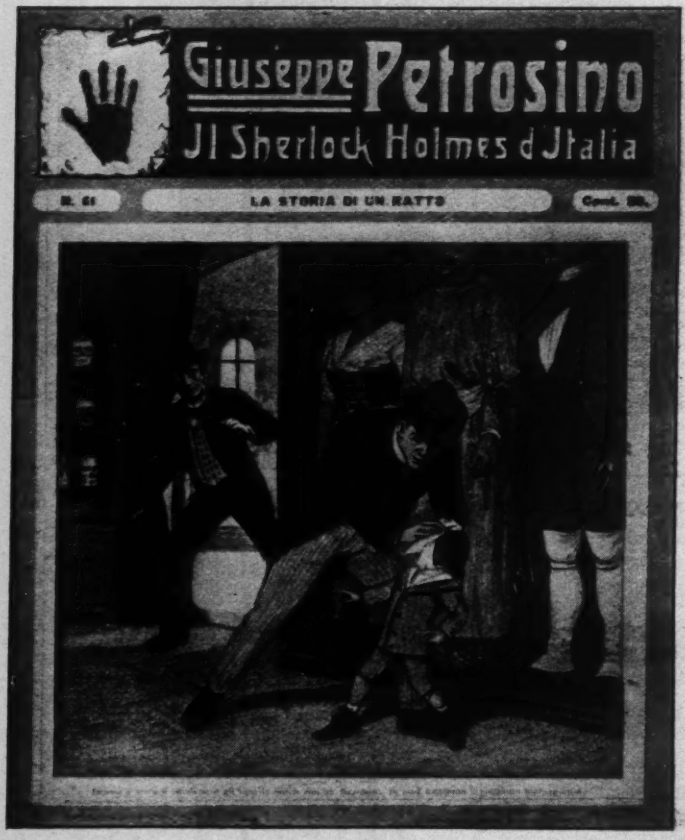


SALVATORE ARRIGO
THE DEPOSED LEADER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE BLACK HAND IN AMERICA, WHO WAS CAPTURED BY POST OFFICE INSPECTORS AND UNITED STATES MARSHALS NEAR GOSHEN, OHIO

one Camorrista you will find seven or eight Mafiusi. But they are all essentially of a piece, and the artificial distinction between them in Italy disappears entirely in America.

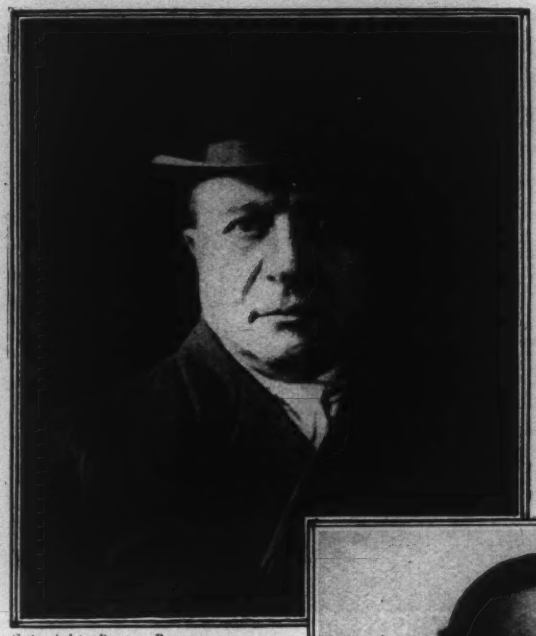
Historically the Mafia burst from a soil fertilized by the blood of martyred patriots, and represented the revolt of the people against all forms of the tyrannous government of the Bourbons; but the fact remains that, whatever its origin, the Mafia to-day is a criminal organization, having, like the Camorra, for its ultimate object blackmail and extortion. Its lower ranks are recruited from the scum of Palermo, who, combining extraordinary physical courage with the lowest type of viciousness, generally live by the same means that supports the East Side "cadet" in New York City, and who end either in prison or on the dissecting-table, or gradually develop into real Mafiusi and perhaps gain some influence.

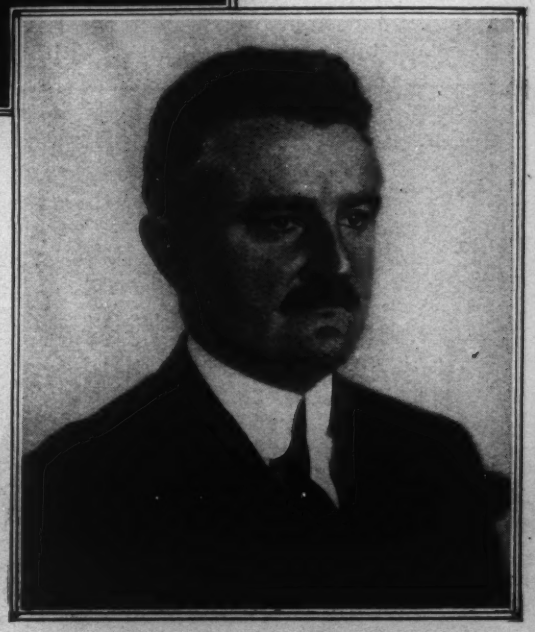
It is, in addition, an ultra-successful criminal political machine, which, under cover of a pseudo-principle, deals in petty crime, wholesale blackmail, political jobbery, and the sale of elections, and may fairly be compared to the lowest types of politico-criminal clubs or societies in New York City. In Palermo it is made up of "gangs" of toughs and criminals, not unlike the Camorrist gangs of Naples, but without their organization, and is kept together by personal allegiance to some leader. Such a leader is almost always under the patronage of a "boss" in New York or a *padrone* in Italy, who uses his influence to protect the members of the gang when in legal difficulties and find them jobs when out of work and in need of funds. Thus the "boss" can rely on the gang's assistance in elections, in return for favors at other times. Such gangs may act in harmony or be in open hostility or conflict with one another, but all are united as against the police, and exhibit much the same sort of Omertà in Chatham Square as in Palermo. The difference between the Mafia and Camorra and the "gangs" of New York City lies in the fact that the latter are so much less numerous and powerful, and bribery and corruption so much less prevalent, that they can exert no practical influence in politics outside the Board of Aldermen, whereas the Italian societies of the Mala Vita exert an influence everywhere — in the Chamber of Deputies, the Cabinet, and even closer to the King. In fact, political corruption has been and still is of a character in Italy luckily unknown in America — not in the amounts of money paid over (which are large enough), but in the calm and matter-of-fact attitude adopted toward the subject in Parliament and elsewhere.



The Italian Criminal in America Confines His Attentions to His Fellow Countrymen

The overwhelming majority of Italian criminals in this country come from Sicily, Calabria, Naples, and its environs. They have lived, most of their lives, upon the ignorance, fear, and superstitions of their fellow countrymen. They know that so long as they confine their criminal operations to Italians of the lower class they need have little terror of the law, since, if need be, their victims will harbor them from the police and perjure themselves in their defense. For the ignorant Italian brings to this country with him the same attitude toward government and the same distrust of the law that characterized him and his fellow townsmen at home, the same Omertà that makes it so difficult to convict any Italian of





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JOSEPH PETROSINO, THE GREATEST ITALIAN DETECTIVE THIS COUNTRY EVER HAD; DETECTIVE CORRAO, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE KIDNAPPERS SHOWN ON PAGES 86 AND 87, AND OF THE BOMB-THROWER, GIOVANNI RIZZI; AND INSPECTOR HUGHES, HEAD OF THE DETECTIVE BUREAU OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

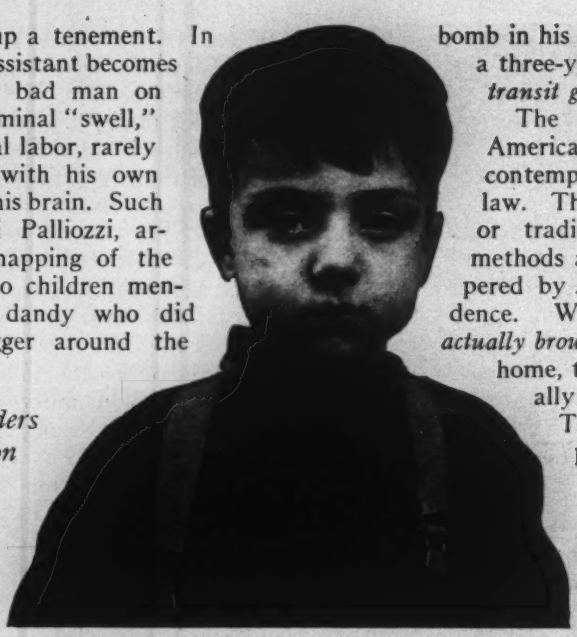
which are to-day observable in the United States and which may reasonably be anticipated in the future?

In the first place, it may be safely said that of the Camorra in its historic sense — the Camorra of the ritual, highly organized with a self-perpetuating body of officers acting under a supreme head — there is no trace. Indeed, as has already been explained, this phase of the Camorra, save in the prisons, is practically over, even in Naples. But of the Mala Vita there is evidence enough.

The majority of the followers of the Mala Vita — the Black Handers — are not actually of Italian birth, but belong to the second generation. As children they avoid school, later haunt "pool" parlors and saloons, and soon become infected with a desire for "easy money" which makes them glad to follow the lead of some experienced *capo maestro*. To them he is a sort of demi-god, and they readily become his clients in crime, taking their wages in experience or whatever part of the proceeds he doles out to them. Usually the "boss" tells them nothing of the inner workings of his plots. They are merely instructed to deliver a a serious offense. The Italian crook is quick-witted and soon grasps the legal situation. He finds his fellow countrymen prospering, for they are generally a hard-working and thrifty lot, and he proceeds to levy tribute on them just as he did in Naples or Palermo. If they refuse his demands, stabbing or bomb-throwing shows that he has lost none of his ferocity. Where they are of the most ignorant type he threatens them with the "evil eye," the "curse of God," or even with sorceries. The number of Italians who can be thus terrorized is astonishing. Of course, the mere possibility of such things argues a state of medievalism. But mere medievalism would be comparatively unimportant did it not supply the principal element favorable to the growth of the Mala Vita, apprehended with so much dread by many of the citizens of the United States.

Now, what are the phases of the Mala Vita — the Camorra, the Black Hand, the Mafia —

letter or to blow up a tenement. In course of time the assistant becomes a sort of bully or bad man on his own hook, a criminal "swell," who does no manual labor, rarely commits a crime with his own hands, and lives by his brain. Such a one was Micelli Palliozzi, arrested for the kidnapping of the Scimeca and Sabello children mentioned above — a dandy who did nothing but swagger around the Italian quarter.



THE QUARTIANO CHILD, WHO WAS STOLEN FROM HIS HOME BY ITALIAN KIDNAPPERS. THE FATHER, A FISHMONGER, PAID A LARGE RANSOM AND GOT BACK HIS BOY

Black Hand Leaders Never Trespass on One Another's Preserves

Generally each *capo maestro* works for himself with his own handful of followers, who may or may not enjoy his confidence, and each gang has its own territory, held sacred by the others. The leaders all know each other, but never trespass upon the others' preserves, and rarely attempt to blackmail or terrorize any one but Italians. They gather around them associates from their own part of Italy, or the sons of men whom they have known at home. Thus for a long time Costabili was leader of the Calabrian Camorra in New York, and held undisputed sway of the territory south of Hudson Street as far as Canal Street and from Broadway to the East River. Costabili was finally caught with a bomb in his hand, and he is now doing a three-year bit up the river. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The Italian criminal and his American offspring have a sincere contempt for American criminal law. They are used by experience or tradition to arbitrary police methods and prosecutions unhampered by Anglo-Saxon rules of evidence. When the Italian crook is *actually brought to the bar of justice* at home, that he will "go" is generally a foregone conclusion. There need be no complainant in Italy. The government is the whole thing there. But, in America, if the criminal can "reach" the complaining witness or "call him off" he has nothing to worry about. This he knows he can easily do through the terror of the Camorra. And thus he knows that the chances he takes are comparatively small, including that of conviction if he is ever tried by a jury of his American peers, who are loath to find a man guilty whose language and motives they are unable to understand. All this the young Camorrista is perfectly aware of and gambles on.

The "Men of Honor" — a Unique and Privileged Class

One of the unique phenomena of the Mala Vita in America is the class of Italians who are

THE FUNERAL OF THE GREAT DETECTIVE, JOSEPH PETROSINO, WHO WAS MURDERED IN PALERMO WHILE TRACKING DOWN ITALIAN CRIMINALS FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Continued on page 60 of the advertising section

DISCIPLINING CHILDREN

BY

MARIA MONTESSORI

This is the first article by Maria Montessori that has appeared in an American magazine. It was written within the last few months, and it is given here as Madame Montessori's latest word upon education. It is a remarkable expression of the principles that govern the new system of teaching children developed by this great educational genius.

LET us analyze the discipline obtained by our method, which is based on liberty. The accumulated experience we have had since the publication of the Italian version of "Pedagogia Scientifica" has repeatedly proved to us that in our classes of little children, numbering forty and even fifty, the discipline is much better than in ordinary schools. Whoever visits a well-kept school (such as, for instance, the one in Rome directed by my pupil Anna Maccherani) is struck by the discipline of the children. There are forty little beings, from three to seven years old, each one intent on his own work; one is going through an exercise for the senses, one an arithmetical exercise; one is handling the letters, one is drawing, one is lacing together the pieces of cloth upon one of the little frames, one is dusting. Some are seated at a table, some on a rug on the floor. There are muffled sounds of objects lightly moved about, of children tiptoeing. Once in a while comes a cry of joy only partly repressed: "Teacher! Teacher!" an eager call: "Look! see what I've done." But, as a rule, there is entire absorption in their work.

The teacher moves about slowly and silently, goes to any child who calls her, supervising operations in such a way that any one who needs her finds her at his elbow, and whoever does not need her is not reminded of her existence. Sometimes hours go by without a word. They seem "little men," as they were called by some visitors to the Casa dei Bambini, or, as others suggested, "judges in deliberation."

Absolute Obedience in the Houses of Childhood

In the midst of such intense interest in work it never happens that quarrels arise over the possession of an object. If any one accomplishes something especially fine, his achievement is a source of admiration and joy to others: no heart suffers from another's wealth, but the triumph of one is a delight to the others. Very often he finds quick imitators. They all seem happy and satisfied to do what they can, without feeling jealous of the deeds of others. The little fellow of three works peaceably beside the boy of seven, just as he is satisfied with his own height and does not envy the older boy's stature. Everything is growing in the most profound peace.

If the teacher wishes the whole assembly to do something, for instance leave the work which interests them so much, all she need do is to speak a word in a low tone, or make a gesture, and they are all attention; they look at her with eagerness, anxious to know how to obey. Often a visitor wishes to hear how a child, now painting, can sing. The child leaves his painting to be obliging; but the instant his courteous action is completed, he returns to his interrupted work. Sometimes the smaller children finish their work before they obey.

A very surprising result of their discipline came to our notice during the examinations of the teachers who had followed my course of lectures. These examinations were practical, and accordingly groups of children were put at the disposition of the teachers being examined, who, according to the subject drawn by lot, took the children through a given exercise. While the children were waiting their turn they were allowed to do just as they pleased. *They worked incessantly*, and returned to their undertakings as soon as the interruption caused by the examination was over. Every once in a

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while one of them came to show us a drawing made during the wait. Miss George of Chicago, who was present many times when this happened, and Madame Pujol, who founded the first House of Childhood in Paris, were astonished at the patience, the perseverance, and the inexhaustible amiability of the children.

Faultless Table Manners of the Children

Any one who has watched them setting the table must have passed from one surprise to another. Little four-year-old waiters take the knives and forks and spoons and distribute them to the different places; they carry trays holding five water-glasses; and, finally, they go from table to table carrying big tureens full of hot soup. Not a mistake is made, not a glass is broken, not a drop of soup is spilled. During the whole meal unobtrusive little waiters watch the table assiduously: not a child empties his soup-plate without being offered more, or, if he is ready for the next course, without having a waiter briskly carry off his soup-plate. Not a child needs to ask for more soup or to announce that he has finished.

Remembering the usual condition of four-year-old children, who cry, who break whatever they touch, who need to be waited on, every one is deeply moved by the sight I have just described, which evidently is caused by occult energies latent in the depths of the human soul. I have often seen the spectators of this banquet of little ones moved to tears.

Discipline of Children Can Never be Obtained by Commands

But such discipline could never be obtained by commands, by sermonizings — in short, by any of the disciplinary devices universally known. Not only were the actions of those children set in an orderly condition, but their life was deepened and enlarged. In fact, such discipline is on the same plane with school exercises extraordinary for the age of the children; and it certainly does not depend on the teacher, but on a sort of miracle occurring in the inner life of each child.

If we try to think of parallels in the life of adults, we are reminded of the phenomenon of conversion, of superhuman heightening of strength of martyrs and apostles, of the constancy of missionaries, of the obedience of monks. Nothing else in the world, except such things, is on a spiritual height equal to the discipline of the Casa dei Bambini.

To obtain such discipline it is quite useless to count on reprimands or spoken exhortations. Such means might perhaps at the beginning have an appearance of efficacy; but very soon, the instant that real discipline appears, all of this falls miserably to the earth, an illusion confronted with reality: "Night gives way to day."

The first dawning of real discipline comes through work. At a given moment it happens that a child becomes keenly interested in a piece of work, showing it by the expression of his face, by his intense attention, by his perseverance in the same exercise. That child has set foot in the road leading to discipline. Whatever be his undertaking, an exercise for the senses, an exercise in buttoning up or lacing together, or in washing dishes, it is all one and the same.

Children Must be Disciplined by Giving Them Work They Want to Do

On our side, we can have some influence on the permanence of this phenomenon by means of repeated "lessons of silence." The perfect immobility, the attention alert to catch the sound of the names whispered from a distance, then the carefully coördinated movements executed so as not to knock against chair or table, so as barely to touch the floor with the feet — all this is a most efficacious preparation for the task of setting in order the whole personality, the motor forces and the psychical.

Once the habit of work is formed, we must supervise it with scrupulous accuracy, graduating the exercises as experience has taught us. Our effort as teachers to establish discipline is to apply the principles of the method rigorously.

It is not to be obtained by words: no man learns self-discipline "through hearing another man speak." The phenomenon of discipline needs as preparation a series of complete actions, such as are presupposed in the complete application of a really educative method. Discipline is reached always by indirect means. The end is obtained, not by attacking the mistake and fighting it, but by developing activity in spontaneous work.

This work can not be arbitrarily offered, and exactly here comes in the method: it must be work which the human being instinctively desires to do, work toward which the latent tendencies of life naturally turn or toward which the individual, step by step, ascends.

Why Babies Are So Undisciplined

Such is the work that sets the personality in order and opens wide before it infinite possibilities of growth. Take, for instance, the lack of discipline of the little baby: it is fun-

damentally a lack of muscular discipline. The child is in perpetual disorderly movement: he throws himself down, he makes queer gestures, he cries. What underlies all this is a latent tendency to seek that coördination of movement which will be established later. The baby is a man not yet sure of the movements of his bodily muscles or of his tongue; he will become so, but for the present he is abandoned to experimentation full of mistakes and of fatiguing efforts toward a desirable end, latent in his instinct, but not clear in his consciousness. To say to the baby, "Stand still, as I do," brings no light into his darkness; commands can not aid in the process of bringing order into the complex psycho-muscular system of an individual in process of evolution. We are confused at this point by the example of the adult who, through a wicked impulse, *prefers* disorder, and who may (granted that he can) obey a sharp admonishment which turns his will in another direction, toward that order which he recognizes and which is within his capacity to achieve. In the case of the little child it is a question of aiding the natural evolution of voluntary action. Hence it is necessary to teach all the coördinated movements, analyzing them as much as possible and developing them bit by bit.

Children Do Not Know How to "Be Quiet" Until They Are Taught

Thus, for instance, it is necessary to teach the child the various degrees of immobility leading to silence; the movements connected with rising from a chair and sitting down, with walking, with tiptoeing, with following a line drawn on the floor, keeping an upright equilibrium; the child is taught to move objects about, to set them down more or less carefully, and, finally, the complex movements connected with dressing and undressing himself (analyzed on the lacing and buttoning frames at school) — and even for each of these exercises the different parts of the movement must be analyzed. Perfect immobility and the successive perfectioning of action — these take the place of the customary command, "Be quiet! Be still!" When we consider the lack of muscular discipline natural to his age, it is not astonishing, but very natural, that the child by means of such exercises should learn self-discipline. In short, he responds to nature because he is in action; but these actions, being directed toward an end, have no longer the appearance of disorder, but of work. This is discipline which represents an end to be attained by means of a number of conquests.

The child disciplined in this way is no longer the child he was at first, who knows how to *be* good passively; he is an individual who has made himself better, who has overcome the usual limits of his age, who has made a great step forward, who has conquered his future in his present.

The Confusing Orders that Grown People Give to Children

He has, therefore, enlarged his dominion. He will not need to have some one always at hand to tell him vainly (confusing two opposing conceptions), "Be quiet! Be good!" The goodness he has conquered can not be summed up by inertia: his goodness now is all made up of action. As a matter of fact, good people are those who advance toward the good — that good which is made up of their own self-development and of external acts of order and usefulness.

In our efforts with the child, external acts are the means to stimulate internal development, and they appear as its manifestation, the two elements being inextricably intertwined. Work develops the child spiritually; but the child who is better developed spiritually works better, and his improved work fascinates him; hence he continues to develop spiritually. Discipline is, therefore, not a fact, but a path — a path in following which the child grasps the abstract conception of goodness with an exactitude that is fairly scientific.

But beyond everything else he savors the supreme delights of that spiritual *order* which is attained indirectly through conquests directed toward their own ends. In that long preparation the child experiences and enjoys spiritual awakenings and pleasures which form his inner treasure-house, in which he is steadily piling up that sweetness and strength which will be the source of righteousness.

In short, the child has not only learned to move about and to perform useful acts: he has learned a special grace of action which makes his gestures more correct and attractive, and which beautifies his hands and all his body (because it is sure of itself); which refines the expression of his face and of his serenely brilliant eyes; and which shows that spiritual life has begun in another human being.

Orderly Action Increases the Child's Nervous Energy

It is obviously true that coördinated actions, developed spontaneously little by little (that is, chosen and directed in the exercises by the child himself), must call for less effort than the disorderly actions performed by the child who is left to his own devices. True rest for muscles,

intended by nature for action, is in orderly action; just as true rest for the lungs is the normal rhythm of respiration taken in pure air. To deprive the muscles of action is to force them away from their natural motor impulse, and hence, besides tiring them, means forcing them into a state of degeneration; just as the lungs, forced into immobility, would die instantly, and the whole organism with them.

It is, therefore, necessary to keep clearly in mind the fact that rest, for whatever naturally acts, is in some specified form of action corresponding to its nature.

To act in obedience to the hidden precepts of nature — that is rest; and in this special case, since man is meant to be an intelligent creature, the more intelligent his acts are, the more he finds repose in them. When a child acts only in a disorderly, disconnected manner, his nervous force is under a great strain; while, on the other hand, his nervous energy is positively increased and multiplied by intelligent actions.

The Baby of the Pincian Gardens

By analogy, it can be said of the intellectual development of the child that the mind of infancy, although characteristically disorderly, is also "a means searching for its end," which goes through exhausting experiments, left as it is to its own resources and too often really persecuted. Once, in our public park in Rome, the Pincian Gardens, I saw a baby of about a year and a half, a beautiful, smiling child, who was toiling to fill a little pail by shoveling gravel into it. Beside him was a smartly dressed nurse, evidently very fond of him, the sort of nurse who would consider that she gave the child the most affectionate and intelligent care. It was time to go home, and the nurse was exhorting the baby patiently to leave his work and let her put him into the baby-carriage. Seeing that her exhortations made no impression on the little fellow's firmness, she herself filled the pail with gravel, and set pail and baby into the baby-carriage, with the fixed conviction that she had given him what he wanted.

I was struck by the loud cries of the child, and by the expression of protest against violence and injustice which wrote itself on his little face. What an accumulation of wrongs weighed down that nascent intelligence! The little boy did not wish to have the pail full of gravel: he wished to go through the motions necessary to fill it, thus satisfying a need of his vigorous organism. The child's unconscious aim was his own self-development, not the external fact of a pail full of little stones. The vivid attractions of the external world were only empty apparitions: the need of his life was a reality. As a matter of fact, if he had filled his pail he would probably have emptied it out again, in order to keep on filling it up until his inner self was satisfied. It was the feeling of working toward this satisfaction that, a few moments before, had made his face so rosy and smiling; spiritual joy, exercise, and sunshine were the three rays of light ministering to his splendid life.

Self-Development Is Almost the Only Pleasure of Children

That commonplace episode in the life of that child is a detail of what happens to all children, even the best and most cherished. They are not understood, because the adult judges them by his own measure: he thinks that the child's wish is to obtain some tangible object, and lovingly helps him to do this; whereas the child, as a rule, has for his unconscious desire his own self-development. Hence he despises everything already attained, and yearns for that which is still to be sought for. For instance, he prefers the action of dressing himself to the state of being dressed, even finely dressed; he prefers the act of washing himself to the satisfaction of being clean; he prefers to make a little house for himself rather than merely to own it. His own self-development is his true and almost his only pleasure. The self-development of the little baby, up to the end of his first year, consists to a large degree in taking in nutrition; but afterward it consists in aiding the orderly establishment of the psycho-physiological functions of his organism.

That beautiful baby in the Pincian Gardens is the symbol of this. He wished to coördinate his voluntary actions — to exercise his muscles by lifting, to train his eye to estimate distances, to exercise his intelligence in the reasoning connected with his undertaking, to stimulate his will power by deciding his own actions: while she who loved him, believing that his aim was to possess some little stones, made him wretched.

To have learned something is, for the child, only a point of departure. When he has learned something, then he begins to enjoy repeating the exercise, and he does repeat it a great number of times, with the most apparent satisfaction. He enjoys executing that act because by means of it he is developing his psychic activities.

There results from the observation of this fact a criticism of what is done to-day in many schools — when, for instance, the pupils are questioned, and the teacher says to some one

who is eager to answer, "No, not you, because you know it," and puts her question specially to the pupils who she thinks are uncertain of the answer. Those who do not know are made to speak, those who do know to be silent. This happens because of considering the act of knowing something as final.

Why Children Like to Repeat an Act Over and Over

And yet, how many times it happens to us in ordinary life to *repeat* the very thing we know best, the thing we care most for, the thing to which some living force in us responds. We love to sing musical phrases that are very familiar, which we enjoy because they form a part of the fabric of our lives. We love to repeat stories of things which please us, which we know very well, even though we are quite aware that we are saying nothing new. No matter how many times we repeat the Lord's Prayer, it is always new. No two persons could be more convinced of mutual love than sweethearts, and yet they are the very ones who repeat endlessly that they love each other.

But, in order to repeat in this manner, there must first exist the idea to be repeated; there must be a mental grasp of this idea, which is indispensable to the beginning of *repetition. In the repetition, not in the mere grasping of the idea,* consists the exercise which develops life. When a child has attained this condition of repeating an exercise, he is on the way to self-development, and the external sign of this condition is his self-discipline.

This phenomenon does not always occur. The same exercises are not repeated by children of all ages. In fact, repetition corresponds to a *need.* Here steps in the experimental method of education. It is necessary to offer those exercises which correspond to the need of development felt by organisms; and if the child's age has carried him past a certain need, it is never possible to obtain in its fullness a development which missed its proper moment. Hence children grow up often fatally and irrevocably imperfectly developed.

The Patience of Children and the Impatience of Grown-up People

Another very interesting observation is that which relates to the length of time needed for the execution of actions. Children who are undertaking something for the first time are extremely slow. Their life is governed in this respect by laws especially different from ours. Little children accomplish, slowly and perseveringly, complicated operations agreeable to them, such as dressing, undressing, cleaning their rooms, washing themselves, setting the table, eating, etc. In all this they are extremely patient, overcoming all the difficulties presented by an organism still in process of formation. We, on the other hand, noticing that they are "tiring themselves out" or "wasting time" in accomplishing something which we would do in a moment and without the least effort, put ourselves in the child's place and do it ourselves. Always with the same erroneous idea that the end to be attained is the completion of the action, we wash and dress the child, we snatch out of his hands objects which he loves to handle, we pour the soup into his bowl, we feed him, we set the table for him. And after such services, and with that injustice always practised by those who, even with benevolent intentions, overbear others, we consider him to be incapable and inept. We often speak of him as "impatient" simply because we are not patient enough to allow his actions to follow laws of time differing from our own; we call him "tyrannical" exactly because we employ tyranny toward him. This stain, this false imputation, this calumny on childhood, has become an integral part of the theories concerning childhood, in reality so patient and gentle.

The Naughtiness of Children Only Their Defense of the Right to Live

The child, like every strong creature fighting for the right to live, rebels against whatever offends that occult impulse within him which is the voice of nature and which he ought to obey; and he shows with violent actions, with screaming and weeping, that he has been overborne and forced away from his mission in life. He shows himself to be a rebel, a revolutionist, an iconoclast against those who do not understand him, and who, fancying that they are helping him, are really pushing him backward in the highway of life. Thus even the adult who loves him rivets about his neck another calumny, confusing his defense of his molested life with a form of innate naughtiness characteristic of little children.

What would become of us if we fell into the midst of a population of jugglers, or of quick-change impersonators of the variety hall? — if, as we continued to act in our usual way, we saw ourselves assailed by these sleight-of-hand performers, hustled into our clothes, fed so rapidly that we could scarcely swallow, if everything we tried to do was snatched from our hands and completed in a twinkling and we ourselves reduced to impotence and to a

humiliating inertia? Not knowing how else to express ourselves, we would defend ourselves from these madmen with blows and yells; and they, having only the best will in the world to serve us, would call us naughty, rebellious, and incapable of doing anything.

Something of this sort occurs between children and adults.

The Mental Explosions of Children

It is exactly in the repetition of the exercises that the education of the senses consists; their aim is not that the child shall *know* colors, forms, and the different qualities of objects, but that he shall refine his senses in an exercise of attention, of comparison, of judgment. These exercises are true intellectual gymnastics. Such gymnastics, reasonably directed by means of various devices, aid in the formation of the intellect, just as physical exercises fortify the general health and quicken the growth of the body.

The child who trains his various senses separately, by means of external stimuli, concentrates his attention and develops piece by piece his mental activities, just as with separately prepared movements he trains his muscular activities. These mental gymnastics are not merely psycho-sensual, but they prepare the way for spontaneous association of ideas, for ratiocination developing out of definite knowledge, for a harmoniously balanced intellect. They are the powder-trains which bring about those mental explosions which delight the child so intensely when he makes discoveries in the world about him, when he, at the same time, ponders over and glories in the new things which are revealed to him in the outside world, and in the exquisite emotions of his own growing consciousness; and, finally, when there spring up in him, almost by a process of spontaneous ripening, like the internal phenomena of growth, the external products of learning — writing and reading.

The Natural Instinct of a Child to Touch and Handle Things

I happened once to see a two-year-old child, the son of a medical colleague of mine, who, fairly fleeing from his mother who had brought him to me, threw himself on the litter of things covering his father's desk, the rectangular writing-pad, the round cover of the ink-well. I was touched to see the intelligent little creature trying his best to go through the exercises which our children repeat with such endless pleasure till they have fully committed them to memory. The father and the mother pulled the child away, reproving him, and explaining that there was no use trying to keep that child from handling his father's desk furniture; "the child is restless and naughty." How often we see children reproved because, though they are told not to, they "will take hold of everything." Now, it is precisely by means of guiding and developing this natural instinct "to take hold of everything," and to recognize the relations of geometrical figures, that we prepare our little four-year-old men for the joy and excitement they experience later over the phenomenon of spontaneous writing.

The child who throws himself on the writing-pad, the cover to the ink-well, and such objects, always struggling in vain to attain his desire, always hindered and thwarted by people stronger than he, always excited and weeping over the failure of his desperate efforts, *is wasting nervous force.* His parents are mistaken if they think that such a child ever gets any real rest, just as they are mistaken when they call "naughty" the little man longing for the foundations of his intellectual edifice. The children in our schools are really at rest, ardently and blessedly free to take out and put back in their right places or grooves the geometric figures offered to their instinct for higher self-development; and they, rejoicing in the most complete spiritual calm, have no notion that their eyes and hands are initiating them into the mysteries of a new language.

Obedience Not a Simple Act of Will

The majority of our children become calm as they go through such exercises, because their nervous system is at rest. Then we say that such children are quiet and good: external discipline, so eagerly sought after in ordinary schools, is more than achieved.

However, as a calm man and a self-disciplined man are not one and the same, so here the fact which manifests itself externally by the calm of the children is a phenomenon really merely physical and partial compared to the real *self-discipline* which is being developed in them.

Often (and this is another misconception) we think all we need to do, to obtain a voluntary action from a child, is to order him to do it. We pretend that this phenomenon exists, and we call this pretext "the obedience of the child." We find little children specially disobedient; or, rather, their resistance, by the time they are four or five years old, has become so great that we are in despair and almost tempted to give up trying to make them obey. We force ourselves to praise "the virtue of obedience" to little

children (which, according to us, should belong specially to infancy, should be the "infantile virtue") exactly because we can make children practise it only with the greatest difficulty.

We need only reflect that this "obedience," which we treat so lightly, occurs later as a natural tendency in older children, and then as an instinct in the adult, to realize that it springs spontaneously into being, and that it is one of the strongest instincts of humanity. We find that society rests on a foundation of marvelous obedience, and that civilization goes forward on a road made by obedience. Human organizations are often founded on an abuse of obedience; associations of criminals have obedience as their key-stone.

How many times social problems center about the necessity of rousing man from a state of "obedience" which has led him to be exploited and brutalized!

Obedience, naturally, is *sacrifice.* We are so accustomed to an infinity of obedience in the world, to a condition of self-sacrifice, to a readiness for renunciation, that we call matrimony the blessed condition, although it is made up of obedience and self-sacrifice. The soldier, whose lot in life is to obey if it kills him, is envied by the common people, while we consider any one who tries to escape from obedience as a malefactor or a madman. Besides, how many people have had the deeply spiritual experience of an ardent desire to obey something or some person that leads them along the path of life?— more than this, a desire to sacrifice something for the sake of this obedience?

It is, therefore, entirely natural that, loving the child, we should point out to him that obedience is the law of life; and there is nothing surprising in the anxiety felt by nearly every one who is confronted with the characteristic disobedience of little children.

Children Can Not Obey Until They Have Been Taught How

But obedience can be reached only through a complex formation of the psychic personality. To obey, it is necessary not only to wish to obey, but also to know how to. Since, when a command to do a given thing is given, we presuppose a corresponding active or inhibitive power in the child, it is plain that obedience must follow the formation of the will and of the mind. To prepare in detail this formation with detached exercises is, therefore, indirectly to urge the child toward obedience. When the child completes coördinated actions directed toward a given end, when he achieves something he set out to do, when he repeats patiently his exercises, he is training his positive will power. Similarly, in a very complicated series of exercises he is setting in activity his powers of inhibition: for instance, in the "lesson of silence," which calls for a long-continued inhibition of many actions, when the child is waiting to be called; later for a rigorous self-control, when he is called and would like to answer joyously and run to his teacher, and instead is perfectly silent, moves very carefully, taking the greatest pains not to knock against chair or table or to make a noise.

Training Children's Will Power

Other inhibitive exercises are the arithmetical ones, when the child, having drawn a number by lot, must take from the great mass of objects before him, apparently entirely at his disposition, only the number corresponding to the number in his hand, whereas (as experience has proved) he would *like* to take the greatest number possible. Furthermore, if he chances to draw the zero he stands patiently with empty hands. Still another training for the inhibitive will power is in "the lesson of zero," when the child, called upon to come up zero times and give zero kisses, stands quiet, conquering with a visible effort the instinct which would lead him to "obey" the call. The child, at our school dinners, who carries the big tureen full of hot soup, isolates himself from every external stimulant which might disturb him, resists his childish impulse to run and jump, does not yield to the temptation to brush away the fly on his face, and is entirely concentrated on the great responsibility of not dropping or tipping the tureen. A little boy of four and a half, every time he set the tureen down on a table so that the little guests might help themselves, gave a hop and a skip, but then took up the tureen again to carry it to another table, repressing himself to a sober walk. He never left his task before he had passed the soup to the twenty tables, and he never forgot the vigilance necessary to control his actions.

Will power, like all other activities, is invigorated and developed through methodical exercises; and all our exercises for will power are also mental and practical. The child seems to be learning exactitude and grace of action, to be refining his senses, to be learning how to read and write; but much more profoundly he is learning how to become his own master, how to be a man of prompt and resolute will.

Besides the exercises for developing will power, the other factor in obedience is the capacity to perform the act necessary to obey.

One of the most interesting observations made by my pupil Anna Maccherani (at first in the school in Milan and afterward in that on the Via Guisti in Rome) relates to the connection between obedience in a child and his "knowing how."

Children Often Unable to Perform the Same Act Twice

Obedience appears in the child as a latent instinct as soon as his personality begins to take form. For instance, a child begins to try a certain exercise, and suddenly one time he goes through it perfectly. He is delighted, stares at it, and wishes to do it over again, but for some time the exercise is not a success. Then comes a time when he can do it nearly every time he tries, but makes mistakes if some one else asks him to do it. The external command does not, as yet, produce the voluntary act. When, however, the exercise always succeeds with absolute certainty, then an order from some one else brings about, on the child's part, orderly, adequate action; that is, the child *is able* each time to execute the command received. That these facts (with variations in individual cases) are laws of psychical development is apparent from every one's experience with children, in school or at home. One often hears a child say: "I did do such and such a thing, but now I can't!" or a teacher, disappointed by the incompetence of a pupil, will say: "Yet that child was doing it all right — and now he can't!"

Finally there is the period of complete development, in which the capacity to perform some operation is permanently acquired. There are, therefore, three periods: a first, subconscious one, when, in the confused mind of the child, order produces itself by a mysterious inner impulse in the midst of disorder, producing as external result a completed act, which, however, being outside the field of consciousness, can not be reproduced at will; a second, conscious period, when there is some action on the part of the will which is present during the process of the development and establishing of the acts; and a third period when the will can direct and cause the acts, thus answering the command from some one else.

Now, obedience follows a similar sequence. In the first period of spiritual disorder, the child fails to obey, exactly as if he were physically deaf, and out of hearing of commands. In the second period, he would like to obey; he looks as though he understood the command and would like to respond to it, but can not — or, at least, does not always succeed in doing it, is not "quick to mind," and shows no pleasure when he does. In the third period, he obeys at once, with enthusiasm, and, as he becomes more and more perfect in the exercises, he is proud because he knows how to obey. This is the period in which he runs joyously to obey, and leaves at the most gentle request whatever is interesting him, so that he may quit the solitude of his own life, and enter with the act of obedience into the spiritual existence of another.

To this order, established in a consciousness formerly chaotic, are due all the phenomena of discipline and of mental development, which open out like a new creation. From minds thus set in order, when "night is separated from day," come sudden emotions and mental feats which recall the Biblical story of the creation. The child has in his mind not only what he has laboriously acquired, but the free gifts which flow from spiritual life, the first flowers of affection, of gentleness, of spontaneous love for righteousness, which perfume the souls of such children and give promise of the "fruits of the Spirit" of St. Paul: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness."

They are virtuous because they exercise patience in repeating their exercises, long-suffering in yielding to the commands and desires of others, good in rejoicing in the well-being of others without jealousy or rivalry; they live, doing good in joyousness of heart and in peace, and they are eminently, marvelously industrious.

But they are not proud of such righteousness, because they were not conscious of acquiring it as a moral superiority.

They have set their feet in the path leading to righteousness, simply because it was the only way to attain true self-development and learning; and they enjoy with simple hearts the fruits of peace which hang along that path.

These are the first outlines of an experiment which shows a form of indirect discipline in which there is substituted for the critical and sermonizing teacher a rational organization of work and of liberty for the child. It involves a conception of life more usual in religious fields than in those of academic pedagogy, inasmuch as it has recourse to the spiritual energies of mankind; but it is founded on work and on liberty, which are the two paths to all civic progress.

STOVER AT YALE

By

OWEN JOHNSON

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Stover had returned to College after the summer, he had come to his first call on Jean Story with a confident enthusiasm, eager for the first look in her eyes. He had not corresponded with her during the summer. He had not even asked for permission to write, confident though he was that her consent would now be given. He was resolved, as a penance for his first blunder, to hold himself in reserve on every occasion. Bob had written the news, always pressing him to take two weeks off for a visit to the camp; but Dink, despite the tugging at his heart, had stuck to Regan.

Now, as he came swinging impatiently toward the glowing white columns under the elms, he realized all at once what was the moving influence in his struggle for growth and independence.

"Here is the horny-handed son of toil," he said, holding out his hand with a laugh.

She took it, turning over the firm grip with a little curiosity, and looked at him sharply. The vacation had made of the impetuous Dink Stover she had known a new personality that was strange and a little intimidating.

He did not understand at all the sudden dropping of her look, or the uneasy turning away and the constraint that came. He was hurt with a sudden sharp sting that he had never known before, and the ache of unreasoning jealousy at the bare thought of what might have happened during the summer.

"I'm very glad to see you," she said, but the words sounded formal.

He followed her into the parlor, puzzled, irritated by something he did not understand, something that lay underneath everything she said, and seemed to interpose itself as a barrier between them and the old open feeling of camaraderie.

"Mother will be so glad to see you," she said, after a little moment of awkwardness. "I'll call her."

This manoeuver completed his bewilderment, which increased when, Mrs. Story joining them, suddenly the Jean Story of old returned with the same cordiality and the same enthusiasm. She asked a hundred questions, leading him on until he was launched into an account of his summer experiences, the little bits of real life that had brought home to him the seriousness of the world that waited outside.

Stover spoke only of outward things; the thought that lay beneath, that would have come out so eagerly before the girl, did not appear in the presence of another. As he understood nothing of this sudden introduction of a third into the old confidential relationship, he decided to be more formal than the girl, and rose while still his audience's attention was held by this account.

"It's been awfully jolly to see you again," he said, with a perfect manner, to Mrs. Story.

"But you're going to stay to dinner," she said, with a little smile.

"Awfully sorry, but I've got a dozen things to do," he said, in the same careful, matter-of-fact tone. "Bob sent word he'd come later."

Jean Story had not urged him. He went to her with a mechanical cheeriness, saying:

"Good-by; you're looking splendid."

She did not answer, being in one of her silent moods. Mrs. Story went with him toward the door, with a few practical housekeeping questions on the ménage that had just begun. As they stood in the ante-room, Jim Hunter entered and, greeting them, passed into the salon.

Stover, deaf to anything else, heard her greeting:

"Why, Jim, I *am* glad to see you!"

Mrs. Story was asking him a question, but he did not hear it. He heard only the echoes of what seemed to him the joy in her laugh.

"If you need any rugs let me know," said Mrs. Story, in patient repetition.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Yes — yes, of course."

She looked at him with a little maternal pity, knowing the pang that had gone through him, and for a moment a word was on her lips to enlighten him. But she judged it wiser to be silent, and said:

"Come in for dinner to-morrow night, sure."

This invitation fitted in at once in Stover's scheme of mis-logic. He saw in it a mark of compassion, and of compassion for what reason? Plainly Jean was interested in some one else, perhaps engaged. In ten minutes, to his own lugubrious satisfaction, he had convinced himself that it was no other than Jim Hunter. But a short, inquisitive talk with Joe Hungerford, who magnanimously appeared stupidly unconscious of the real motives, reassured him on this point. So, after the hot tempest of jealousy, he began to feel a cold resentment at her new attitude of defensive formality.

Gradually, as he gave no sign of unbending from his own assumption of strict politeness, she began to change, but so gradually that it was not for weeks that he perceived that the old intimate relations had returned. This little interval, however, had brought to him a new understanding. With her he had lost the old impulsiveness. He began to reason and analyze, to think of cause and effect in their relationship. As a consequence the initiative and the authority that had formerly been with her came to him. All at once he perceived, to his utter surprise, what she had felt on his return — that he was the stronger, and that the old blind, boyish adoration for the girl who was companion to the stars had steadied into the responsible and protecting love of a man.

This new supremacy brought with it several differences of opinion. When the question of the football captaincy had come up, he did not tell her of his decision, afraid of the ambition he knew was strong in her for his career.

When he saw her the next night, Bob had already brought the news and the reason. She received him with great distance, and for the first time showed a little cruelty in her complete ignoring of his presence.

"You are angry at me," he said, when he had finally succeeded in finding her alone.

"Yes, I am," she said point-blank. "Why didn't you tell me what you were planning?"

"I didn't dare," he said frankly. "You wouldn't have approved."

"Of course I wouldn't. It was ridiculous! Why shouldn't you have been captain?"

"There were reasons," he said seriously. "I should not have had a united team back of me — oh, I know it."

"Absurd," she said with some heat. "You should have gone out and made them follow you. Really, it's too absurd, renouncing everything. It's like Don Quixote riding around."

He was hurt at this, and his face showed it.

"It's something to be able to refuse what others are grabbing for," he said shortly. "But all you seem to care for is the name."

The flash that was in his eyes surprised her, and the sudden stern note in his voice, that she had never heard before, brought her to a quick realization of how she must have wounded him. Her manner changed; she became very gentle, and before he went she said hurriedly:

"Forgive me. You were right, and I was very small."

But, though he had shown his independence of her ambitions for him, and gained thereby, at heart he had a foolish longing, a senseless dream of winning out on Tap Day — just for the estimation he knew she held of that honor. And, wishing this ardently, he was influenced by it. There were questions about the senior societies that he had not put to himself honestly, as he had in the case of the sophomore. He knew they were away back in his mind, claiming to be met; but, thinking of Jean, he said to himself evasively, again and again:

"Suppose there are bad features? I've done enough to show my nerve. No one can question that!"

With the passing of the winter and the return to College in the pleasant month of April, the final, all-absorbing Tap Day loomed over them only six weeks away. It was not a particularly agreeable period. The contending ambitions were too keen, too conflicting, for the maintenance of the old spirit of comradeship.

One afternoon in the first week in April, as Dink was returning from the gymnasium, he was suddenly called to from the street.

Chris Schley and Troutman, in a two-seated rig, were hallooing:

"Hello, there, Dink."

"Jump in — join us."

"Come for a ride."

The two had never been of his intimates. They belonged to a New York crowd who were spoken of for Keys. He hesitated, but, as he was free, he considered:

"What's the game?"

"We're out for a spin toward the shore. Tommy Bain and Stone were going, but had to drop out. Come along. We might get a shore supper and toddle back by moonlight."

"I've got to be back by seven," said Dink doubtfully.

"Oh, well, come on; we'll make it just a drive."

"Fine."

He sprang into the front seat, and they started off in the young, tingling air. Troutman at the reins was decidedly unfamiliar with their use, and, at a fervent plea from Schley, Stover assumed control. Since freshman year the three had been seldom thrown together. He remembered Troutman then as a good deal like an overgrown puppy, and Schley as a nuisance and a hanger-on. He scanned them now, pleasantly surprised at their transformation. They had come into a clean-cut type, affable, alert, and, if there was small mark of character, there was an abundance of good humor, liveliness, and sociability.

"Well, Dink, old chap," said Troutman, as he passed along quieter ways, "the fatal day approaches."

"It does."

"A lot of seniors are out buying nice brand-new derbies to wear for our benefit."

"I'll bet they're scrapping like cats and dogs," said Schley.

Schley had begun to amuse himself from the back seat by well-simulated starts of surprise and sudden snatching off of his hat to different passers-by, exclaiming:

"Why, how *do* you do? I remember meeting you before."

He did it well, communicating his good spirits to the pedestrians, who took his banter good-naturedly.

All at once his mischievous eye perceived two girls of a rather noticeable type. Instantly he was on his feet with an exaggerated sweep of his hat, exclaiming:

"Ladies, please accept my carriage, my prancing horses, my groom and my footman."

The girls, bursting into laughter, waved to him.

"Yes, it's a lovely day," continued Schley, in imitation of McNab. "Mother's gone to the country, aunty's visiting us now, Uncle John's coming to-morrow — he'll be sober then. Too bad, girls, you're going the other way, and such lovely weather. Won't you take a ride? What? Oh, do, now. Here, I say, Dink — whoa, there! They're coming."

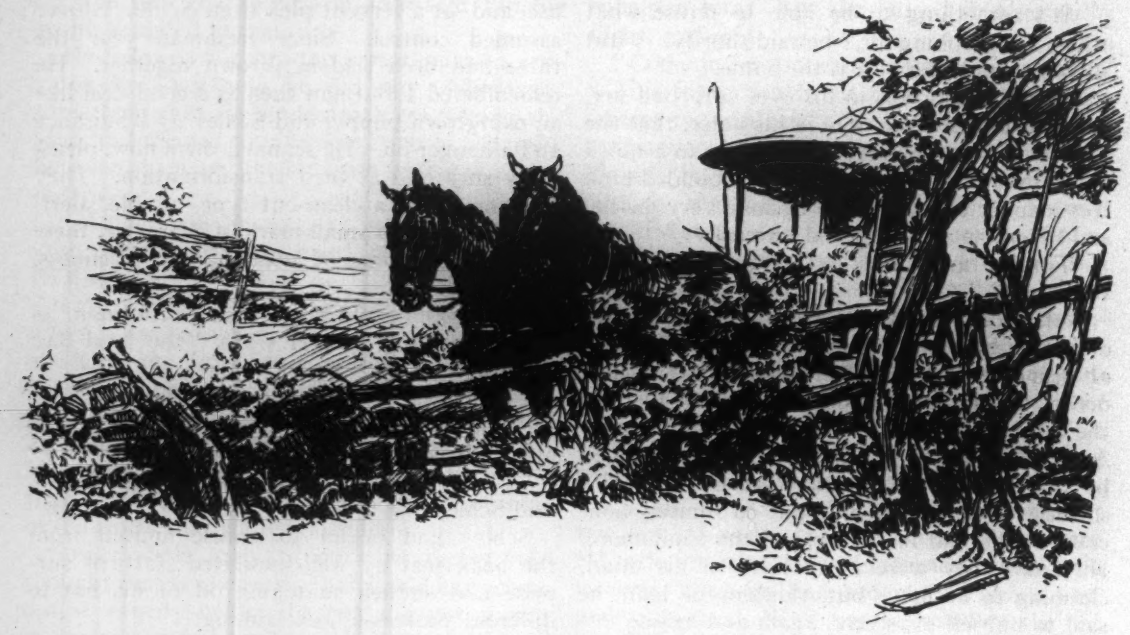
"Rats!" said Troutman, glancing around.

"Sure they are. Whoa! Hold up. We'll give 'em a little ride, just for a lark. What's the diff?"

He was down, hat off, with exaggerated Chesterfield politeness going to their coming.

"Do you mind?" said Troutman to Stover. "Schley's a crazy ass."

"I wouldn't take them far," said Stover, who did not particularly care. He had no facility for bantering of this sort, but it rather amused him to listen to Schley. He saw that, while they were of the same class, one was insipid and the other rather pretty, dark with Irish blue eyes.



"THEY GOT OUT AND LAID THE GIRL ON THE GRASS. SCHLEY AND TROUTMAN WERE CRYING: 'SHE'S GOT A

"Ladies, I wish to make you acquainted with my friends," said Schley. "The ill-favored gent with the vermilion hair is the Reverend Doctor Balmfinder; the one with the padded shoulders is Binks, my trainer. Now, what is this little girl's name?"

"Muriel," said the blonde; "Muriel Stacey."

"Of course; I might have known it. And yours, of course, is Maude, isn't it?"

"My name is Fanny Le Roy," said the brunette, with a little pride.

"Dear me, what a beautiful name," said Schley. "Now, girls, we'll take you for a little ride, but we can't take you very far, for our mamas don't know we're out, and you promise to be very good and get out when we tell you, and not ask for candy. Promise!"

Schley sat on the rear seat, chatting along to a girl on either side of him, while Troutman, facing about, added his badinage. It was not excruciatingly witty, and yet at times Stover, occupied with the driving, could not help bursting into a laugh at the sheer nonsense.

"I think the fellow that's driving is the best of the lot," said Fanny, with the usual method of attack.

"Wow!" said Troutman.

"Come on back," said Schley; "we don't count."

Stover laughed and drove on. The encounter had passed the point of interest. He found he had no relish for a chance meeting that would require explanations, but he volunteered no advice, not caring to appear prudish in the company of men of the world.

They were in the open country, the outskirts of New Haven just left behind. For some time Fanny Le Roy had been silent, pressing her hand against her side, frowning. All at once a cry was wrung from her. The carriage was stopped. All turned in alarm to where the girl, her teeth compressed, clutching at her side, was lying back against the seat, writhing in agony.

Troutman swore under his breath:

"A dickens of a mess!"

They got out and laid the girl on the grass, where her agony continued increasingly. Schley and Troutman were whispering apart. The other girl, hysterically bending over her companion, mopped her face with a useless handkerchief, crying:

"She's got a fit—she's got a fit!"

"I say it's appendicitis or gripes," said Troutman to Stover. His face was colorless, and he could hardly speak the words.

"Come, we've got to get her back," said Stover, realizing the gravity of the situation. "Stop crying, there; get hold of yourself. Here, Schley, lend a hand; get her back into the carriage."

"What are you going to do?" said Troutman anxiously.

"Drive her back, of course."

With some difficulty they got the suffering girl into the carriage and started back. No one spoke; the banter had given place to a few mut-

WHISPERING APART. THE OTHER GIRL MOPPED HER FACE WITH A USELESS HANDKERCHIEF, FIT—SHE'S GOT A FIT!'"

tered words and the moaning, delirious sounds from the stricken girl.

"Are you going to drive into New Haven this way?" said Troutman, for the second time, under his breath.

"Sure."

"The dickens!"

They came to the city streets, and Stover drove on hastily, seeking from right to left for a doctor. All at once he drew up at the curb, flung the reins to Troutman, and rushed into a house where he had seen a sign displayed — "Dr. Burke." He was back almost immediately, with the doctor at his heels.

"I say, Dink, look here," said Schley, plucking him aside, as the doctor hurriedly examined the girl. "This is a deuce of a mess."

"You bet it is," said Stover, thinking of the sufferer.

"I say, if this gets out it'll be a nasty business."

"What do you mean?"

"If we're seen — if — hang it, we can't be seen!"

"What do you propose?" said Stover sharply.

Troutman joined them.

"See here; we can leave the girl with the doctor, and pay up all the money that's necessary; but you can't go back this way, Dink."

"Why not?"

"Why, man, it'll queer us — we'll never get over it."

"It'll all be out in the papers," said Schley.

At this moment Dr. Burke joined them, quiet, businesslike, anxious.

"It looks to me like a bad attack of appendicitis. There's only one thing to do: get her to the hospital at once. I'll get my hat and join you."

"Drive to — drive to the hospital!" said Troutman, with a gasp. "Right through the whole city, right in the face of every one?"

"Don't be a fool, Dink," said Schley nervously. "We'll fix up Burke; we'll give him a hundred to take her and shut up."

Stover saw the danger and the scandal. He saw also that they were no longer men, as he had thought. The thin veneer had disappeared; they were boys, terrified, aghast at a crisis beyond their strength.

"You're right; it would queer you," he said abruptly. "Clear out."

"You're going to stay?" said Schley, and neither could face his eyes.

"Clear out!"

When Burke came running down the steps, he looked at Stover in surprise.

"Hello, where are your friends?"

"They had other engagements," said Dink grimly. "All ready."

"I've seen your face before," said Dr. Burke, climbing in.

"I'm Stover."

"Dink Stover of the eleven?"

"Yes, Dink Stover of the eleven," said Stover, his face hardening. "Where do I drive?"

"Do you want to go quietly?" said Dr. Burke, with a look of sympathetic understanding.

From behind, the girl, writhing, began to moan:

"Oh, doctor — doctor! I can't stand it — I can't stand it!"

"What's the quickest way?" said Stover.

"Chapel Street," said the doctor.

Stover turned the horses' heads into the thoroughfare, looking straight ahead, conscious of the men who saw him in the full light of the day, driving through the streets of New Haven with these two girls. And suddenly, at the first turn, he came face to face with another carriage in which were Jean Story and her mother.

CHAPTER XXVI

When Stover returned to his rooms it was long after supper.

"Where the deuce have you been?" said Hungerford, looking up from his books.

"Went for a drive; got home late," said Stover shortly. He filled the companionable pipe and sank into the low arm-chair, which Regan had broken for comfort. Something in his abrupt procedure caused Bob Story to look over at Regan with an inquiring raise of his eyebrows.

"Got this psychology yet?" said Hungerford.

"No."

"Going to get it?"

"No."

"The thinghood of a thing is its indefinable somewhatness," said Hungerford, with another slashing attack on the common enemy, to divert Stover's attention. "What in the name of peanuts does that stuff mean?"

Dink, refusing to be drawn into conversation, sat enveloped in smoke clouds, his eyes on the clock.

"Hello, I forgot," said Story presently. "I say, Dink, Troutman and Schley were around here hallooing for you."

"They were."

"About an hour ago. Wanted to see you particularly. Said they'd be around again."

"I see."

At this moment from below came a bellow:

"Oh, Dink Stover — hello, there!"

"That's Troutman, now," said Joe Hungerford.

Stover went to the window, flinging it up.

"Hello, who's there?"

"Troutman and Chris Schley. I say, Dink, we've got to see you. Come on down."

"Thanks, I haven't the slightest intention of seeing you now or at any other time," said Stover, who then closed the window and resumed his seat, eyeing the clock.

His three friends exchanged troubled glances, and Regan began to whistle to himself, but no questions were asked. At nine o'clock Stover rose and took his hat.

"I'm going out. I may be back late," he said, and went down the stairs.

"What the deuce!" said Hungerford, closing his book.

"He's in some scrape," said Regan ruthfully.

"Oh, Lord! and just at this time, too," said Story.

Stover went rapidly toward the hospital. The girl had been operated on immediately, and the situation was of the utmost seriousness. He had been told to come back at nine. When he arrived he found Muriel Stacey already in the waiting-room, her eyes heavy with frightened weeping. He looked at her curiously. All suggestion of the provoking impertinence and the surface allurement was gone. Under his eyes was nothing but an ignorant boor, stupid and hysterical before the awful fact of death.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Stover, I don't know. I can't get anything out of them," the girl said wildly. "Oh, do you think she's going to die?"

"Of course not," he said gruffly. "See here, where's her family?"

"I don't know."

"Don't they live here?"

"They're in Ohio somewhere, I think. I don't know. Ask the doctor, won't you, Mr. Stover? He'll tell you something."

He left her, and, making inquiries, was met by a young intern, immaculate and alert, who was quite communicative to Dink Stover of the Yale eleven.

"She's had a bad case of it; appendix had already burst. You got her here just in time."

"What's the outlook?"

"Can't tell. She came out of the anesthetic all right." He went into a technical discussion of the dangers of blood-poisoning, concluding: "Still, I should say her chances are good. It depends a good deal on the resistance. However, I think your friend's family ought to be notified."

Stover did not notice the "your friend," nor the look that the doctor gave him.

"She's here alone, as far as I can find out," he said, "poor little thing. I'll call around about midnight."

"No need," said the doctor briskly; "nothing'll develop before to-morrow."

The next morning, as Stover went to his eating-joint with Regan and Hungerford, the newsboy, who had his papers ready, gave them to

him with a hesitating look. All at once Joe Hungerford swore mightily.

"Now what's wrong, Joe?" said Regan, in surprise.

"Nothing," said Hungerford hastily; but almost immediately he stopped and said in a jerky, worried way: "Say, here's the dickens to pay, Dink. I suppose you ought to know about it. Hang the papers!"

With his finger he indicated a space on the front page of the New York newspaper he was reading. It was only a paragraph, but it rose from the page as if it had been stamped in scarlet:

STOVER'S LARK ENDS SERIOUSLY

Below followed, in suggestive detail, an account of the drive with friends "not exactly in recognized New Haven society," and the sudden seizure of Miss Fanny Le Roy, with an account of his drive back to the hospital.

"That's pretty bad," he said, frowning. "What do the others say?"

One paper had it that his presence of mind and prompt action had saved the girl's life. The third one hinted that the party had been rather gay, and ended in a short sentence:

It is said that other students were with young Stover, who prefer not to incur any unnecessary notoriety.

"It looks ugly," said Stover grimly.

"Who was with you?" said Hungerford anxiously.

"I prefer not to tell."

"Troutman and Schley, of course," said Regan suddenly, and, starting out of his usual imperturbability, he began to revile them.

"But, Dink, old man," said Hungerford, drawing his arm through his, "how the deuce did you ever get into it?"

"Well, Joe, what's the use of explanations?" said Stover gloomily. "Every one'll believe what they want to. It's a thoroughly nasty mess. It's my luck, that's all."

The walk from his eating-joint to the chapel was perhaps the most difficult thing he had ever done. Every one was reading the news, commenting on it, as he passed along, red, proud and angry. He felt the fire of amazed glances, the under classmen looking up at the big man of the junior class in disgrace, his own friends puzzled and uncomprehending.

At the fence there was an excited buzz, which dropped perceptibly as he passed. Regan was at one side, Hungerford loyally on the other. Several men in his class — he remembered them ever after — came up and patted him on the back; one or two avoided him. Then he had to go by the senior fence into chapel with every eye upon him, watching how he bore the scandal. He knew he was red and uncomfortable, that on his face was something like a sneer. He knew that what every one was saying under his voice was that it was hard luck, that it was a rotten scandal, and that Stover's chances for Skull and Bones were knocked higher than a kite.

Then something happened that almost upset him. In the press about the chapel doors he suddenly saw Le Baron's tall figure across the scrambling mass, and, as their glances met, Le Baron gravely raised his hat. He understood; they might be enemies to the end of their days, but the hat had been raised as the tribute of a man to a man. Once in his seat, he looked about with a little scorn — Troutman and Schley were not there.

After first recitation he went directly to the hospital, stubbornly resolved to give no explanations, to affront public opinion in any way he chose. The news he received was reassuring; the girl was out of danger.

He returned to his rooms, traversing the difficult campus with erect head.

"Now, boy, see here," said Hungerford, when he had climbed the stairs, "I want this out with you. What did happen, and who ran away?"

"You've got the story in the papers, haven't you?" said Stover wearily. "The New Haven ones have got a couple of columns and my photograph."

"Is that all, Dink, you're going to tell me?"

"Yes."

"Is that all you're going to let Jean Story know?" said Hungerford boldly.

Stover winced.

"Hang you, Joe Hungerford!"

"Is it?"

"She'll have to believe what she wants to about me," said Stover slowly. "It's a test."

"No, it isn't a test — or a fair test," said Hungerford hotly. "I know everything's all right, boy, but I want to stop anything that might be said. You're hurt now, because you know you're misjudged."

"Yes, I am hurt."

"Sure; a rotten bit of luck has put you in a false position. That's the whole matter."

"Joe, I won't tell you," said Stover shortly. "I am mad clear through and through. I'm going to shut up on the whole business. If my friends misjudge me — so much the worse for them; if some one else —" He stopped, flung his hat on the couch, and sat down at the desk. "What's the lesson?"

But at this moment Regan and Story came in, bolting the door.

"Well, we've got the truth," said Story. He came over and laid his hand on Dink's shoulder.

"What do you mean?"

"Tom and I have had it out with Schley and Troutman. They've told the whole thing, the miserable little curs!" His voice shook. "You're all right, Dink; you always were. But it's a shame!"

"Oh, well, they lost their nerve," said Stover heavily.

"Why didn't you tell us last night?"

"What was the use?"

"We could have stopped its getting into the papers, or had it right."

"Well, it all comes down to a question of luck sometimes," said Stover. "I was just as responsible as they were; it was only fooling, but there's the chance."

"Dink, I've done one thing you may not like."

"What's that?"

"I've written the whole story to your folks at home — sent it off."

"No, I don't mind; I — that was rather white of you, Bob; thank you," said Stover. He drew a long breath, went to the window, and controlled himself. "What are Troutman and Schley going to do?"

"They're all broken up," said Story.

"Don't wonder."

"I guess they won't face it out very long," said Regan, without pity.

Despite the giving out of the true story, the atmosphere of scandal still clung to the adventure. His friends rallied stanchly to him, but from many quarters Stover felt the attitude of criticism, and that the thing had been too public not to affect the judgment of the senior societies, already none too well disposed.

Stover was sensitively proud, and the thought of how the story had traveled with all its implications wounded him keenly. He had done nothing wrong, nothing for which he had to blush. He had simply acted as a human being, as any decent gentleman would have acted; and yet, by a malignant turn of fate, he was blackguarded to the outer world, and had given his enemies a chance in College to imply that he had two attitudes — one in public and one in secret.

The next morning came a note to him from Jean Story, the first he had ever had from her — just a few lines:

My dear Friend:

You are coming in soon to see me, aren't you? I shall be very *honored*.

Most cordially, JEAN STORY.

The note brought a great lump to his throat. He understood what she wished him to understand, her loyalty and her pride in his courage. He read it over and over, and placed it in his pocket-book to carry always. But he did not go at once to see her. He did not want sympathy; he shunned the very thought. Before, in his revolt, he had come against a college tradition; now he was face to face with a social prejudice, and it brought an indignant bitterness.

He called every day at the hospital — out of sheer bravado at first, furious at the public opinion that would have him go his way and ignore a human being alone and suffering.

At the end of a week he was told she wanted to see him. He found her on a cot in a row of other cots. She was not white and drawn, as he had expected, but with a certain flush of color in her face, and lazy eyes that eagerly waited his coming. When he had approached, surprised and a little troubled at her prettiness, she looked at him steadily a long moment, until he felt almost embarrassed. Then suddenly she took his hand and carried it to her lips, and her eyes overflowed with tears, as invalids' eyes do with the strength of any emotion.

The nurse motioned him away, and he went, troubled at what his boyish eyes had seen and at the touch of her lips on his hand.

"By George, she can't be very bad," he thought. "Poor little girl! She's probably never had half a chance. What will become of her?"

He knew nothing of her life — he did not want to know.

When she left the hospital at last, he continued to see her, always saying to himself that there was no harm in it, concealing from himself the pleasure it gave him to know himself adored.

She would never tell him where she lived, always giving him a rendezvous on a certain corner, from which they would take a walk for an hour or so. Guessing his desires, she began to change her method of dress, leaving aside artifices and taking to simple and sober dress, which brought a new, girlish, timid charm.

"I am doing her good," Stover said to himself. "It means something to her to meet some one who treats her with respect — like a human being — poor little girl!"

He did not realize how often he met her, leaving his troubled room-mates with a curt excuse, nor how rapidly he consumed the distance to their meeting-place. He had talked to her at first seriously, of serious things; then gradually, laughing in a boyish way, half tempted, he began to pay her compliments. At first she laughed with a little pleasure, but, as the new attitude continued, he felt her eyes on his face constantly in anxious, wistful scrutiny.

One night she did not keep her appointment. He waited, troubled, then furious. He left after an hour's lingering, irritable and aroused.

The next night, as he approached impatiently, half afraid, she was already at the lamp-post.

"I waited an hour," he said directly.

"I'm sorry; I couldn't come," she answered, troubled, but without volunteering an explanation.

"Why?" he said, with a new irritation.

"I couldn't," she said, shaking her head.

her desirable. He wondered what he might do with her. As they walked, still in silence, he put out his hand and his fingers closed over hers. She did not draw them away. He gave a deep breath and said:

"I would like ——"

"What?" she said softly, looking up as his pressure made her face him.

He put out his arms and took her in them, and they stood a long moment, their lips meeting.

"HE WENT TO JEAN WITH A MECHANICAL CHEERINESS, SAYING: 'GOOD-BY; YOU'RE LOOKING SPLENDID'"

He felt all at once a new impulse in him — to wound her in some way and make her suffer a little for the disappointment he had had to undergo the night before.

"You know, I'm getting jealous," he said abruptly.

"No, no," she said, frowning.

"I am." Then suddenly he added: "That's probably why you stayed — to make me jealous."

"Never."

"Why, then?"

"I can't tell you," she said.

They walked along in silence. Her resistance in withholding the information suddenly made

"Forgive me — I — " he said, confused. "You're not offended?"

"No; you couldn't do that — ever," she said quietly.

"You were so pretty to-night, I couldn't help it," he said, lying. And to himself he said he wouldn't take her in his arms again — not that night.

"Let me take you to your home," he said, when, after small conversation, they returned.

"Yes."

He was surprised and delighted at this, but almost immediately, to be generous, he said:

"No, no, I won't."

"Just as you wish."

They had reached their corner.

"To-morrow."

"Yes."

"At eight."

"Yes."

He resisted a great temptation and offered his hand. She took it suddenly in both of hers and brought it to her lips, as she had done in the hospital.

"I never did that to any man," she said reverently. "Remember."

When he left her, her words came back to him and brought an unrest. It was a side of her life that he did not know, that he did not want to touch, he said to himself. The next day seemed endless. He regretted that he had not gone to where she lived, for then he could have found her in the afternoon.

A shower passed during the day, leaving the streets moist and luminous with long lances of light and star-points on the wet stones. He went breathlessly, as he had never gone before, thinking always of that vivid moment when he had taken her lips.

"It's only a little flirting," he said to himself. "It'll do no harm. I'll be careful."

When he reached the lamp-post another figure was there — Muriel Stacey, painted and overdressed. In her hand was a letter. He stopped short, frowning.

"Where's Fanny?"

"She sent you this letter," said the girl. "She's gone."

"Gone!"

"This morning."

He looked at the envelop; his name was written there in a childish, struggling hand.

"All right; thank you," he said, suffocating. He left hurriedly, physically uncomfortable in the presence of Muriel Stacey, her friend. At the first lamp-post he stopped, broke the envelop, and read the awkward, painfully written script:

> I'm going away; it's best for you and me. I know it. I would care *too much*, and I'm not *good* enough for you. Please don't be angry with me. I'm sorry. God bless you. FANNY.

He slipped it hurriedly in his pocket and set off at a wild pace. And suddenly his conscience, his accusing conscience, rose up. Now that all was ended, he saw where he had been going. It brought him a solemn moment. Then he remembered the girl. He took the letter from his pocket and pressed it to his lips.

"Good God!" he said. "I wonder what'll become of her?"

He went into the busy streets with their flare and ceaseless motions, in the wet of the night, watching with solemn, melancholy eyes the women who passed him with sidelong glances. All the horror and the hopelessness of a life he could not better rushed over him, and he stood a long while, looking down the great bleak ways, through the gate that it is better not to open.

Then, in a revulsion of feeling, terrified at what he divined, he left, and went, almost with an instinct for protection, hurriedly to the Story house, white under the elms. He did not go in, but he stood a little while opposite, looking in through the warm windows at the serenity and safety of the home.

When he returned to his rooms, Joe and Regan were there. He sat down directly and told them the whole story, showing them the letter.

"She went away — for my sake," he said. "I know it. Poor little girl! It's a letter I'll always keep." Solemnly, taking the letter, he resolved to put this with the one, the first from Jean Story.

"What's terrible about it," he said, talking out his soul, "is that there's so much good in them. And yet, what can you do? They're human, they respond, you can't help pitying them — wanting to be decent, to help — and you can't. It's terrible to think that there are certain doors in life you open and close, that you must turn your back on human lives sometimes, that things can't be changed."

He stopped, and he heard Regan's voice, moved as he had never heard it, say:

"That's my story; only I — married."

Suddenly, as though realizing for the first time what he had said, he burst out: "Good God, I never meant to tell! See here, you men, that's sacred — you understand."

And Dink and Joe, looking on his face, realized all at once why a certain gentler side of life was shut out to him, and why he had never gone to the Storys'.

CHAPTER XXVII

ONE result of Stover's sobering experience with Fanny Le Roy was that he met the problem of the senior society with directness and honesty. What Brockhurst had said of the injurious effect of secrecy and ceremony on the imagination had always been with him. Yet, in his desire to stand high in the eyes of Jean Story, to win the honors she prized, he had quibbled over the question. Now the glimpse he had had into the inscrutable verities of human tragedy had all at once lifted him above the importance of local standards, with but one desire — to be true to himself.

The tests that had come to him in his college life had brought with them a maturity of view beyond that of his fellows. He saw that, while certain individuals, among them Hungerford and Regan, laughed at the bugbear of secrecy and went their way unconcerned, a great number, more impressionable, had been ruled from the beginning by fear alone.

With the aims and purposes of Skull and Bones he was in thorough sympathy — their independence of judgment, their seeking out of men who had to contend with poverty, their desire to reward ambition and industry and character; but the more he freely acknowledged their influence for democracy and simplicity at Yale, the more he revolted at the unnecessary fetish of it all.

Then a problem placed itself before him. Admitting that he had even the ghost of a chance of being tapped, ought he to go into a senior society feeling as he did about so many of its observances, resolved on their elimination? Finally, a week before Tap Day, he decided to go to Judge Story and frankly state his case, letting him know that he preferred thus to give notice of his beliefs.

When he arrived at the Story home, the Judge was upstairs in his study. Jean, alone in the parlor, looked up in surprise at Dink's expressed intention to see her father. Since her letter they had never been alone. Stover had avoided it, rather shrinking from sympathy; and, perhaps guessing his temperament, she had made no attempt to go beyond the safe boundaries of formal intercourse.

"Yes, indeed; Dad's upstairs," she said. Then she added a little anxiously: "You look very serious; is it a very serious matter?"

He hesitated, knowing instinctively that she would oppose him.

"It's something that's been on my mind for a long time," he said evasively; and he added, with a smile: "It's what you call my quixotic fit."

"It's about Skull and Bones," she said instantly.

"Yes, it is."

"What are you going to say?"

"I'm going to tell him just where I stand — just what I've come to believe about the whole business."

"And what's that?"

"That Skull and Bones, which does a great deal of good here,— I believe it,—also does a great deal of harm, all of which is unnecessary and a weakness in its system. In a word, I've come to the point where I believe secrecy is un-American, undemocratic, and stultifying. I shall always be against it."

"But aren't you exaggerating the importance of it all?" she said hastily.

"No, I'm not," he said. "I used to silence myself with that, but I see the thing working out too plainly."

"But why speak about it?"

"Because I don't think it's honest not to. Of course," he added immediately, "I have about one chance in a thousand — perhaps that's why I'm so all-fired direct about it."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said, rising and coming toward him. "It might offend them terribly; you never know."

He shook his head, though her eagerness gave him a sudden happiness.

"No; I've thought it out a long while, and I've decided. It all goes back to that sophomore society scrap. I made up my mind then that I wasn't going to compromise."

"But I want to see you go Bones," she said, all in a rush. "After all you've gone through, you must go Bones."

He did not answer this.

"Oh, it's so unnecessary!" she said. "No one but you would think of it."

"Don't be angry with me," he said, a little troubled.

"I am — it's absurd!" she said, turning away with a flash of temper.

"I'm sorry," he said, and went up the stairs.

When he returned he found a very different Jean Story. She was waiting for him, quiet and subdued, without a trace of her late irritation.

"Did you tell him?" she said gently.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"I didn't ask for an answer. I told him how I felt, and that I would rather my opinions should be known. That's all."

"Are you going?" she said, as he made a movement.

"I didn't know —" he said, hesitating and looking at her.

"I am not angry," she said a little wistfully. "You were quite right. I'm glad you did it. You are much bigger than I could be. I like that."

"You were the first to wake me up," he said happily, sitting down.

"Yes, but you have gone so far ahead. You do things without compromise, and that sometimes frightens me." She stopped a moment, and said, looking at him steadily: "You have kept away a long while. Now, you see, you are caught. You can't avoid being alone with me."

"I don't want to," he said abruptly.

"You are so proud, Dink," she said softly, using his nickname for the first time. "I have

never seen any one so proud. Everything you do, I think, comes from that. But it must make you suffer terribly."

"Yes, it does."

They were in the front parlor, which was dimly lit, sitting on the window-seat, hearing from time to time the passing chug of horses' feet.

"I knew how it must have hurt you — all this publicity," she said slowly. "Why didn't you come, as I wrote you? Were you too proud?"

"Yes, I suppose so; and then, it didn't seem fair to you, after all the talk."

"I was proud of you," she said, raising her head a little. She put out her hand again, leaving it in his for a long time, while they sat in silence. The touch that once had so disturbed him brought now only a gentle serenity. He thought of the other woman, and what might have been, with almost a hatred — the hatred of man toward whatever he wrongs.

"You are right about me," he said slowly. "Most people think I don't care what happens, that I'm sort of a thick-skinned rhinoceros. How did you know?"

"I knew."

She withdrew her hand slowly, without resistance on his part; only, when he held it no longer, he felt alone, abandoned to the blackness of the street outside.

"I've kept my promise to you, Jean," he said a little unsteadily, "but don't make it too hard."

She rose, and he followed. Together they stood in the shadows of the embrasure, only half seeing each other. But he knew that her large eyes were looking out at him with the look of the woman that he had first called forth when he had wounded the pride of the girl.

"I am glad you didn't listen to me just now," she said slowly.

"When?"

"When you went upstairs to Dad. You will never weaken, I know." She came a little toward him, and, understanding, he took her gently, wonderingly, in his arms. "It's going to be very hard for you," she said, "Tap Day, to stand there and know that you may be misjudged. I should be very proud to announce our engagement that same day."

Then he knew that he held in his arms one who came to him in unflinching loyalty, whose only interest would be his interest, who would know no other life but his life, nor ask anything better than to take up the struggle that should be his struggle.

Tap Day arrived at last, cloudy and misty. He had slept badly, in fits and starts; nor had the others fared better, with the exception of Regan, who had rumbled peacefully through the night — but then, Regan was one whom others sought. The morning was interminable, a horror. They did not even joke about the approaching ordeal. No one was so sure of election but that the possible rejection of some chum cast its gloom over the day.

Dink ran over a moment after lunch, with Bob, for a last word with Jean. She was going, with her father and mother, to see the tapping from a window in Durfee.

"I shall see only you," she said to him, with her hands in his and her loyal eyes shining. "I shall be proud of the way you take it."

"So you think I won't be tapped?" he said slowly.

"It means so little now," she said; "that can't add a feather's weight to what you are."

They went back to their rooms, joining Hungerford and Regan, who were whiling away the time playing piquet.

"Here," said Tom, in relief, when they entered, "one of you fellows keep Joe entertained. The darn fool has suddenly made up his mind he's going to be passed over."

Regan, relinquishing his place, went back to his book.

"Why, Joe, you fluffy ass," said Story affectionately, "you're the surest of the lot. Shut up — cheer us up instead."

"Look at that mound of jelly," said Hungerford peevishly, pointing to Regan; "has he any nerves?"

"What's the use of fidgeting?" said Regan.

An hour later Hungerford stretched his arms nervously, rose and consulted the clock.

"Four-fifteen; let's hike over in about twenty minutes."

"All right."

"Say, I don't mind saying that I feel as though I were going to be taken out, stuck full of holes, sawed up, drawn and quartered, and boiled alive. I feel like jumping on an express and running away."

Stover remembered Joe's keen suffering at the spectacle back in freshman year, and said gravely:

"You're sure, Joe. You'll go among the first. Come back with smelling-salts for me. I've got to stand through the whole thing and grin like a Cheshire cat — that's *de rigueur*. Do you remember how bully Dana was when he missed out? Funny — I thought I had a cinch. Well, let's get into the mess."

The four went together over toward the junior fence, already swarming.

"Ten minutes of five," said Hungerford, looking at the clock that each had seen.

"Yes."

Some one stopped Stover to wish him good luck. He looked down on a diminutive figure in large spectacles, trying to recall him.

"I — I wanted to wish you the best," he said, stammering a little.

"Oh, it's Wookey," said Stover suddenly. He shook hands, rather troubled. "Well, boy, there's not much chance for me."

"Oh, I hope so."

"Thanks just the same."

"Hello, Dink, old fellow."

"Put her there."

"You know what we all want?"

He was in another group, patted on the back, his arm squeezed, listening to the welcome loyalty of those who knew him.

"Lord, if they'd only have sense enough!"

He smiled and made his way toward his three friends, exchanging salutations.

"Luck, Dink."

"Same to you, Tommy Bain."

"Here's wishing."

"Back to you, Dopey."

"You've got my vote."

"Thanks."

He joined his room-mates under the tree, looking over the heads to the windows of Durfee, where he saw Jean Story with her father and mother. Presently, seeking everywhere, she saw him. Their eyes met, he lifted his cap, she nodded slightly. From that moment he knew she would see no one else.

"Let's keep together," said Regan. "Lock arms."

The four stood close together, arms gripped, resisting the press that crushed them together, speaking no more, hearing about them the curious babble of the under classmen.

Above their heads the chapel bell broke over them with its five decisive strokes, swallowed up in the roar of the College:

"Yea!"

"Here he comes."

"First man for Bones."

"Reynolds!"

From where he stood, Stover could see nothing. Only the traveling roar of the crowd told of the coming senior. Then there was a stir in the crowd near him, and Reynolds, in black derby, came directly for them — pushed them aside, and suddenly slapped some one behind.

A roar went up again.

"Who was it?" said Story quickly.

"Hunter — Jim Hunter."

The next moment Hunter, white as a sheet, bumped at his side and passed, followed by Reynolds. Down the convulsive lane the crowd opened to him.

Roar followed roar, and reports came thick:

"Stone's gone Keys."

"Three Wolf's Head men in the crowd."

"McNab gets Keys."

"Hooray!"

"Dopey's tapped!"

"Bully!"

"Wiggin's fourth man for Bones."

Still no one came their way. Then all at once a Bones man, wandering in the crowd, came up behind Bob Story, caught him by the shoulders, swung him around to make sure, and gave him the slap.

Regan, Hungerford, and Stover's voices rose above the uproar:

"Bully, Bob!"

"Good work!"

"Hooray for you!"

Almost immediately Regan received the eighth tap for Bones, and went toward his room amid the thundering cheers of a popular choice.

"Well, here we are, Dink," said Hungerford. "You're next."

About them the curious spectators pressed, staring up into their faces for any sign of emotion, struggling to reach them, with the dramatic instinct of the crowd. Four more elections were given out by Bones — only three places remained.

"That settles me," said Stover, between his teeth. "If they wanted me I'd gone among the first. Joe's going to get last place. Bully for him! He's the best fellow in the class."

He folded his arms and smiled with the consciousness of a decision accepted. He saw Hungerford's face, and the agony of suspense to his sensitive nerves.

"Cheer up, Joe; it's last place for you."

Then another shout.

"Bones or Keys?" he asked of those around him.

"Bones."

"Charley Stacey."

"Thirteenth man."

"I was sure of it," he said calmly to himself. Then he glanced up at the window. Her eyes had never left him. He straightened up with a new defiance. "Lord, I'd like to have got it just for Jean. Well, I knocked against too many heads. I don't wonder."

Suddenly Hungerford caught his hand underneath the crowd, pressing it unseen.

"Last man for Bones now, Dink," he said, looking into his eyes. "I hope to God it's you."

"Why, you old chump," said Stover, laughing so all heard him. "Bless your heart, I don't mind. Here's to you."

Above the broken, fitful cheers, suddenly came a last swelling roar:

"Bones!"

"Last man."

The crowd, as though divining the election, divided, opening a path toward where the two friends waited, Hungerford staring blankly, Stover, arms still folded, waiting steadily, with a smile of acceptation on his lips.

It was Le Baron. He came like a black tornado, rushing over the ground straight toward the tree. Once some one stumbled into his path, and he caught him and flung him aside. Straight to the two he came, never deviating, straight past Dink Stover, and, suddenly switching around, almost knocked him to the ground with the crash of his blow.

"Go to your room!"

It was the shout of electrifying drama, the voice of his society speaking to the College.

Some one caught Stover. He straightened up, trying to collect his wits, utterly unprepared for the shock. About him pandemonium broke loose. Still dazed, he felt Hungerford leap at him, crying in his ears:

"God bless you, old man! It's great, great — they rose to it. It's the finest ever!"

He began to move mechanically toward his room, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. He started toward the library, and some one swung him around. He heard them cheering; then he saw hundreds of faces, wild-eyed, rushing past him. He stumbled, and suddenly his eyes were blurred with tears, and he knew how much he cared, after the long months of rebellion, to be no longer an outsider, but with the stamp of approval on his record.

The last thing he remembered, through his swimming vision, was Joe Hungerford, hatless and swinging his arms as though he had gone crazy, leading a cheer — and the cheer was for Bones.

That night, even before he went to the Storys', Stover went out, arm in arm with Hungerford, across the quiet campus, so removed from the fray of the afternoon.

"Joe, it breaks me all up," he said at last. "You and I waiting there ——"

"Don't speak of it, old fellow," said Hungerford. "Now let me talk. I did want to make it, but, by George, I know now it's better I didn't. I've had everything I wanted in this world; this is the first I couldn't get. It's better for me; I know it already."

"You were clean grit, Joe, cheering for Bones."

"By George, I meant it! It meant something to feel they could rise up and know a man; and you've hit pretty close to them, old boy."

"Yes, I have, but I've believed it."

"It shows the stuff that's here," said Hungerford, "when you once can get to it. Now I take off my hat to them."

Brockhurst joined them.

"Well, the smoke's rolled away," said Brockhurst, who likewise had missed out. "It's over — all over. Now we'll settle down to peace and quiet — relax."

"The best time's coming," said Hungerford. "We'll live as we please and really enjoy life. It's the real time; every one says so."

"Yes," said Brockhurst, rebel to the last; "but why couldn't it come before?"

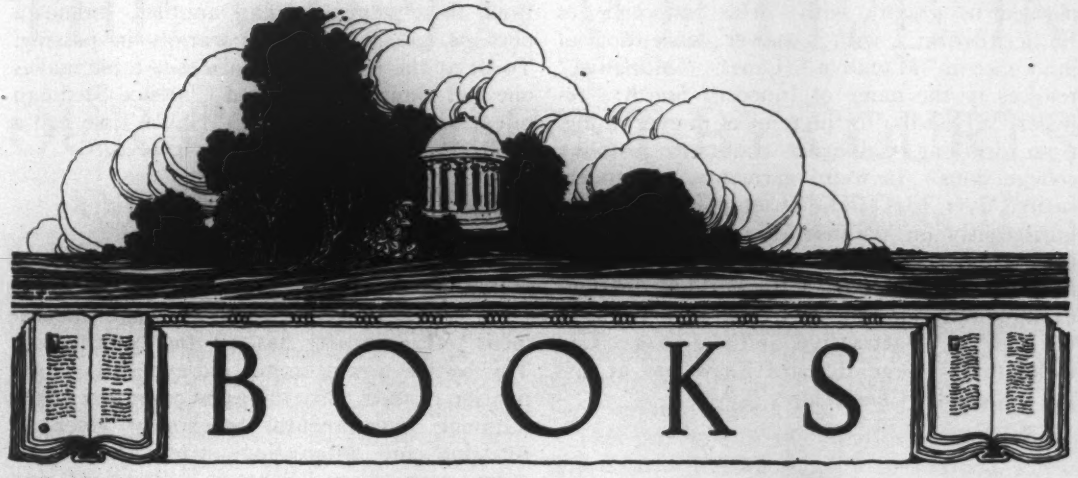
"Well, now, old croaker," said Hungerford, with a little heat, "own up the old College comes up to the scratch. We've surrendered the sophomore society system, and the seniors showed to-day that they could recognize honest criticism. That's pretty fine, I say."

"*You're* pretty fine, Joe," said Brockhurst, to their surprise. "Well, it's good enough as it is. It takes an awful lot to stir it, but it's the most sensitive of the American colleges, and it will respond. It wants to do the right thing. Some day it'll see it. I'm a crank, of course." He stopped, and Stover felt in his voice a little note of bitterness. "The trouble with me is just that. I'm unpractical — have strange ideas. I'm not satisfied with Yale as a magnificent factory on democratic business lines. I dream of something else, something visionary, a great institution, not of boys, clean, lovable, and honest, but of men of brains, of courage, of leadership, a great center of thought, to stir the country and bring it back to the understanding of what man creates with his imagination and dares with his will. It's visionary. It will come."

THE END

"In the Wireless House," the best story Mr. Arthur Train has written, begins in the June McCLURE'S *— out May 24th. It deals with an absorbing drama that took place on a great trans-Atlantic liner.*

Mr. Owen Johnson's new serial, "The Sixty-first Second," will begin in an early issue.



IT is a well-established fact that in the making of books there are inevitable off years of slender product. Scattered here and there are exceptional examples of skilled cultivation, compelling admiration by force of their isolated position rather than by real and decisive excellence. The year 1912 has, thus far, revealed very few competitors that can prevail successfully against the conquerors of 1911; that is, be it understood, speaking in terms of the "best sellers," from which apparently there is no appeal.

From another viewpoint, a glimpse of the lists this season shows a few aspirants to fame, and some sturdy ones at that. Take, for example, Emerson Hough's "John Rawn" (Bobbs-Merrill), strongly reminiscent of the pen of Frank Norris. John Rawn is the most portentous figure Mr. Hough has yet drawn, and looms large as a culture of crude egotism and its reaction. John Rawn began life believing in himself. Until he reached forty no one shared this belief except his wife. She had to; he made her. At that interesting age he stole another man's invention and swept out into the financial world like a Juggernaut, crying his slogan, "Look at me!" He put aside his old wife and took a handsomer one. Trouble followed swiftly; but, quite consistently, his serenity was only momentarily disturbed. He brushed his second family away and proceeded through shame and dishonor to his self-appointed end. "John Rawn" leaves one a bit shaken at the shadow, passing over, of what a man may be — a grisly, dastardly shape of destruction.

It is a relief to turn from ugly John Rawn to Owen Johnson's refreshing record of a clean young man in the making, "Stover at Yale" (Stokes). Mr. Johnson is so recently out of Yale himself that his narrative gives almost the intimate impression of biography. "Stover at Yale" is the romance of awakening youth and formative manhood — the rejection of hoary systems and the insistence upon individual selection. Stover is an extremely capable young man, even though his development into a college insurgent was accompanied by many growing-pains. Life to the college youth is a serious matter, and Mr. Johnson has made a book showing that the boy does well in taking it so. "Dink" Stover goes through a course of college politics, calf-love,— which becomes something better,— close harmony and football, and the attrition yields a well-burnished product. Little mention is made of text-books, Stover really didn't find much time for them. After all, it doesn't take a book or nine tailors to make a man.

The story of another progressive is "The Fighting Doctor" (Century), by Helen R. Martin. That the author knows the Pennsylvania Dutch was shown in her "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid"; and this little love story concerns a self-confident doctor who settled in that section and proceeded to inject new ideas into a refractory mass of medievalism. He succeeded, but, quite against his will, fell head over heels in love with a Dutch lassie who was teaching school because she needed the money. The doctor didn't suspect it and was a long time finding out; but when he did — well, he married her. It is a neat little romance, but shows not much real sympathy for the Mennonites — where sympathy is needed.

Comes Gilbert K. Chesterton, after having pleased us greatly with "The Innocence of Father Brown," with a newer conception of innocence in "Manalive" (Lane). "Manalive" rejoices in the name of Innocent Smith; "rejoices" advisedly, for he rejoices in everything, from drinking California claret to pistoling college dons. In weird garments, he wanders catlike over tiles and housetops, soliloquizing boisterously on the insanity of the sane. Too late to be convincing, he develops the method in his madness — to teach the world by delirious example that one is never too old to be young or too ugly to be attractive, and *vice versa*. Can it be that George Bernard Shaw has at last got under Mr. Chesterton's skin?

A "wee bit doggie" was Bobby, of Greyfriars kirkyard in Edinburgh — a little Skye terrier with hair in his eyes and loyalty in his small heart. Auld Jock, the shepherd, was his master during Bobby's first year of life. Then Auld Jock was buried in Greyfriars, and every night for the next fifteen years Bobby guarded his master's grave. Eleanor Atkinson, in "Greyfriars Bobby" (Harper's), tells the true story of this little "leal Hielander": how, time and again, he outwitted the mere stupid humans who would have shut him from his post; and how he won the friendship of the whole city-full of people, from the soldiers of the Castle to the children of the ragged tenements. He was rewarded by municipal act for his fealty with a silver collar and the freedom of the city, and after he was laid beside Auld Jock in Greyfriars, a public monument was erected to his memory. It is a bonny story and points a pretty moral.

William H. Rideing once wrote an article about Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes read it, and said that "it was written as one gentleman should write of another." That is the atmosphere pervading every page of Mr. Rideing's "Many Celebrities and a Few Others" (Doubleday, Page). A more satisfying introduction to the great figures of a generation ago in the literary and artistic life of New York, Boston, and London would be difficult to find. Mr. Rideing presents his old friends in the same courteous and companionable way in which he and young Edgar Fawcett and Barrymore met around the table at "Oscar's" thirty-five years ago. Horace Greeley, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mark Twain, Wilkie Collins, E. A. Abbey, and Charles Reade smile at us from these pages — many another, unknown perhaps, grasps our hand warmly in passing. To sit at the Rideing reminiscence table makes one feel almost as Edmund Clarence Stedman put it on such an occasion: "Haven't we had a good time of it — all among ourselves!"

It isn't necessary any longer to go to Washington to learn how your taxes are spent. Frederic J. Haskin's "The American Government" (Lippincott) has all the information. This book is a most useful and exhaustive compilation of facts concerning the operation of the national governmental machinery given in readable and interesting form. It answers every query, from "What is a President, and why?" down to the government's rules for punctuation and spelling. It is surprising and gratifying to learn how many fatherly things Uncle Sam is doing for his people every day. One feels, after reading Mr. Haskin's book, that perhaps, after all, the government does give a profitable return for its upkeep.

"The Butterfly House" (Dodd, Mead), by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, is a story of a New Jersey suburban town in which a lie is told with an unexpected recoil upon the liar, and a very pretty girl falls in love with the minister in a rose garden. The very pretty girl is the author of a popular anonymous novel, but no one suspects it. She carelessly tells a woman friend, and that unwholesome lady publicly announces it as her own. Result — complications, from which all but the liar are adroitly extricated. Mrs. Freeman is a clever exhibitor of character, but she gives one the uncomfortable impression of a show woman whose animals perform well, not for a reward, but because they are prodded.

Quite a different series of events is described in "The Mystery of Number 47" (Moffat, Yard), in which J. Storer Clouston has produced a delicate burlesque on the methods of the detective of fiction. Mrs. Irwin Molyneux left home to avoid entertaining her husband's cousin, a pink and bewhiskered bishop. A crime is scented and a complex sequence of incidents follows which involves nearly every one in London, until Mrs. Molyneux gets lonesome and returns. Mr. Clouston wrote this yarn with a grin on his face. That is the way to read it.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

OUR GOVERNMENT BY COURTS

AND ROOSEVELT'S PLAN OF CURBING IT

BY S. S. McCLURE

THE proposal viewed with greatest agitation by the ultra-conservatives in this campaign was one advanced by Theodore Roosevelt in an address before the Constitutional convention of Ohio at Columbus, and since widely discussed as the recall of decisions. Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion was this: When a law is passed by a State legislature, and signed by a Governor, and the courts decide that the Constitution of the State forbids the passage of such a law, then the people of the State shall be given a chance to vote whether or not they wish this law to stand. The plan was proposed specifically for States; inferentially it may be considered a possibility for the federal government also.

The proposal, stated in a more general way, is this: American courts are now the judges of what laws American legislatures may or may not pass under our written constitutions. The people of a State should be allowed to approve or disapprove of the decisions of their courts, when these veto the acts of their legislature.

To European observers, this is a most extraordinary campaign issue, to stir into turmoil the chief republic of the world at the opening of the twentieth century. For, in the first place, the courts of the great nations of Europe have no such powers as these to take away; and, in the second, for decades — in one case for centuries — the proposal to give such powers to them would be considered highly reactionary and undemocratic.

ISSUE WHICH DEPOSED THE STUARTS

In England this matter was settled as a campaign issue now something more than two hundred years ago — in the great political campaign which set the Stuarts off the throne of England.

"If we go back," says Professor J. Allen Smith of the University of Washington, in his "Spirit of American Government," "to the period preceding the Revolution of 1688, it seems to be clearly established that the English courts claimed and in a few instances exercised the power to annul acts of Parliament. . . . But with the Revolution of 1688, which established the supremacy of Parliament, the last trace of the judicial negative disappeared. From that time on the right of Parliament to be constitutional judge of its own powers has not been seriously questioned."

This principle of the English parliamentary government was thoroughly understood when our convention framed our federal Constitution. But the power of the legislature to judge what acts it could pass was deliberately withdrawn from it and given to the courts. This was done for the simple and avowed purpose of controlling and making more difficult the expression of opinion of the popular majority. The change was a chief feature of the famous system of "checks and balances," the division of government into three independent parts, to prevent hasty action through the "passions" of the people.

CHECK FOR PEOPLE'S "PASSIONS"

Alexander Hamilton, as leader of the aristocratic element in the convention, was its special advocate. His first plan for the federal government proposed a supreme Executive, indirectly elected for life, with an absolute veto upon the acts of the legislature. Failing this, he turned to the proposal of a Supreme Court. The members of this body were made appointive, not elective, were given a life tenure of office and a veto upon all legislation conflicting with their interpretation of the Constitution.

"Though professing to follow the English model," says Professor Smith, in another section of his "Spirit of American Government," "the framers of the Constitution, as a matter of fact, rejected it. They not only gave the federal judges a life tenure, but made that tenure unqualified and absolute, the power which Parliament has to demand the removal of judges being carefully withheld from the American Congress. . . . The most important attribute of sovereignty, that of interpreting the Constitution for the purposes of law-making, which belonged to Parliament as a matter of course, was withheld from Congress and conferred on the federal judiciary. . . . A more powerful check upon democratic innovation it would be hard to devise."